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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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PUBLIC LIBRARY 6 MAY 1936 NEW SOUTH WALES

Mother's Day

When Mother reads you a story,
When Mother sings you a song,
She plants in your heart a glory
That shall last your whole life long.

You are too young to appraise
The sacrifice and the care,
But, deep in your heart, Love lays
A blessing that lingers there.

Some day you'll take her hand,
Kiss her dear face, and say:
"Mother, I understand!"—
That will be Mother's Day.

—Louise Montrose.

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MUST WE BID *Good-Bye to* ROMANCE?

Clergyman Advocates "Marriages of Arrangement"

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London

Are we to bid good-bye to Romance, to Love, to the tender nothings whispered in the moonlight?

Modern youth, it is said, takes romances carelessly—on the surface. "What about getting hitched up, old thing?" is a rough approximation of the present-day method of "popping the question."

But it is doubtful, nevertheless, whether the Rev. Pite, headmaster of Weymouth College, will get much support from modern youth for his ideas on how marriages ought to be made.

"CONTINENTAL arranged marriages" are superior to our English romantic ways, he told the London Diocesan Council the other day.

"The Church," he said, "gives its marriage blessing to two young people who know nothing about life, and then says to them, 'Now you've done it, and you must make the best of it.'"

Advocating "arranged marriages," as on the Continent, where parents do the matchmaking, Mr. Pite scouted love—or, as he called it, "the mating instinct"—as a basis for happy marriage. He suggested that the Anglican Church should take the place of Continental parents in finding suitable mates for the youth of the nation.

Case for Romance

"I WISH we could create a situation in which the Church acted as a preparer for marriage," he added. "The spiritual opportunity presented by such preparation is unexampled, yet most parsons get little further than putting up the banns."

Dame Rachel Crowdy, Chief of the Social Questions section of the League of Nations, has taken up arms for Romance. "Though our young people are often not brought up to realise the responsibilities of their independence, I nevertheless believe that our English method is superior to these Continental arranged matches."

Mr. Pite's views are not supported by other ministers I talked to. They admitted that a well-planned marriage might turn out better than a marriage between young people who understood nothing of the forbearance and obligations demanded by matrimony. But they also added that it might not.

The Rev. Clarence May, the young vicar of St. Peter's Church, Piccadilly, asked what Mr. Pite meant by "the Church." Should the Christian community mate off their sons and daughters, or should they leave it to the parson?

"No English parents," he said, "would allow their children to be married off at the wish of any community, and if a vicar interfered he would be regarded as a meddling busybody.

"In any case, the Church only touches the fringe of the lives of most modern young people.

"I can't understand why Mr. Pite should sneer at the Church's blessing on marriage.

"If the Church, in the person of the vicar, intervened in cases of matches which he thought might be unsuitable, all he could do would be to advise the contracting parties to 'wait a little while and get to know each other better.'

"And after all, we are taught that God works everywhere, so He may be working far more in the hearts of those two young lovers, so full of joy and enthusiasm, than in the mind of any older person who advises them so sententiously to 'wait a little longer, my dear friends.'"

AFTER A brilliant season in Sydney, Miss Eileen Joyce, the celebrated pianist, has left for a season in Hobart, and will later give recitals in Adelaide, Melbourne and Brisbane. This exclusive photograph, taken shortly after her arrival in Australia, shows Eileen and her secretary, Mrs. Rees, deriving keen enjoyment from the pianist's fan mail. Every week she receives hundreds of letters from admirers all over the world. —Women's Weekly photo.

'SIXPENNY' *Wages Commission Still* UNDER FIRE!

Public Demands Details of Its Finding

FARCE WHICH COST £5000

In the whole history of woman in industry no more farcical chapter has been written than that just concluded.

For months, three learned Judges of the Supreme Court have been engaged on an inquiry into the problem of what constitutes the barest necessities of a woman worker in industry, what is the cheapest form of lodging she can obtain, and what her absolute minimum of clothes and other necessities.

Its findings have now been nullified. But the matter cannot be allowed to rest at that. The public still has a number of pertinent questions to ask both the Government and its "Sixpenny" Wages Commission.

THE Industrial Commission sat on April 1, 1935 (a very appropriate date in view of the decision) for a preliminary hearing, and then adjourned until April 29.

Sittings were held intermittently until November 13, 1935.

Three judges drew £50 a week during this period. In addition there were three associates, three tipstaffs, and other Court officials to be paid.

During the hearing a King's Counsel and three other barristers, all instructed by solicitors, were engaged, also a representative of the Union Secretaries, Mr. Schrieber.

A conservative estimate of the cost of the inquiry is £5000.

The net result of the proceedings was that the Commission found that it could reduce the threadbare standard of women's living by one shilling and sixpence a week.

The Government stepped in then, under a storm of public criticism, and said in effect to the Commission: "You are wrong, you have wasted your time and the public time. All your work has gone for nothing. We cannot allow you to take 1/6 off the wages of women workers.

"We will not ask you to justify your finding. We will pass special legislation reverting to the standard of fixing women's wages at 54 per cent. of the living wage for adult males."

What an inglorious "as-you-were" and what a shocking waste of public money!

The public wants to know on what basis the Commission's decision was made.

For the first time in the history of the Industrial Courts the Commission was asked to inquire separately into the requirements of women in industry.

Standards have already been laid down as to what are the requirements of a man, his wife, and child. Every item of food and clothing, as well as miscellaneous requirements, has been tabulated in the past, and this information has been made public.

On this occasion no such information was given in the lengthy judgment of the Commission. All that women are told is, "We allow you £6/19/ a year for outerwear, including hats. We allow you £2/12/9 for underwear, including stockings and nightwear. We allow you £2/5/8 for footwear, and for other clothing, including handbag, umbrella, and bathing wear, we allow you £2/19/9.

"In addition we allow £54/12/ a year for board and lodging, and £22/15/ for miscellaneous requirements."

Board and lodging has been fixed at £1/1/ a week.

Why the Secrecy?

INFORMATION in this portmanteau form is too generalised to be of any practical use to the public.

Take "outerwear," for example. How many dresses, coats and hats does the Commission consider adequate for the average modern working woman? What does it consider a fair price for, say, a winter dress and a summer dress?

Similar questions could be asked with regard to underwear, footwear, and miscellaneous articles.

But, when The Australian Women's Weekly approached the Industrial Commission and asked for detailed information, our representative was told that no figures were available.

This lumping together of a number of items is something new that has been introduced by the present Industrial Commission. It has not satisfied the industrial organisations which were interested in the judgment, and it is not satisfactory to women workers.

The Commission, in the course of its inquiry, must have tabulated details of this information. Has it been made available to Cabinet? Will it be made available to Parliament and the public? If not, why the secrecy?

Figures were available when previous decisions on the living wage were made. The women of New South Wales want to know just what these three Judges consider sufficient for the needs of women workers in the matter of clothing and miscellaneous items.

LOST PEARLS *in Quest for* LADY LUCK

Quite a romantic little story lies behind the loss in Sydney recently of a string of pearls, for the recovery of which a reward of thirty pounds is now being offered.

THE string consists of 94 graduated pearls with a diamond snap fastener.

Its value is over £250, and the owner is anxious to have it returned, as, apart from its intrinsic value, it is a much-treasured gift.

The owner, and loser of the pearl necklace is Mrs. A. E. Hughes, of Park Lane Mansions, Waratah Street, Elizabeth Bay, a well-known figure in Sydney social circles, who also has a country home at Leura.

On April 7 Mrs. Hughes entertained a party of friends at a game of cards. Her luck was right out on the night. She could not do anything right.

Finally Mrs. Hughes came to the conclusion that something was her "jonah," and decided that it must be the string of pearls.

So she took them off her neck and put them aside.

Although she won a few hands afterwards, her luck, if it changed at all, changed for the worse, for when she looked for the string of pearls later, it could not be found.

A careful search failed to reveal its whereabouts. Nothing has been heard of the pearls since, although they have been advertised for by the underwriters who, presumably, have them insured.

They may have come into the possession of someone who does not know their value, and who does not know that there is a reward of £30 for their return.

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AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

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Let's Talk Of Interesting People

G.B.S. CONFESSIONS

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, although past seventy-nine, still turns out one play after another, and retains all the biting wit and clarity of thought of his earlier years. Having just completed an American tour, he told 4000 listeners at the Metropolitan Opera House that the 100 per cent. American was "a man who talks splendidly, and has nothing to say."

He confesses that he blundered into writing by accident. He wanted to be "a painter, an opera-singer—not a writer." Here is what he thinks of himself: "I am an Irishman, a vegetarian, an atheist, a teetotaller, a fanatic, a humorist, a fluent liar, a social democrat, a lecturer and debater, a lover of music, a fierce opponent of the present status of women, and an insister on the seriousness of art."

ORCHESTRA LEADER

LIONEL LAWSON, well-known Sydney violinist, is now leading the Symphony Orchestra for the Australian Broadcasting Commission. When Maurice de Abravanel was engaged recently by the Commission to reorganise the orchestra and to conduct a series of broadcast operas, he insisted on obtaining the services of Mr. Lawson for the exacting position of leader.

About 18 months ago Mr. Lawson completed a tour of England and Scotland as soloist with Paul Robeson, the famous negro singer. He has also found time between tours to establish himself as an able and popular teacher, and in this regard has an association with the N.S.W. State Conservatorium of Music extending over twelve years.

RUSSIAN DIPLOMAT

MARSHAL MIKHAIL TOUKATCHEVSKY, brilliant Russian army official, recently attended an important military conference in Paris, representing the Soviet in a discussion with French military authorities involving their policy towards Germany.

Toukatchevsky, as Vice-Commissar of Defence, is an active figure among Soviet leaders, and stands out as a typical example of the State's earnest march to progress and modernity.

"MY FIGHT *For* MY CHILD"

Poignant Story of Mother of Freddie Bartholomew

"DOES HE KNOW I'M ALIVE?"

The Australian Women's Weekly here presents the first of a series of articles by the mother of Freddie Bartholomew, in which she tells of her fight to be reunited with the son she loves, the brilliant boy of whom she is so proud, the film idol of millions.

It is one of the most vividly human, bitterly tragic stories that the world to-day can tell.

Almost overnight Fate led a young boy along the road to screen fame . . . along a road that led away from his parents. Can they win him back?

By LILIAN MAY BARTHOLOMEW—Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly—No. 1.

MY name is Lilian May Bartholomew. I am the mother of Freddie Bartholomew, the wonder-boy of the screen, who won world-wide fame for his performance in "David Copperfield."

I am proud to be the mother of such a child. If he were living with me, unknown but happy, I should be just as proud of him and love him no less than I love him now.

But he has been taken away from me, and allowed to forget me.

So I write as a desperate woman, in the hope that my story will clear up the many doubts and misunderstandings which have arisen from incorrect reports, in some cases innocently published.

I hope, also, that the sympathy and understanding of the great public, especially of mothers, will help me in my fight for my lost son, who has been taken away from me by the American law.

I realise that some people cannot understand the feelings of a mother who would give all the fame and all the money in the world for her child.

Does He Remember?

THE law of America has given control of Freddie to others during the years when, career or no career, he should have been allowed to keep a natural contact with his father, his two sisters, and me.

I hope that I am not uncharitable, or blind to my boy's welfare, but I cannot help feeling bitter; and I have yet to meet any normal mother who, placed in my position, could calmly accept the loss of her child without a feeling of outrage and a determination to fight it out.

Freddie is my only son. He was born to me on February 8, 1924. I have not seen him, or heard from him, or had news of him apart from what has appeared in the newspapers, since the middle of 1934.

I have written and cabled to Hollywood repeatedly begging for a message, a word, from Freddie. Does he think of me as dead?

This fear is not without foundation. Indeed, it is certain that many people understand that Freddie is a motherless child.

Mr. Frank Lawton, for instance, was at one time one of these people. This famous actor was in contact with Freddie during the filming of "David Copperfield."

I shall never forget the shock I received on first reading this terrible misstatement. Mr. Lawton had just returned to England from Hollywood after appearing in "David Copperfield," and he gave an interview to a film paper in which he told some stories concerning Freddie.

My Daughters

MY two daughters—Eileen aged fifteen and Hilda aged thirteen—went out after tea to buy a film paper to see if they could find news of Freddie. They are both of them intelligent and high-spirited girls, who love their brother and are very proud of him.

They returned in a few minutes, white-faced and breathless.

Eileen burst out:

"Look at this, mother! They say that you are dead!"

I took the paper and read Mr. Lawton's interview. It was a light-hearted account of the filming of "David Copperfield," full of interesting reminiscences, and very generous and tender to Freddie.

Then came the passage that went like a knife to my heart.

I will not quote it here, for Mr. Lawton now knows it to be false; but he made the statement in all innocence, and he could not recall how he got the impression that Freddie's mother was dead.

There, sitting in a chair before the fire, with my two girls staring questioningly at me, I could not speak or move. The room went round, and I suppose that I was near fainting. I felt my heart was breaking.

Eileen said:

"Why do they say that, mother?"

What could I answer? I did not care what they said about me. But a great fear took told of me for the first time—**did Freddie think that his mother was dead?**

From that moment until the present,

MRS. L. M. BARTHOLOMEW Freddie's mother.

I have been haunted by this question. It never ceases to torment me. It clamors for an answer, day and night.

And I cannot answer it. I can only go on fearing, always fearing, that Freddie believes that I am dead.

A great wall of silence is between us. I realise that, so long as this wall exists, I might as well be dead, for I am dead to Freddie in the full meaning of a mother's love—dead to him, that is, yet alive to myself, to my wild yearning to see him, to hold him in my arms.

It is like being buried alive.

Scandalous Rumors

IN the first moment of shock and misery I felt helpless. But I could not let my daughters know what I was going through.

"It's only a silly mistake," I told them. "Everybody knows that I am alive."

"Yes, of course," answered Eileen, struggling with doubt. "But it does seem funny. The people who know us know that you are not dead. But all the people who read this in the paper—I mean the people who don't know us—they will believe it, won't they?"

"Oh, wait till your daddy comes home," I said desperately. "He'll put matters right."

But I could see that the girls, especially Eileen, were not satisfied. At school, of course, they are known as Freddie's sisters, and newspaper reports have great influence with children as well as with our neighbors in the London suburb in which we live.

"Perhaps," said Hilda after a pause, "they will think that Freddie is not our brother. But he is, isn't he, mother?"

There was nothing more in the question than a childish desire to be put in the right against the questions of her school friends; but to a mother it opened up dark and terrible thoughts, scandalous rumors, and humiliating doubts.

"Of course he is," I answered as calmly as I could.

Please turn to Page 4

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW, with his aunt, Millicent Mary Bartholomew, who is contesting the mother's claim for Freddie.

Genuine PROOF

"I have reduced 20lbs. since I started, and I am just delighted with it."
Mrs. Bedford, W., N.S.W.

"I have reduced 4lbs. in 2 weeks."
Mrs. Mathews, B., N.S.W.

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Mrs. Barker, A., Vic.

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WHO'LL WIN HEART *of This Shy Flying* BACHELOR?

Only One Woman in Life of Jimmie Melrose—His Mother

Girls, preen yourselves and look pretty, Jimmie Melrose is flying by! Can you catch his eye?

He is Australia's shyest young man and most popular air hero of to-day. But, so far, only one woman counts in his life—his mother, his "Hildegarde."

He is charming, famous, and well-off. Who will win the heart of this shy flying bachelor? He dropped in on Sydney at the week-end on his goodwill tour round Australia.

WHEN the Centenary Committee chose James Melrose to fly to England and back to advertise South Australia's hundredth birthday celebrations, they chose the shyest young man in Adelaide, and the most popular Jimmie is the hero of practically every girl in Adelaide, and his modest charm will probably win him many admirers in other capitals.

He has just completed his second solo flight from England, in time that a few years ago would have stirred the world.

The S.A. Government is sending him on a continuance of his Centenary flight, this time around Australia, with the object of more fully publicising the Centenary celebrations and attracting a greater influx of visitors to Adelaide.

With such a charming flying ambassador, Adelaide should be crowded for its carnival.

Perhaps the secret of his popularity is that so far he seems to be "heart whole and fancy free." His mother is the only woman who counts in his life.

JIMMIE MELROSE, Prince Charming of the skies. Like the King, he is one of the world's eligible aviator bachelors.

Men Only

IT is all just too hard on their young feminine charms, the Adelaide lasses think, for the aviator is met by men, speaks only to men, and lunches with men.

For the rest of his time he is out of reach, either in the air or at home.

Lunching—with a party of men, of course—in a smart little restaurant a day or so after his return from England, Jimmie was the centre of all attraction.

There is nobody who does not know him by sight, for his hatless, fair head is so easily recognisable from photographs, and the eyes of everyone were upon him, **but the young aviator just sat and looked at his plate when not actually engaged in conversation.**

Although Melrose says he has flown in his last air race, and that he is eager just to get to work with his future occupation of running a taxi-plane service, this has not reduced the hero-worship of people. Huge crowds had to be checked by the police at Parafield when he landed on his return from England in a new plane on April 25. People flocked in and craned their necks just to get a glimpse of him.

It is not the first time a great crowd has gathered to welcome him. Melrose sprang into fame as quietly as he does everything else. Less than two years ago—he was 20 years old at the time—somebody realised that a young man named C. James Melrose had set off on a flight round Australia, and that he was missing.

However, he found himself, and in that same flight made a record time round Australia.

His next great achievement was a place in the world air race during the Melbourne Centenary.

Now at 22 he is being used by the S.A. Government as perhaps its best advertisement of the State's Centenary.

Sydney, Melbourne, Hobart, Launceston, and Canberra are all to be included in his publicity flight.

He is used to getting a lion's welcome now, yet Jim, when dining out, still keeps his eyes on his plate.

And his proudest admirer is his mother—"My Hildegarde," as he calls her. His first plane was named in her honor.

Here's the
FINEST INSTRUMENT OF ENTERTAINMENT I'VE YET PRODUCED

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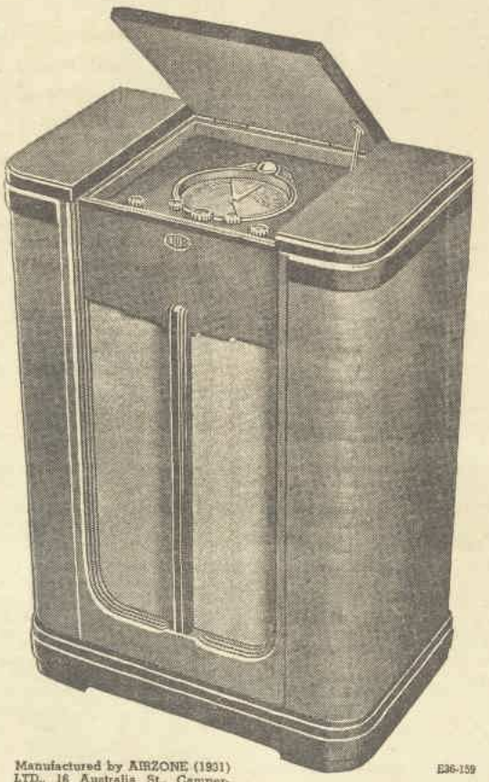

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"My Fight for My Child"

Continued from Page 3

BUT when my husband returned from work an hour later, I broke down. It was a night of sleepless agony. But during that night I vowed that I would not rest until I had regained possession of my son.

In the Queue

ONLY a few weeks before I had taken my place in a cinema queue to see the film "David Copperfield," in which Freddie, they said, had proved himself to be the greatest boy film star since Jackie Coogan.

Remember that I had neither seen nor heard from the child for over a year; and as the queue moved foot by foot towards the pay-box, eager to see the famous story on the screen, I felt I could have screamed out at the injustice that had been done by the law to me and my boy.

I read "David Copperfield" and loved it when I was a girl. But I was not waiting in a queue to see the imaginary woes and struggles of the hero, but to catch sight of a child, flesh of my flesh, who had been taken from me.

Call For Mother!

CHARLES DICKENS, who fought all his life for the poor and oppressed, would have understood my feelings. The great brain that conceived the tragedy of the young David, and his helpless mother, never guessed that the day would come when the brutal legal separation of a living mother and child would be done in order to put his masterpiece on the screen.

I was comforted by that thought, and I felt that if the happy, unheeding people around me knew who I was, and why I was going into the cinema, they would have understood, too. But once inside the theatre, I forgot all my pain and bitterness in the sight of my lovely son.

No mother need envy me my experience then. Here was my child, moving and talking on the screen, looking straight at me with tender eyes, his face breaking into a smile that I had known and loved since he was a baby—here was my boy, beautiful and living, speaking in a voice that overwhelmed me with sweet memories, without one intimate word for me.

When he pronounced the word "mother," I wanted to shout his name in reply; but the illusion was only momentary, and I was left in a state of despair. How I dragged myself away from the place I do not know.

I learned that night, as I have learned many times since, that one can go on living and behaving normally when one is really half-dead.

(Next week: How Freddie left home.)

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DEAD or ALIVE?

—By PATRICIA WENTWORTH

OUR NEW MYSTERY SERIAL

Bill had stayed her friend for ten years, but she had married Robin O'Hara — fascinating Robin, who made love beautifully and forgot quickly.

Illustrated by BOOTHROYD

MEG O'HARA knew that the body had been identified as that of Robin O'Hara; the inquest had resulted in a verdict of death at the hands of a person or persons unknown . . . And now, suddenly, at night, mysteriously, dreadfully . . . signs began to arrive hinting that Robin was alive.

IT was the middle of October when Bill Coverdale came back. One year in South America looking after a big engineering contract for his firm, and now home again. England felt very good after Chile. London felt good. The astonishingly fine summer still held. There was a blue sky, a clear sun, and a light breeze. He was going to see Meg O'Hara. Everything was good, indeed.

He was walking, because in town you had to get your exercise when you could, and also because now that he was really going to see Meg again he wanted to get himself in hand and be sure of just how he was going to meet her. You can't be away for a year without a change in every relationship. Sometimes absence makes the heart grow fonder, and sometimes it doesn't. Mostly it doesn't. Growth, change, and development go on. If two people are in constant touch with each other, they adjust themselves to these changes instinctively, and often without realising that there are any adjustments to be made. But a year is a long time to be away.

Bill Coverdale told himself all these things. He had loved Meg for so long that he did not believe he would ever stop loving her, but when he left England Robin O'Hara was still alive. Now that Meg was a widow, there was a change between them, whether she herself had changed or not. Change between them. But just what sort of change? What was he going to be? Just the old friend of the next-door days in the country, when she was fifteen and he was twenty, and he had begun to love her? Or was there going to be a chance for him at last? He had stayed her friend because he would rather have Meg's friendship than any other woman's love. He had stayed her friend for ten years, and then she had married Robin O'Hara, fascinating Robin, who made love beautifully and forgot quickly. He wondered whether she had broken her heart when Robin died, or whether it had been broken before. Meg wouldn't let anyone know. She'd keep her head up whatever happened.

He walked up fifty stone steps and rang the bell of Meg's flat. He felt a kind of triumphant excitement because the year was over, and he was here, and Meg was free, and then a sudden black stab of fear lest, in the night since he had telephoned, something, anything, should have happened to set them apart again. And with that Meg opened the door.

ALL the things he had been thinking about went out of his head—change, fear, triumph, and Robin O'Hara—leaving just Meg, the most dearly familiar thing in all his world, the most settled, the most stable.

They came through a square yard of passage into the little sitting-room. The sun slanted in at the one window and showed him how shabby everything was, but if the furniture and chintzes had been failing to bite Bill wouldn't have noticed them, because he was looking at Meg. The trouble was that Meg was shabby, too. He had seen her pale often enough—far, far too often in the six months before he had gone away—and he had seen her tired, and hated Robin O'Hara very fiercely, but he had never seen Meg shabby before. She had on a washed-out cotton frock. She was much thinner. There were dark shadows under her eyes. She was pale and she was tired. He loved her quite unbearably, but all he did was to hold her hand as if had forgotten to let it go, and say:

"What have you been doing to yourself?"

It was Meg who pulled her hand away. She hadn't any intention of telling Bill what she had been doing. The last two years had been a nightmare, but when Bill was there she could wake up—not for long, not altogether, but just while he was there. Solid, darling old Bill. It was just as if he came crashing into the very middle of the bad dream and broke it round her. She took a long breath and said:

"Oh, Bill! Lovely to see you! And you're going to stay—you're not going out again?"

"No—I'm going to be here. My uncle's retiring, and I'm getting his place on the board."

"Oh, Bill—how nice! And you're looking splendid. Did you like it out there?"

"Hated it like poison. England's good enough."

Meg laughed, her old laugh. It made him love her terribly.

"I'd love to travel!"

Bill put that away for future reference. If Meg wanted to travel she should. It was going to be his business to see that she got what she wanted. Always. He looked at her with a frown and said, "You didn't answer my question. What have you been doing to yourself?"

It wasn't only his question. It is every man's question, and Meg gave him every woman's answer.

"Nothing."

Bill was frowning at her. "You're pale."

"It's been very hot."

"You've got thin."

"It's the fashion to be thin."

BILL went on frowning. "I don't like it."

Meg leaned back in the corner of the sofa. Her dark blue eyes held a sudden sparkle and there was a little color in the cheeks that had been too pale. What, after all, had it to do with Bill? She said in her sweetest voice—and Meg's voice could be very sweet—"I know, darling. I'm looking hideous. But need you rub it in?"

Bill relaxed into a grin. "Now you're angry."

"Well, you were rubbing it in—weren't you?"

He was grave again, but not frowning now. "Meg—won't you tell me what's the matter?"

Her color died. The sparkle left her eyes. "It's hot—I'm hard up—I've had to stay in town. I'm all right, Bill."

"You don't look all right. Why are you so hard up?"

"Nothing coming in. I had a job for a bit, but not since July."

Meg laughed a little. (Now he'll want to lend me money, and if I don't take it he'll be miserable, and if I do — You can borrow money when you've got it yourself, but if you haven't any—and no one but Meg knew just how little she had—why then you begin to lose the things that money can't buy—pride, courage, and self-respect.)

Before Bill's tentative "Meg—" was well across his lips, she had shaken her head.

"Nothing doing, darling. But I'll welcome a job if you can find me one. I can type. I suppose your firm has typists?"

Mr. Coverdale's face registered strong disapproval.

"But look here, Meg, what about the professor? He can't know. Have you told him?"

"Darling Uncle Henry? Have you ever tried to talk to him about money? Robin did when we were first married. He said it was perfectly ridiculous. Uncle Henry having no relations but me and a flourishing banking account, and the two things being so to speak insulated. He thought it would be an awfully good idea for Uncle Henry to give me an allowance, and when I said I couldn't ask him he said he'd do it himself. Well, he did it quite beautifully. We were having tea in the garden, and, honestly, Bill, I thought he was going to pull it off. He led up to it in his most charming manner and Uncle Henry sat there beaming and drinking his tea. He liked Robin when he noticed him, and he is fond of me—he really is. But just when Robin thought it was all over except the 'Henry Postlethwaite' on the banker's order, Uncle Henry put his cup down three inches off the edge of the table and said, still with that pleased sort of smile, and without noticing the crash, 'Yes, yes, my dear—and I think if you don't mind I will leave you to make a note of it. These trains of thought are very elusive, but Hoppenglocker will be bound to admit the force of this.' I took hold of his arm and I said, 'What are you going to make a note of, darling?' He looked over the edge of his spectacles at me and said, 'My reply to Hoppenglocker—but I'm afraid you wouldn't understand it, my dear.' So then I said, 'Did you hear what Robin was saying just now?' and he shook his head and said, 'No, no—I'm afraid not. Some other time, Margaret,' and off he went. And Robin said he did it on purpose, but he didn't, you know—he's like that."

BILL sat large and immovable. Meg was trying to put him off, but it wasn't any use; he wasn't going to be put off.

He would much rather help Meg himself, but the professor was the proper person to do it. He was glad she had mentioned Robin, because Robin had to be mentioned, but he wanted to straighten out this business about the professor first. He just waited till she had finished, and then asked what he had planned to ask.

"Have you written and told him you're hard up?"

Meg nodded. "Yes, I did. He didn't answer the letter. Bill, darling, what's the good of looking like that? He doesn't answer letters—he just doesn't—and he's in the middle of another book."

"Have you seen him?"

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Romance Blossoms Again

Blessing on a New Room

Touch the lintel and touch the wall,
Nothing but blessing here befall!
Bless the candle that stands by itself,
Bless the books on the mantel-shelf,
Bless the hearth and the light it sheds,
Bless the pillow for tired heads.
Those who tarry here, let them know
A threefold blessing before they go:
Sleep for weariness, peace for sorrow,
Faith in yesterday and to-morrow.
Those who go from here, let them bear
The blessing of hope, wherever they fare.
Lintel and window, sill and wall,
Nothing but good this place befall!

—N. B. Turner.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612228

IN the MANNER of MODERNS

Heartless, hipless, hopeless was the way he summed them up

SHE was sitting alone at a small table when Ronnie Mair saw her first, her head slightly to one side to listen to the band, her long emerald earrings falling like green pillars from under her fair hair.

One look was enough. He went quickly over to her.

"The floor looks silly without you," he said. "Let's dance."

She turned to look at him. A tiny smile flirted with the scarlet on her lips. Lazily and yet critically she glanced over him. He was unabashed.

"I know people don't do this kind of thing here . . ."

She rose beside him, and she was as tall as he, and opened her arms without a word. He took her hand in his, and they glided smoothly over the floor.

"Rotten crowd here," he said.

"All crowds are," she answered, bored, turning in his arms.

He liked the pressure of her against him.

"You're rather nice," he said.

"You like this tune?"

"Yes. Like you, too!"

She smiled at that.

"Modern young man!"

"It's good to meet some one like you," Ronnie Mair said. "This club is improving."

They clapped their hands as the band stopped playing, and looked into each other's sparkling eyes.

By

James W. Drawbell

"Will you tell me why you were with that man to-night—without your wedding-ring?" She looked up . . . "Because I didn't care to wear it," she answered.

Illustrated by FISCHER

They sipped coffee together afterwards.

"I'm Julie Grey," the girl said casually. "Ever seen my name anywhere?"

"Not that I can remember."

"Too bad! I thought I was beginning to get known."

A shadow flitted across his eyes.

"In what way?"

She saw his expression.

"Oh, not in the newspaper way. I'm not a front-page story yet. But I write things — stories and articles for the magazines."

"I see."

"That's why I thought that perhaps you had seen my name before."

"Sorry. Never!"

Over the rim of her coffee cup she sketched him through narrowed eyes.

"You're different," she said. "I'm always frank myself. It's an asset."

He raised questioning eyebrows.

"Spoils romance," she pursued. "There's nothing like frankness for keeping registrars out of work."

He looked closer at her. The girl was bright as well as beautiful. Julie Grey liked his eyes as he looked at her. Her glance took in the firm mouth and chin and wandered over the slim figure in its dinner suit.

"And you?" she questioned.

"Nothing so interesting as a writer. I earn a perfectly good livelihood on the Stock Exchange."

"No need to apologise for that."

"I'm not. At times it's a very thrilling life. And besides, the City side of it hasn't got me as it gets other men. I manage to keep young."

Two men passed close to their table and glanced at the girl.

"You can kiss me," she whispered to Ronnie Mair, leaning toward him.

He bent forward and kissed her full on the mouth.

"Wanted to make the tall fellow jealous?" he questioned almost in the same breath.

"You're clever," she praised, and looked deep into his eyes. "There isn't another man here who would have guessed that. I like you."

He turned away.

"Tall lad's wild with envy," he chuckled.

"It's good for him. He lives above me. I have a flat in Chelsea. He paints things—Chalmers is his name. He'll be famous some day, but he makes the mistake of thinking he is now. He's quite in love with me."

"I can hardly blame him for that."

The girl showed her disappointment.

"I didn't expect you to say the obvious. Shall we dance?"

A WEEK later, over coffee in the same spot, Julie Grey said:

"You know, Chalmers worries me. He's frightfully in love with me."

Ronnie Mair looked into her white face and saw the tired look in her eyes.

"You need a holiday, Julie," he said casually. "Let's get married and buzz off for a month."

"Married?" She finished her cigarette. "Yes. It has its moments. I like you a lot, Ronnie."

"I like you."

Grave for a moment, they looked into each other's eyes. Around them people danced to the shoulder-shrugging melody of the band, and even as they looked the girl's finger tapped in time on the table.

"You're not so bad as they go, Ronnie."

"You're pretty good yourself."

He wanted to say "wonderful," but something in the casual air of the girl held him back. He wondered how much of it was real. Older than she, he had lived before the moderns; had moved in times when it wasn't too old-fashioned to confess love, wasn't old-fashioned to have a heart. But he was still young enough to have been caught in the advancing age of fish hearts and feelingless eyes. Still young enough to be a modern; old enough to long for some of the remembered things of the ancients.

"What do you think?" he asked.

She nodded approval.

"Lovely idea," she praised. "I think we could run in double harness pretty well, Ronnie. Of course, marriage isn't what it used to be. So there won't be any silly restriction in our case. We both understand the world."

He nodded, while his arms wanted to crush her to him, and his fingers longed to ruffle her short hair and brush away some of the indifference in her.

"Switzerland would be jolly just now," he suggested. "Like to go there?"

"Love to. Aren't you nice?"

He watched the dancers. Slim girls slipped past in the arms of their partners. Their lines were straight, their heads almost like boys'. They might have been thirteen or thirty. Just for a moment they seemed to him to be hipless, heartless, hopeless.

He shook off the moment.

"We'll make it pretty wonderful," he said, with just a trace of enthusiasm in his voice. "I'll give you a frightfully good time, darling."

"I know you will, Ronnie. Let's dance."

THEY were married in Chelsea, and the registrar shook his head at them as, in a final manifestation of their mischief, they tossed a coin at the last minute to see whether they should really get married.

"It's bad luck," he remonstrated, and they laughed together.

For the first time since Ronnie Mair had known her, there was a touch of color in Julie Grey's face.

"It's fun," she whispered to him.

A Complete Short Story

"But why does he try to be serious about it?"

"He's comparing our marriage with all the serious people who have passed through here. And he's afraid for our souls!"

In a taxi they went, married, to Victoria Station.

They did not get to know each other during their honeymoon. In a whirl of fun and excitement they went from Paris to Lausanne; from Lausanne to Interlaken. Above the clouds, on Jungfraujoch, they made snowballs on the plateau. Then on to Lucerne and the Rigi. To Zurich afterwards, and across to St. Moritz. And all the time the girl was the same casual friend.

She kissed him with the same frank boredom. Only once had she held a little tighter to him. It was on the night they had come back from the Jungfrau.

"It was lonely up there, Ronnie," she said. "Lonely, and sad, and quiet. Right away from the world, somehow. Alone with one's self—and thoughts."

"Terrible things to be alone with!"

"Quite terrible. We're alone so little nowadays that the experience was almost a new thrill."

THEY had laughed then and gone gaily to bed.

When they returned to London Claude Chalmers called to see Julie.

He came when she was sitting dejectedly at her typewriter, and when Ronnie Mair was somewhere in the City watching the movements of various stocks.

"Darling," he said softly, holding her hand. "Chelsea doesn't know what to do without you. Art is at a standstill."

She laughed into his eyes. His was the first familiar face she had seen since her marriage, and he brought with him into the respectable Kensington flat a whiff of the old life.

Tall, with grey, dreamy eyes, Chalmers gazed down on her.

"Aren't you fed up with it yet?"

"Not a bit. It's a new experience, and I'm thoroughly enjoying it. You ought to——"

"Join the ranks of the benedicts, eh? No, thank you, Julie! You all say that after you're married. It's a conspiracy. Besides, I can't marry now. Never."

"Oh?" She raised her eyebrows.

"Never!" he repeated, flirting with her. "She loves another!"

"How very interesting. Tell me about her."

HE changed the conversation suddenly.

"Julie," he urged, "come out to dinner with me to-night. It's ages since we saw each other, and we've the devil of a lot to talk about. Will you?"

"I'd love to," she answered without hesitation. "Where shall we go? I've got heaps to tell you about Switzerland. We had a wonderful time."

With a quizzical expression on his lean face he looked at her.

"Happy?" he asked quietly.

She got up and walked to a bowl of flowers at the window.

"Of course," she said, bending over them. "Quite happy. Ronnie's terribly modern, and understands things. For a stockbroker he's wonderful. Do you think there's any poetry in shares and stocks and things?"

"Don't know. Why?"

"Ronnie seems to have got it all, anyway."

THE man watched her closely.

"He won't mind about to-night?"

"Why should he? Of course he won't! He'll understand. He's broad-minded."

"Not too broad, Julie, is he?"

She wheeled on him.

"What do you mean?"

He examined the unpolished toe of his shoe.

"Oh, I don't know. Except, I think you kind of kid yourself on your almighty broadness."

Julie Mair walked slowly up to him.

"Claude!"

"Fact. I've often thought your broad-mindedness was a bit too thickly laid on. Kind of pose, I think."

"And," she suggested quietly, "I'm a simple, innocent maiden underneath? With a heart like a baby's and a soul like an angel's? Tell me more! I like it!"

He laughed into her face.

"Not quite. But I do honestly think you're not so indifferent to things as you'd have us all believe. You're just too modern to be true."

The telephone bell interrupted them. She moved to the table and lifted off the receiver. Chalmers picked up a magazine.

Into the mouthpiece: "Oh, it's you, Ronnie . . . You're what? . . . Oh, I see . . . No, it doesn't matter . . . Of course not. I'm going out to dinner to-night also . . . Who with? Ah, Ronnie, don't be inquisitive . . . See you around midnight—or to-morrow morning . . . Bye, darling."

She met Chalmers' eyes as she put down the instrument.

"There you are. To-night's O.K. Where shall we go? Let's make it the Savoy. I want to dance with you again, Claude."

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YOU CAN'T LIVE on Hyacinths

Complete Short Story

Jimmy was exasperating. Nothing he did meant anything. He had kissed Margie twice, but she couldn't tell if he loved her or not.

By . . . JANET GORDON

Illustrated by WEP.

Marjorie said slowly, "You mean you went and bought these flowers instead of buying us something to eat?"

WHEN the front door bell of her studio suddenly rang, Margie Simpson gave a guilty start. She threw down her brushes, ran to the door and peered through the old fashioned letter-box. Her eyes met the gaudy pattern of a pullover, the pullover Jim Summers, who lived across the landing, always wore. She sighed with relief and flung open the door. "Oh, thank Heaven it's only you. I thought you were a bill!"

Jim Summers merely laughed. He didn't, Margie observed, do any of the rather comforting things one might have expected in the circumstances. He didn't, for instance, tell her that she was a poor little thing, and that it was a shame that anyone as pretty as she was should be worried about money. He didn't assure her that it would all come right in the end. He didn't offer to help her. It would have been nice if he had offered, even though Margie knew he hadn't a penny.

He walked straight through into the studio, as if the place belonged to him. It almost did, for he came there every day, and more often than not he and Margie had meals together. He went over to the window and said intently:

"Margie, have you seen the sky to-night? It's marvellous. A sort of greyish blue. I'm going to do a picture of a lily. It will be standing on a window-sill with the window open behind it, and the picture will be painted looking through the window. The lily with the sky behind it will be marvellous. Can I come here and start to-morrow?"

Margie said rather wearily: "Of course." She was tired and worried.

Down by the Sea

Have you ever been down where the sea
Comes up to meet the land,
And watched the children's small bare feet
Make marks upon the sand?

Their tiny toes make petalled dents
Upon the shifting grains,
And then a wave comes drifting in
And steals the glistening stains.

I wonder if those little prints
The wave sends out to sea
Aren't kept in some rare golden case
In Neptune's nursery!

—M. Mannert.

She looked at the back of Jim's head as he continued to gaze entranced out of the window, and told herself she almost disliked him, the maddening, casual, unpractical, fascinating creature.

FOR six months now she and Jim had been seeing each other every day. For six months they had gone to picture galleries together, and walked in the country on Sundays, and stood up at concerts, and still she didn't know what Jim really felt about her. Jim had kissed her. Twice. Once at a party when she had gone in fancy dress as a little girl. Once on Christmas Day when he had given her a picture. A perfectly enormous picture that needed a room the size of a town hall to show it off properly. At the party he had said: "Margie, you are a little darling." On Christmas Day he had said: "You're so sweet."

That might mean anything or nothing. Anyway, kisses didn't count much nowadays, especially kisses given on Christmas Day, or when you were in fancy dress. Those counted least of all. Jim painted queer, rather terrifying pictures of flowers and trees, enormous pictures that often made people recall saying: "Good gracious, I never knew roses (or lilies, or whatever it might be that Jim had painted) were like that!"

Jim thought flowers had characters. Just like human beings. He painted their portraits. Jim's pictures would have sold twice as fast if he had painted them half the size, but he just wouldn't. Jim was like that.

JIM at last withdrew his gaze from the window and walked over to Margie's easel. The drawing she had been working on stood there. It represented a child eating a helping of pudding and saying, rather improbably: "I love my little Tommy Tucker Pudding because I know it contains 25 per cent. tested butter fat."

Margie had a brother-in-law who was important in an advertising agency and he had given her the job. It wasn't likely, however, that he would ever use the drawing because it was noticeably unsuccessful, even for Margie.

Jim looked at it so long and so solemnly that Margie became hysterical. She said in a high voice:

"Delightfully incompetent, isn't it, and so attractively vulgar? I thought I'd go all commercial, but I couldn't even do that."

Jim ran his hand through his hair so that it stood up madly all over his head. Margie waited for one of the lectures on drawing which Jim periodically gave her. Instead he said: "I don't know why you go on trying to draw. I don't know why you don't marry me."

Margie said faintly: "Jim! Is this a proposal?"

Jim reddened rather attractively. He said: "Yes. I haven't an awful lot to offer in some ways, but it would be better than your drawing."

And then Jim suddenly burst out in a queer stifled voice: "You know I'm mad about you. Ever since that first day we met. I love you—terribly. You're everything to me."

She cried: "Jim—darling!"

And she was in his arms. She hadn't known a man could be like that. Smoothing your hair as if he were your mother. Holding you very carefully as if you were something very precious and fragile that he might break.

He said: "You're so lovely. Like a white orchid. Sometime I'll give you white orchids every day. And your eyelashes lie on your cheek like tiny feathers. I've always wanted to tell you that."

She said: "Oh, Jim!"

AROUND, white moon looked up over the horizon, and the houses wrapped themselves in iris-colored mist. They sat on the old couch, that had a Spanish shawl thrown over it, before the flickering fire.

Jim said: "Isn't it wonderful to think we've got the whole world? We'll go to Spain and you shall wear a poinsettia in your hair, a great blazing red poinsettia as big as a plate. And Italy—when the roses are out. Fat white roses with heavy heads sprayed across a wall that's been warmed by the suns of two thousand years."

His voice charmed her. She sat with her head on his shoulder, and he opened magic casements on faery seas. Greece with blue violets growing down to a purple sea. The south of France with golden mimosa against the hard white wall of a southern villa. She and Jim wandering hand in hand over a world that was carpeted with flowers.

She and Jim in love.

She didn't think about ways and means.

Jim said: "Margie, you're so sweet, so terribly sweet. Don't let's wait, my lovely one. Let's get married to-morrow."

She laughed at him, exquisitely flushed. She said: "Darling, you are in a hurry suddenly. I couldn't possibly be ready to-morrow, or even next week."

He said, looking at her, puzzled, one of her hands against his mouth:

"What do you mean, ready? There isn't anything to do, is there? I thought I'd just move my things in here. That's the advantage of living as we're going to live. You don't have to bother about anything."

Margie said: "Oh, but Jim, I couldn't. I hate the place."

She did hate it, the shabby studio called it the "glory hole." Jim made hundreds of little sketches, and never threw a single one away. He flung his clothes down anywhere. He regarded ashtrays as wholly unnecessary. But, of course, Jim didn't notice anything like that. He lived in a world of flowers and skies, and light and shade. And she loved him. He was like that, and she loved him.

She did just wonder all the same what Jim thought they were going to live on. Or if indeed he had thought of that side of their life together at all.

She said, as cheerfully as she could: "Don't let's settle anything now. We'll discuss all that later. I'm starving."

Flowers to feed her Soul

that had seen her failure. They had thought she was a genius at drawing at her private school. It had been fun to tell everyone she was going to be an artist. It had been fun moving in here.

She had given a "house painting party," and all her girl friends had come and cooked a picnic meal and painted the walls an "amusing" orange and the skirtings and mantelpieces an "amusing" green. She had given lots of parties at first. People had come and sat on the floor and partaken refreshments and played the ukulele. But she hadn't sold any drawings, and there hadn't been any money to give parties after a bit, and the orange and green paint, which hadn't been very well put on, had peeled.

She hated it. The only thing you could say for it was that it was clean, because she paid a charwoman to come in and scrub it out twice a week.

Jim said cheerfully: "All right. I just thought the view from your window was better. You can move into my place if you'd rather."

Margie said faintly: "Oh, Jim!"

Jim's studio was a thousand times worse. It wasn't even clean. She

Jim said: "My word, yes. It's after seven. I tell you what, darling. Let's have a celebration. Just for once we'll go and dine somewhere, and you can wear your best frock."

Margie was delighted. "Jim, what a heavenly idea. I should love that!"

SHE hurried into her room and began to change. She had a lovely dress Jim had never seen. Her sister Eileen had given it to her. Eileen, who was married to the extremely prosperous director of an advertising agency. It was off-white. It clung to her, and flowed over her limbs like water. Margie loved wearing it.

Jim shouted outside: "Margie!"

She came out: "You have been quick," she said gally, and then her face fell because Jim hadn't changed at all. He said: "I'm frightfully sorry, but I haven't got any money. I thought I had some in a drawer somewhere, but I must have spent it. Can you finance us? I can pay you back next week."

Something inside Margie, something she was hardly conscious of, began to get angry. She was horribly disappointed. She said: "I haven't anything but a few pennies. As a matter of fact, I was going to-morrow to dip into my post office savings bank account."

Jim said cheerfully: "Well, let's see what we have got." He began turning out his pockets on the table. Tubes of paint, lengths of string, matches, odd crumpled sketches. He pounced on one. "There, I've been looking for that for ages. That's the kind of lily I mean to have in my picture, the one I was telling you about." He stopped turning out his pockets and walked over to the window. "I shall have the window just open so much, like this."

Margie said desperately: "Jim, for goodness' sake finish what you are doing."

Jim grinned. "Sorry, angel!" She had to smile back.

FINALLY he produced with pride a shilling, three pennies and a collection of farthings in an envelope.

Margie said seriously: "Jim, is that really all the money you've got until next Monday?"

There wasn't a shadow on Jim's face as he told her: "Well, as a matter of fact, it's until next Friday."

Margie thought, with that tide of something that was perilously near anger rising within her, "He'd have married me, if he could have, on a shilling, three pennies, and a useful collection of farthings." She asked him, though she knew the answer, "Have you got anything in the bank?"

Jim said: "Not at the moment."

She said: "Then that's all the money you've got in the world?"

He looked at it: "Well, if you cut it that way, for the moment I suppose it is."

She left him and went into the bedroom. She searched through her chest of drawers and old handbags, and she found ninepence in coppers and a 1d stamp.

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The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Taff, sketched by Petrov

DRESSES *that go* HAPPILY *with* COATS

● *DRESS in burgundy crepe or woollen, with a wide green belt, worn beneath a green topcoat. The large semi-long sleeves are cut in one with the yoke.*

● *GREEN crinkled crepe for this dress. Bands at neck separate in front and tie with fronts of the bodice. Sleeves, set in off the shoulders, are wide at wrists.*

● *YELLOW crepe or wool dress, with the top of the bodice finely pin-tucked. The neck-line finishes with a little roll collar. Two large buttons and belt are of brown leather.*

● *DRESS of royal-blue woollen, with the bodice made of shaped pieces. Sleeves and yoke cut in one. The belt and monogram are in black—making a happy contrast.*

● *DRESS of henna angora woollen. The draping at the neck buttons at the back, and the waist draping at the left side. The sleeves are in one piece with the bodice.*

Light-Weight Woollens in Becoming Color Contrasts

HAVING bought the foundation of your winter wardrobe—the topcoat—your next consideration will be the dress to wear beneath it.

No longer will you be content with a monotone ensemble. This season, nine times out of ten, your dress will be a different color to your coat.

SHEER wools and dull crepes are leading fabrics for these dresses; supple woollens that can be draped as easily as silks, dull, smooth surfaces, rough or hairy surfaces.

Angoras are good, and all those light-weight soft woollens that are warm while doing away with all possible bulk.

Dull crepes there are in plenty—flat or crinkled surfaces, smooth backgrounds with raised spots and ridges.

Velveteen frocks will be seen, but they must be in a good quality velveteen or they will lose their shape easily. Black satin frocks will be worn beneath black coats for formal wear.

The colors for these dresses will, of course, depend upon their coats, but the shades most seen will be all the greens; rich, dark brown and copper; royal and slate blue; henna, brick, orange, yellow, all the reds including coral, navy-blue, pale grey, violet.

Whether the dress is of satin or crepe basically, the style will be the same. A straight skirt with pleats, slightly flared panels or centre-front or back-gathers for fullness. The skirt might drape tightly across the hips and be slightly flared at the hem.

Bodices are important—softly draped to give fullness across the bust, trimmed with incrustations in self material, with cut-out slits, with ornate buttons, with velvet bows, with shirring and faggoting.

Sleeves will be of intricate cut; if of crepe they may be very full above the wrist; if of wool they will be cut so as to give fullness either above or below the elbow.

There are draped sleeves, sleeves with raglan and kimono, long and three-quarter sleeves.

Necklines of these dresses are nearly always high. Little, upstanding military collars, narrow roll collars, high draped necks, round, square or boat-shaped necklines close to the throat. Contrasting collars and jabots, scarves, clips, and strings of pearls break this high line which would otherwise be hard and unbecoming.

Trimmings, though not elaborate, are important on these dresses. Wide belts, either tailored or draped, of self material or velvet or leather, paste buttons, buckles and clips, contrasting colored belts, velvet or taffeta scarves, pleats let in at the armhole, sleeves of fantastic design formed by shaped pieces of the material being pieced together, velvet bows, fabric flowers, collars and cuffs.

On black or navy dresses there is nothing so smart as exquisitely hand-sewn white collars and cuffs—soft, frilly jabots pin-tucked and lace trimmed; collars and bows. Palest pink and blue are good, too. Fine linen, voile, georgette and chiffon are the materials used.

On a bright dress you might have a scarf and wide tailored belt in a dark color to match your coat. On a dark dress rhinestone buttons up the front, or two clips at the neck, or a brooch and buckle. Gold buttons and a gold chain belt are smart on black and dark brown. Crepe or chiffon flowers in a color contrasting with the dress can be worn high at the throat. White pique flowers look well on dark frocks.

With a royal-blue coat, a black or dark red dress.

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DASHING NEW HATS

Five distinctive models, each one with a heady quality of its own .... designed to accompany milady happily around the clock!

- *THE tailored model (above) resembles a scoop in shape and is carried out in light blue felt. It reveals the hair, which should be worn curled at the nape of the neck.*
- *THE wine-colored velour beret model (top right) enables portion of the wearer's hair to be seen. A metal clip ornaments the front, while a simple bow is placed at the back.*
- *THE shallow-crowned hat (below) is fashioned from velour felt. It is richly trimmed with tightly-curled ostrich feathers round the crown, with a soft bunch falling over one ear.*
- *A DEVASTATING shape in rich black fur felt, with an extremely shallow crown. The very wide brim completely eclipses one eye and lends an air of enchantment to the wearer. It is worn with a slim-fitting light woollen frock and black accessories.*
- *THE MODEL in light-colored felt (at the right above) is suitable for sports wear or travel. It is turned up at the back and slashed at the side. A wide grosgrain silk ribbon in a contrasting shade makes an effective trimming.*

Hats photographed on this page were selected in London by Mary St. Claire, our special representative abroad, and sent by air mail.

DON'T NEGLECT THAT COUGH

take **HEARNE'S** *today*

It is positively dangerous to neglect a Cold. If all "Colds" were promptly treated with HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE there would be little fear of any serious complications (such as Pneumonia, Pleurisy and Bronchitis).

For that obstinate, irritating, tickling cough that pesters you and irritates everybody else; for the sort of COUGH that shakes you to pieces; for the COUGH that often follows the Flu: in fact, for ANY sort of COUGH there is nothing better, safer or quicker in action than **Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.**

FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION always ask for and see that you get HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure, because Hearne's obtains its amazing results **without** the use of narcotics, and does not upset the stomach. K/12

For all CHEST troubles take

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE . . .

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An Editorial

MAY 9, 1936.

The Death Penalty

TWO remarkable incidents occurred in Sydney last week. A nephew made a dramatic plea for his uncle's murderer; and the victim of an attempt to murder asked for leniency in the case of the man who attacked him.

In Victoria, the question of the execution of Sodeman has aroused an unusual amount of public interest.

These are indications of the change wrought in human outlook since the days of savagery. Primitive tribal law was based on the old maxim, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." The convicted murderer was handed over to the relatives of the victim, who were expected to carry out the death penalty in a spirit of personal revenge.

But, as civilisation grew, murder became recognised as no private crime, but a menace to society at large. And so the law of the community claims the life of the murderer, for judge and jury are merely the representatives in law of the citizens themselves.

Until recently few queried this legal process; but gradually our individual responsibility in such matters is beginning to weigh more and more upon the minds of all thoughtful citizens.

If the death sentence were a deterrent, there would be no stirring of public conscience. But what does the death sentence achieve—beyond the obliteration of an individual?

The problem facing every man and woman in regard to such crimes as murder is, "Why are such crimes committed, and what should be done to make such crimes impossible?"

For, in sober truth, the responsibility for many crimes rests largely upon modern society itself. Circumstances, heredity, environment, adult influences, neglect, economic conditions, disease—one, some, or all of these factors—have developed from the mind of an infant the adult mentality of a "killer."

More and more the community is showing a sense of its responsibility in these matters. Emerging from the shadow of these recent tragedies, the agitation of the public mind over the fate of capital offenders provides heartening evidence of the awakening of the public conscience to the need for finding methods which will eliminate anti-social traits from the mentality of the individual.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

CONDUCTED BY LESLIE HAYLEN

Half-trained Nurses

GIVING evidence before the Industrial Commission, a hospital sister pointed out the danger of half-baked trainees being let loose as nurses on an unsuspecting world. She said that some nurses, through ill-health, failure to pass examinations, or for other reasons, left hospitals with their training unfinished, and threw themselves on the labor market as semi-nurses. They had a smattering only of nursing, but were able to get positions, while highly-trained and efficient nurses sought posts in vain.

Surely there should be some "labelling" of these semi-efficient trainees in the interests of the qualified nurse and the public. Otherwise cheap nursing may be bought at too dear a price.

Are You a "Dauber"?

ARE you a lipstick dauber? If you are you may be in danger of losing your husband. A man in Paris sought a divorce because his wife used lipstick which, he said, made her look like a vamp.

Beauty experts came to the rescue and pointed out that the lady was more to be pitied than censured. She was a lipstick "dauber," which meant that she plastered her lips without recourse to a mirror. The vampish effect, therefore, was not due to any desire to depart from rectitude, but just bad craftsmanship, the result of hurried make-up in bus or tram.

There may be a moral in this—or a recommendation for better and brighter tramcars by the addition of a few mirrors for women making running repairs.

Hard Words

A COURT of law has decided that the words "refer to drawer" on a dishonored cheque give a true indication of the financial status of the person concerned, and are not libellous.

But isn't there an old legal tag about the greater the truth the greater the libel?

The King's Memorial

THERE is much quiet discussion in England at the moment as to what form the suggested memorial to the late King George V should take. Two suggestions are worthy of special note. One is that a bronze plaque should be placed on the Whitehall Cenotaph as a tribute to the King's affection for the soldiers of the Empire. The other, which should receive the approbation of the whole Empire, is a pyramid of imposing size, built with stones taken from every part of the Empire.

The last idea is a good one. It would give an Empire significance to the memorial, and at once make of it a pilgrimage and a shrine—a fitting monument to a King who thought always in terms of Empire.

Lyric of Life

Pagan

Beyond what tameless seas
Were your wild dreamings found?
I think your native ground
Is lush with tropic trees,
And soft night winds that wake
From sand of coral shores
The restlessness of yours
That cities cannot take.

Of other lives than this
The memory you've kept,
With pagan laughter swept
And amber maidens' kiss
And yet you sit to-day
Upon an office seat,
Or walk a city street,
And throw your dreams away.

—P. Duncan-Brown.

Ironic Touch

HISTORY has libelled the Turk in calling him the "unspeakable."

The Anzac knew him as a rugged fighter with a sense of chivalry. He fought well, but after the conflict was as anxious as the British to see that the graves of Australian and British soldiers were well tended and identification points preserved. Now, in view of official assurances, the Diggers will continue to sleep peacefully on Gallipoli despite that it has been proposed to refortify the area.

Still, there will be an ironic note in the presence of guns again alongside the graves of soldiers who fought in the war to end war.

Different Ideas

THE example of the captain of the Pinafore who

"Polished up the knocker so carefully;
That now he's the ruler of the Queen's navee,"

was altogether lost on a junior municipal clerk of Oldham (Eng.), when he refused to feed ant-eggs to the goldfish in the municipal ponds. He claimed that the job was not compatible with the dignity of a junior clerkship, and was suspended. Forthwith he took his complaint to the local member, and now the House of Commons will discuss the junior clerk and the goldfish along with other great national issues of armaments and the League of Nations.

Gilbert seems to have died all too soon. What a sparkling comedy he would have made of a situation so dear to his heart.

MR. DAVID GRANT, one of Australia's wages-fixers, with his beautiful English setter, Mick. (See story col. 4.)

Why "Quacks" Survive

THE "British Medical Journal" has suggested that doctors should pay more attention to the mental and emotional make-up of their patients in order to defeat the growing army of "quacks" who are battening on the sick.

There is one thing, however, which the B.M.A. man will be unable to do, and that is, maintain the false optimism of the cure-all in the face of the inevitability of an incurable disease.

The "quack" has an uncanny knack of summing up the man behind the disease and playing on his hopes and fears to the last. Only rigid legislation will prevent this bloodsucking of the sick, eager to clutch at any straw in the fight for life.

Prosecution rather than psychology should be the slogan of the qualified and registered men.

Men Who Fix Australia's Family Budgets

In terse legal phrases, a few days ago, over 100,000 women in N.S.W. each had their wages reduced by 1/6 a week, although the subsequent public outcry has nullified the Court's decision. In Adelaide early this year 10,000 women were given an increased wage of 1/6 a week. From time to time changes occur in all States.

PEEPING behind the legal curtain, it is interesting to consider the lives of the small band of men who have to make these important decisions with such far-reaching effects on the community. They are all home-loving types. Their duties provide an interesting comparison of the manner in which each State sets about the problem of finding out what is the minimum to enable a family, or any members of a family, to live in comfort in this modern age.

Three who assist the deliberations of about 100 Wages Boards in Victoria between them are Mr. H. J. Richardson, Mr. David Grant, and Mr. A. S. Hauser. None of them owns a motor-car, describing it as a luxury they cannot afford; all of them pay gallant tributes to woman's ability to handle the family budget—and none of them knows the exact number of Wages Boards at which he sits.

Father of a grown-up family—four daughters and two sons—Mr. Richardson is well qualified to talk about family budgets. He believes that all household budgeting should be controlled entirely by a wife, and that rates, insurance, etc., should be looked after by the husband.

Mr. David Grant, chairman of more than twenty boards, lives with his family in a charming old house in a lovely garden in East Melbourne, in a quiet atmosphere of old prints, cedar furniture, and collections of rare china.

Mr. Grant's hobbies are contract bridge, gardening and his beautiful English setter, Mick.

A family man with two daughters and a son, Mr. A. S. Hauser thinks that a wife should be left to handle the family budget, **and considers that many wives must be magnificent financiers to manage on the wages fixed by the boards.**

Mr. Hauser was a choirmaster when he lived in the country, has trained choirs for South Street competitions, and is himself a singer.

In Home Circles

ALTHOUGH the Queensland basic wages are decided by the Cabinet and enforced by legislation, the Industrial Court, composed of Mr. Justice Webb (chairman), Mr. T. A. Ferry, and Mr. W. J. Riordan, has the final unchallenged say in fixing the margin for skill and allowances for extraordinary conditions. All three are native-born Queenslanders, and so are their wives.

Mr. Justice Webb keeps fit with occasional games on the tennis courts with the members of his family (he has four daughters and two sons), and is also a keen golfer.

Mr. Ferry is a voracious reader—he reads everything, he says—and has an extensive library. Each Saturday afternoon he may be seen in flannels on the bowling green worshipping at the shrine of "kitty." He has one son and one daughter, both grown up, the son having just recently been married. Mrs. Ferry is an ardent worker on behalf of the Children's Hospital.

The third member, Mr. W. J. Riordan, known throughout the length and breadth of Queensland as "Big Jim" Riordan, was a former Federal vice-president of the Australian Labor Party.

Reading is his principal hobby and recreation, and his literature is of the solid type. He has been married well over the quarter century, and has one son and two daughters.

In South Australia, the Board of Industry is responsible for determining what should be the living wage in that State, for both female and male workers, in areas defined. The Board is composed of five members—the president (Judge W. R. Kelly), two representatives of employers, and two representatives of employees.

Decision Reversed

THE three N.S.W. men, whose verdict reducing women's wages by 1/6 weekly will be reversed by the Government, are Mr. Justice Browne, Mr. Justice Cantor, and Mr. Justice Webb.

Mr. Justice Browne, the Chairman, is 60 years of age. He lives quietly with his family in Sydney. Apart from the fact that he is a great reader, an enthusiastic surfer, and a keen fisherman, the Judge has few hobbies, although he is fond of motoring.

Mr. Justice Maurice Cantor, who is a Melbourne man, is only 48, and looks younger. He has a daughter at the University and a son at school. He is a widower.

He spends a lot of time in his garden at Wahroonga, likes work, and is fond of yachting, fishing, and golf. He drives his own car and motor-boat.

Mr. Justice Alan Mayo Webb, who is 51 years of age, was formerly a clerk in the Education Department. He has one son and daughter. A quiet type of family man, he spends most of his spare time reading or gardening.

BLONDIE

Making the Pace a Cracker!

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"MY FIRST *Hundred Years*"—by L. W. LOWER

"Them Wuz th' Days" he sighs as he recalls what he might have been!

BY L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist

ILLUSTRATED BY WEP

Put out the red carpet, light the Japanese lanterns, send up sky-rockets, put on paper caps, and pull bon-bons. This is my Centenary!

Everybody seems to be having Centenaries lately. Adelaide is going through the throes of a Centenary at this moment.

It is pleasant to recall the old days when I landed on the shores of my first boarding-house and was received by the friendly natives. Beer in those days was threepence a pint. One could get a haircut for sixpence. Cigarettes were twelve for threepence, a whole sheep only cost one and ninepence, and a "Bicycle Built For Two" was a brand-new hot number.

Seeing that you're all so profoundly interested, I'd better start from the very first.

WHEN I was born I weighed 7st. 5lb., and it took two nurses to wash me. I had to be fed from a tank, and I was the first baby ever to use a converted hansom cab for a perambulator.

I developed a literary bent very early, and at the age of three was out on the streets selling newspapers. It is a significant fact that all millionaires started off by selling newspapers. I expect to become a millionaire any minute.

Not that money matters to me. Dross, that's all it is. Money is not everything. It is just a means to an end, but, boy! what an end!

Dux of my school at the age of eight, I was expelled when I was nine, and then started to seek for a congenial occupation. After serious consideration, I decided that I would become one of the unemployed and made a great success of it. I was more unemployed than any other unemployed bloke in our district. I'm still pretty good at it.

Having nothing to do, I decided to go into society. I trust that I don't have to keep on reminding you that this was in the good old days before centenaries were invented. We had none of the civilised refinements such as Yo-Yo and the Wages Tax, and crooners. We were, in fact, rather coarse, now that I look back. Still, we had a rough, jagged sort of society life.

I had the mistaken idea that I could bust into the upper classes by doing charity work, and I started knitting antimacassars for the boys in the trenches at the Crimean War. The boys in the trenches sent my antimacassars back, pointing out various places where I had dropped a stitch, or failed to purl at the right moment.

Became the Rage

WAS I embarrassed? The news soon got around the upper circles, and all the best people took out their shunners and shunned me. Others, on the fringe, so to speak, unfolded their ignorers and ignored me with them.

Life became very bleak, and stark, and terse, and incogitancy. I don't know what the last word means, but, believe me, it's dinkum. I saw it in a magazine.

In desperation I invented the streoscope. You girls have never heard of a stereoscope, being too young (always the gallant gentleman, gardenia and all) but Wep has tried to draw one, and if you search the mess above you will see me teaching a lady how to look through it.

I became the rage. The very nicest people in the colony used to ask me to their diabolo tournaments, send me conversation lollies, invite me to help with the milking, and take me riding in their buggies on Sunday afternoons. Them was the days!

When I was eighteen I fell in love. I also fell in love when I was 18½, 19, 19¾, and so on for years until I met a girl . . . well, anyhow, we're having grilled steak and tomatoes when I get home to-night. She's an excellent cook, but a rotten listener.

Coming to the present time it was by hard work and diligent wangling that I became a director of The Australian Women's Weekly. When people want to know where the free pattern department is, who is it that directs them? Uncle Lennie.

Mine has been a very full life. I haven't been full all the time, mark you, but off and on I have helped this country along, what with fines for late payment of income tax, and abusive language, and one thing and another. I might almost be described as a boon to the place.

This being the case, I have no hesitation in saying that there is no one more entitled to have a centenary than me.

Now for a bit of poetry. Stand aside, and don't jostle!

There was an old fellow named Henry,
Decided to have a centeneray.
The thing went O.K.
But it was a sad day
When they made up the bill they sent Henry.

How rotten!

A stereoscopic view of L. W. Lower enjoying himself at an exciting "evening" in the good old days.

HER ADVICE—
Why not SLIM while you sleep

SHE'S happy, healthy, deliciously slim. She enjoys every minute of her life and maintains her figure without dieting or special exercises.

Slenderness and youthful vitality are hers because she follows the golden rule of a nightly dose of Bile Beans. These fine vegetable pills tone up the system, purify the blood, and eliminate daily all fat-forming residue.

So why not "slim while you sleep" and keep gloriously fit and well by taking Bile Beans regularly at bed-time?

"As I lost 4 lbs in the first fortnight I kept on with my nightly Bile Beans. Now my weight is down by 20 lbs. and my health is improved in every way. When my costumier measured me recently I was four inches less in bust, waist and hips."—Mrs. L. D.

* * *

"As a nurse I am well aware of the ill-effects of a burden of unwanted fat. As I know of nothing safer for eliminating excess fat I urge my patients troubled this way to take Bile Beans. A friend tells me that she has steadily lost weight at the rate of two pounds a week since taking Bile Beans regularly."—Nurse L. M.

BILE BEANS
SLIM YOU WHILE YOU SLEEP.

A boon she knows!

Only a *tiny* dose, just ten or so drops in a little water is *all* baby needs. As a ready nursery-aid **Bonnington's Irish Moss** is a blessing to Mother, it SOOTHES instantly. When baby's breathing is slightly hindered, it helps rid any phlegm—it EASES! It soon stops any sleep-disturbing COUGH. It's quite harmless and safe to use.

IMITATIONS:
Substitutes will not do! It must be Bonnington's. Price, 1/9 and 3/-.

For Coughs and Colds
Bonnington's IRISH MOSS

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HOUR AFTER HOUR ON YOUR FEET?

THEN YOU NEED

Zam-Buk

SHOP assistants in the busy stores, housewives with their many homely duties, and the vast army of indoor and outdoor workers know what a strain it is to be on the feet for hours at a stretch. Feet ache, swell and tire, and no wonder you become irritable.

But your feet will always be happy and comfortable if you follow this easy nightly treatment. After bathing the feet in warm water and drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk Ointment into ankles, instepe, soles, and between the toes. As the refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are absorbed into the skin,

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation

are quickly allayed. Chilblains are soothed and healed, corns, bunions and hard skin are softened, joints, ankles, toes, and feet are made easy and you can again walk in comfort. Start with Zam-Buk to-night!

1/6 or 3/6 a box. Of all chemists & stores

"I could not get about with the ease I do were it not for Zam-Buk keeping my feet so sound. For relieving pain, swelling or inflammation there's nothing like a regular rub-over with Zam-Buk." Miss M. Hobbs

"I am a 'bus inspector and on my feet a lot. I find great relief from pain and tiredness by rubbing Zam-Buk well into the soles of my feet every night before retiring." Mr. W. T. Haywood

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

NEW BOOKS

Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

Splendid Novel which is also Yarn for Everybody!

Sensitive Man and His Battle With Life

Too often the author who sets out to write a worth-while book carries his literary banner of "Excelsior" throughout 300 pages, but forgets, in pursuit of his ideal, that his first job is to tell a story. That's where the everyday yarn-writer beats him to it.

NEIL BELL gives us a sensitive study of the artistic mind in his brilliant novel, "Strange Melody," reviewed on this page.

NEIL BELL, author of "Strange Melody," is too much of a craftsman to make such a mistake. First and foremost, his novel is excellent reading; so excellent that even a tired, disappointed and disillusioned reviewer was able to read it twice. Thus he provides the first essential of a great book. Phrases, sentences, situation from the novel hang like tendrils on the memory, and hauntingly cling to the mind when one is reading other stories, which have publicity "blurb" as their chief justification.

True to Life

NEIL BELL writes of life and he sometimes makes it a sombre thing, but there is always the evanescent glow beneath which comes from the author's conviction that the greatest study of man is man. His characters do not ape reality—they are real. We have had a multitude of Irishmen depicted in the pages of novels, but it is difficult to remember anyone who has done the job so understandingly as Neil Bell in Sheila's story of her father.

No stage Irishman this with "Begorra darlint" on his lips, but a sensitive Celt, leaping with the instinct to live life as it should be lived and with an innate horror of humbug in any guise.

He has the artist's lust for loveliness and a hatred of the mean and the meretricious, the surrounding on which he is forced to weave the twisted tapestry of his life. There are passages of rare beauty showing us the devotion of John Macdermott's love for his wife and child; the early struggles in an alien city as art master.

Writing called him, but the echo was not heard to any extent by editors and publishers, and here the author's skill is at its greatest. We sense the frustration of this eager mind, and glimpse the futility of it

Struggle Days

THEN comes the London struggle—which every writer knows of, and here again the book reaches great heights. There is no over-emphasis or playing for effect, and the tremendous climax played out in the slums of Whitechapel comes as inevitably as the fog-wreaths glide over the Thames, hiding the sharp contours of the ugly scene and shrouding forever an heroic life in forgetfulness. ("Strange Melody." Neil Bell. Collins. 7/6.)

SHORT REVIEWS

"THE CAPPY RICKS SPECIAL." Peter B. Kyne. Cappy Ricks, that delightful old business buccaneer, is back again and his humor has not suffered with the years. Most beloved of all Peter B. Kyne characters, Cappy is in his element in helping lame dogs over stiles, and in pulling off big business deals under the noses of his younger competitors. All the short stories in the book are good, with the title story perhaps the best of them. The yarns abound in ready wit and breezy dialogue. (Hodder and Stoughton. 7/6.)

* * *

"DANCE STEPS FOR THE MODERN BALLROOM." This book gives all that the dancing enthusiast needs to fully enjoy this pursuit.

The Waltz, Slow Fox-Trot, Quickstep, the Tango, and the Blues are in turn dealt with, and the various steps and turns are fully explained. (Robertson and Mullens. 1/-.)

* * *

"THE PRISONER." Sally Carson. This is the tale of an everyday family and its reactions to Nazi rule. The Kluger family surveys life in its triumph and tragedies, and they are all real people with individuality of outlook. Hans, the father, is a fine study, and there is admirable light and shade in the character of Helmy, the gentle dreamer, who, in his way, is the biggest figure in a fine novel. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7/6.)

* * *

"VENUS OVER LANNERY." Martin Armstrong. Lannery is a country home over which Venus hovers in the love stories told in this novel. There is a quiet charm in the writing and a delicate imagery which is attractive. The characters consist of two couples who find the full development of their love as life flows on, a poor girl whose jealousy drives her to murder, a couple who marry in haste to repent at leisure, and a young man in love with the unhappy woman of this marriage. Quite a tangle for Venus to unravel but, with the help of the author, everything turns out for the best. (Gollancz. 7/6.)

* * *

"RACING DEMON." J. E. Husted. Anyone interested in cars, spark plugs, racing skids and amatory Argentines may get a thrill reading this book. But if your mind craves for cohesion, reality, romance, or suspense, the yellow traffic signal of caution is an appropriate sign.

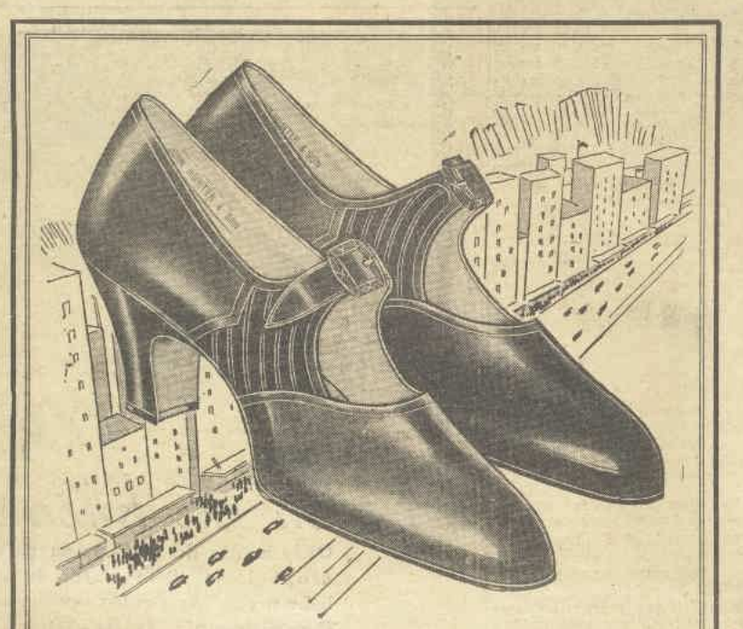
The story is limited to the location of racing tracks and garages, the characters are rather machine-made, and the love interest is somewhat codified. (Collins. 7/6.)

BOOKWORM'S CHOICE

"BIRD OF PARADISE." E. Phillips Oppenheim.

This is Oppenheim's 98th novel, but he comes up smiling from this welter of words, with a rattling good yarn about a mystery yacht. Interest will exceed your worry over the electric light bill. The boat is owned by an American, Hamer Wilburn, and everybody wants to buy it, from Cabinet Ministers to cabaret dancers who dabble in Communism.

Yes. You've guessed right. There's a mystery about it and secret papers aboard. The locale of the story: The French Riviera; and the background, casinos, evening gowns by Paton, and Counts with big black mustachios. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7/6.)



Kidskin . . . . Smartest for Milady's Footwear

TOT201—"Dolores" is the name of this shoe, tailored by Spencer to add loveliness to slender feet. In keeping with the design—note the correct heel, the significant buckle—it is hand-made from the finest imported kid. The panel of suede with its contrast stitch lends fascinating relief. Blue, black or brown are the colours and half sizes are available. The price? Thirty nine and sixpence. 39/6

If you cannot call, you may have this shoe mailed, post free.

JOHN HUNTER & Son Ltd.

245-247 PITT STREET, SYDNEY (Opposite LYCEUM THEATRE)

"Go to John Hunter's for a good pair of shoes"

ROSE PETAL ROUGE and LIPSTICK

give color to the idea that you are a Ravishingly Lovely Person

1/9 each

of the better Chemist and Stores. Guaranteed good by KATHLEEN COURT

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And It's Also Grandmother's Day!

When we honor mothers next Sunday the tribute will extend to that older army of women enshrined in our hearts, the mothers who mothered our mothers —the world's grandmothers. Some of Australia's best-known grandmothers are pictured on this page.

MRS. T. J. RYAN, widow of a former Premier of Queensland, with her daughter, Mrs. Raymond Lambert, and grandson, John Raymond Lambert, aged 4½ months.
—Dickinson-Montfeath.

MRS. J. GRAS-Y-FORT, of Melbourne, with her grandchildren, Elizabeth and Joseph Michael, the children of Dr. and Mrs. Francis Zipell.
—Dickinson-Montfeath.

MRS. I. J. WARNES, of Kooringa, Burra, South Australia, with her granddaughter, Rosemary. Rosemary's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rex Warnes, live, officially speaking, in the Northern Territory.
—Rembrandt photo.

MRS. ROSENTHALL, of Melbourne, photographed with her granddaughter, Virginia Faviel, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Faviel, Darling Point, Sydney.

MRS. W. W. ALDERMAN, with her granddaughter Fay, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. R. Wiburd, of Brisbane.
—Noel Maitland.

MRS. FRED BRUCE, of Barton Terrace, North Adelaide, one of Adelaide's most youthful and best-dressed grandmothers. Wendy Birke is the name of her attractive little granddaughter.
—Rembrandt photo.

MRS. CHARLES DAY, Launceston, with her grandson, Hector Wishart Smith.
—Whitelaws.

MRS. MONTY SYMMONS, of Launceston, with her grandson, Gerald Mayhead.
—Whitelaws.

MRS. T. H. KELLY, of Darling Point, one of Sydney's best known hostesses, charitable workers, and grandmothers. The two little children of Mr. and Mrs. John McPhillamy, of Bathurst, are her grandchildren.—Dorothy Welding.

MRS. JOHN DENT, a youthful grandmother from Canberra. Her daughter is Mrs. Philip Wilson, of Barraba, whose little daughter is named Toni.
—Dorothy Welding.

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New GIANT JAR

A NEW GIANT SIZE JAR of these celebrated Salts has now been placed on the Australian market. The photograph below shows the actual size of this new GIANT JAR, which contains well over half-a-pound (½lb.) of Thalco Thermal Salts.

LASTS THREE MONTHS

Highly recommended for CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA and EXCESS FAT

This big GIANT JAR holds approx. 90 TEASPOONFULS—or THREE MONTHS' SUPPLY for a regular daily user—costing less than a half-penny a day.

For years Thalco Thermal Salts has been sold only in small jars at 1/6. The number of requests from regular users all over Australia for a larger size has lately increased enormously owing to the rapidly growing popularity of these unusually effective Medicinal Salts.

The proprietors have now responded by bringing out not merely a Large Size—but a GIANT SIZE—at the low, economical price of 2/9.

The THALCO Figure admired by all.

AT ALL CHEMISTS and STORES 1/6 and 2/9

30/36

SHE Made Love So Beautifully

What a love that man had lost! It was still shining in Brenda's eyes when she was not to get well again.

A Short Story

.. BY ..

ALLAN GOVAN

HE had gone straight from a film premiere to Robin Broughton's flat. A party of eight. Seven ordinary mortals, and Karl Steinhart.

How many women Hedda Broughton had had to circumvent to get Steinhart there only Hedda and the circumvented women knew.

But there Steinhart was: the one and only Karl, director of a score of pictures, the names of some of which even I knew, when Hedda ran them over in an awed whisper for my benefit.

The man spoke quite good English, only very occasionally phrasing his sentences awkwardly and suggesting that he wasn't speaking his native tongue. As is often the case with really big men, he was evidently a quiet, unassuming sort of fellow.

The women wanted to know all about the private lives of the famous stars; and the way Steinhart answered every one of their questions, and told them nothing at all, was absolutely masterly.

After a while the talk got round to the old question of what sort of emotions two people really have when they are making love in front of a camera and a microphone.

Hedda maintained that two people who were fiercely—fiercely was Hedda's word—in love with each other must portray love much better than two people who had met on the set a moment before for the first time.

This was safer ground for Steinhart. He smiled, a mildly tolerant smile.

"For us it would be very nice if it were so. But if a director could get a perfect love scene by simply finding two people in love with each other, then it would be very pleasant to be a director."

Steinhart laughed a charming laugh, and spread out his hands. "For so many people are in love with each other!"

He laughed again. "But when your fierce lovers had done their scene over for the twelfth time, I fear, Mrs. Broughton, they would have fallen sadly out of love. And where, then, would be the other sequences?"

"But they must think something," Hedda insisted. "And if they think something, what do they think?"

"Maybe they think of some delightful person with whom they were once in love. So much safer, that would be!"

Steinhart considered the question again for a moment. "Maybe they think of someone they love when they are very young; when they love for the first time."

He looked round the circle of women's faces. "Always we love so nicely . . . when we love for the first time"; and in a confidential sort of way he added: "You remember?"

There was something almost naive about the man when he asked the women if they remembered, and it was part of his charm. He sighed in a funny little way, and added: "It is never quite the same after the first time."

One of the women suggested: "I'm certain there must be some quite clever actors and actresses who can't act love scenes at all."

"AND they are our despair." With two expressive hands and a lifting of his eyebrows Steinhart portrayed a film director in despair. "It is the one thing which we cannot explain to them—how to make love

"If they do not themselves understand about love, then they are only puppets, dangling on strings. To portray love, one must have loved. Better still if one has loved . . . and lost."

The women tried to get him to say which of the stars made love most beautifully. But Steinhart hardly seemed to hear them. His eyes had gone dreamy; he was looking into the past.

"Once there was a woman who could portray love the most beautiful of all the women I have known. . . ."

"Had she loved and lost?" Hedda wanted to know.

A more prosaic young person was anxious to learn: "Who is she—isn't she playing now?"

"She is dead."

There was a hint of tragedy in the simple words. Instinctively the women waited, hoping.

"She was Brenda Elson. . . ." I thought Steinhart glanced at me when he spoke, but I wasn't sure.

The women repeated the name to help their memories, and one of them gained kudos by suddenly remembering Brenda Elson, and mentioning a film in which she had appeared, in a minor part.

Steinhart told the story of Brenda Elson, who made love so beautifully.

"She was English—the daughter of a gentleman who had been an administrator in the East—I think the place was Burma. But he and Brenda's mother had died there, and the girl had been left alone.

"When I was in England on a previous visit I met her by chance, and at a glance I saw she was the type for a certain small but important part which I had found great difficulty in casting. After much pleading I prevailed on her to come to Hollywood.

Please turn to Page 15

Grand NEW SERIES of "BRAN TUBS"

The "QUICK-WIN" WEEKLY PUZZLE

£50 MUST BE WON

FILL IN A FEW LETTERS AND WIN BIG MONEY

Don't miss this splendid one-week competition! It simply consists of nine ordinary words, only each has some letters missing for YOU to find.

This is how to enter: For the purposes of the puzzle we number the alphabet 1 to 26 to make the code below, and, in addition, we give you nine word- clues which you also see underneath. NOW, THE PUZZLE IS TO MAKE THE LARGEST SCORE OF LETTER NUMBERS YOU CAN IN WORDS ANSWERING THOSE CLUES AND EXACTLY FILLING THE FRAME.

For example, Clue No. 1 is "What to do with this." You are given the first letter, "W," and could complete the word by adding the letters "IN," making the word "WIN," the letter values of which, reading from the code below, are 23, 9 and 14—a total of 46.

Now carry on with Clue No. 2, in which you are given the last letter. THE SECRET IS TO FIND NINE SUITABLE WORDS WITH THE LARGEST LETTER VALUES. Only recognised words suitable to the clues and contained in Chambers' Dictionary will be permitted.

REMEMBER, YOUR WORDS MUST ALL FIT IN THE SPACES OF THE FRAME STRAIGHT DOWNWARDS FROM TOP TO BOTTOM. Thus the letters given you for each word are sometimes at the head and sometimes at the tail of the word.

When you have completed the nine words, work out the letter value for each word as in the above example, write out a list of the words IN INK on a sheet of paper, place opposite each word its total letter value, add up the nine totals, and this will give the final total value of your solution. Add your name and residential address, and post the entry to:

HEADS OR TAILS No. 8V, Box 4155X, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

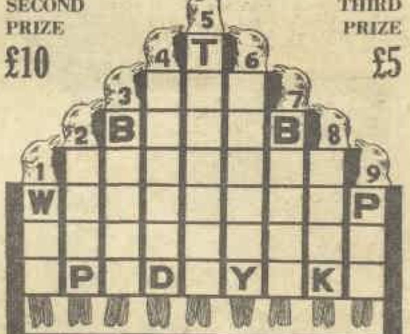
READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY:

All entries must be postmarked not later than FRIDAY, May 15th. The First Prize of £35 will be awarded to the competitor who submits the solution with the largest total letter value, and the other two prizes in order of merit. In case of ties, the total prize money will be divided, but the full amount will be paid. £50 prize money has been deposited with "The Australian Women's Weekly." A postal note for 1/- must accompany each entry (1/1 in postage stamps accepted if postal note not obtainable). Post Office addresses not accepted. Results will be published on May 29th.

FIRST PRIZE - £35

SECOND PRIZE £10

THIRD PRIZE £5



THE CODE:

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9

J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18

S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26

THE CLUES:

1. What to do with this.
2. A mound.
3. Popular place.
4. Hot.
5. Chatter.
6. Without strength.
7. A food
8. A bird
9. Something to eat.

NOTE: The Management's decision as to the suitability to the Clues of the words submitted will be final.

RESULT OF HEADS OR TAILS No. 5

FIRST PRIZE, £35.—Mr. J. B. SUTCLIFFE, 2 Davis Avenue, Camberwell, Vic.
SOLUTION: Gun, Buzz, Muzzy, Rentoy, Buzzard, Boston, Wrist, Drew, Spa. Total, 695 points.
SECOND PRIZE, £10.—Mr. H. B. ROBERTS, Balmoral, Maleny, N.C.L., Q'land.
SOLUTION: Gun, Buzz, Muzzy, Retour, Buzzard, Boston, Wrist, Drew, Spa. Total, 693 points.
The following persons tied for Third Prize:—Mr. W. PURSELL, 57 Arden Street, Coogee, Sydney; Mrs. O. P. WALL, 48 Zouch Street, Wellington, N.S.W.; Mrs. M. HOON, "Bungvona," Rochester, Victoria; Mr. L. VAN BAER, 12 St. Hubert's Road, Glenhuntly, Vic.; Mr. H. W. RICHES, Henley Beach Road, Lockleys, South Australia.
SOLUTION: Gun, Buzz, Muzzy, Return, Buzzard, Boston, Wrist, Drew, Spa. Total, 692 points.
PRIZE MONEY WILL BE POSTED ON FRIDAY, 22nd MAY

NEW PLASMIC

America's Most Talked Of Skin Preparation

Actual Photo Mrs. Marion Beltner, Age 53, Darlinghurst Road. Taken Dec. 16, 1935.

Actual Photo Mrs. Marion Beltner, taken Jan. 6, 1936, after 8 applications of New Plasmic.

Absolutely removes almost instantaneously all WRINKLES, LINES, BLEMISHES of the Skin, Pimples, etc., developed by Old Age or Other Causes.

NEW PLASMIC ACTS LIKE MAGIC

The Very First Treatment produces Unbelievable Results. Restores permanently to old or middle age the skin and complexion of youth.

OLD FACES MADE YOUNG.
YOUNG FACES KEPT YOUNG.
BLEMISHED SKINS MADE PERFECT.

THE LATEST AND MOST GENUINE DISCOVERY. TRY IT—YOU WILL BE AMAZED.

Call for FREE DEMONSTRATION, or Large Tube, sufficient for twelve treatments, posted free to any address for 5/-.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Ladies unable to call for a FREE DEMONSTRATION can have a TRIAL TUBE posted to them (with full directions) for postal note of 1/- and two penny stamps.

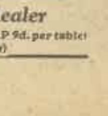
JOHN AFRIAT, Radio House, 296 Pitt Street, Sydney.

THE Romance of ***HAIR YOU LOVE TO WATCH . . .*** A woman's tresses can be fascinatingly lovely—especially from the back! Those glorious curls, waves and ringlets—that sparkle and lustre—how men fall in love with all these treasures—how other women admire and envy. The secret? Just "HENNAFOAM" Shampoo. Contains a tiny trace of a special henna—can't change the colour of even blonde hair—can't fail to bring out the hidden glories of blonde, brown, auburn or black tresses. Try it! Kathleen Court's Hennafoam is 6d. a package (two shampoos in separate inner envelopes) or 1/6 a large bottle of the liquid form of "HENNAFOAM." On with the admiring glance!

ERUPTIONS

Don't keep on thinking "That eruption will soon go"—it won't. There is only one thing to do—Use Rexona Ointment for it. Soothing Rexona penetrates right to the source of the irritation—it destroys the accumulated poison, and keeps the eruption free from any further infection. TREATMENT. Wash thoroughly with Rexona Medicated Soap; then apply Rexona Ointment on a piece of lint, or clean old linen. Rexona Medicated Soap is of great assistance in healing skin blemishes. It is particularly mild, and contains the same soothing, healing properties as the Ointment.

SKIN MADE CLEAR AGAIN . . . READ THIS— Miss Elsie Dix, of Sycamore Street, Leeton, writes:— *"Rexona Soap and Ointment have been of particular benefit to me. I had a nasty eruption on my forehead, which was completely cured by Rexona Ointment. I am never without it now."*



Rexona

The Rapid Healer

OINTMENT 1/6 per tin - SOAP 9d. per tablet (City and Suburbs)

1.100.AZ

SHE *Made Love* So Beautifully

Continued from Page 14

"SHE played the part most beautifully." For a moment Steinhart seemed to be seeing Brenda Elson playing her part, most beautifully.

"But when I tried her in another part she was a flop. I tried her again in a part similar to the first. She was a success.

"So I realised that Brenda could portray a woman who was greatly in love. But at almost everything else she was gauche, impossible.

"I labored with her. But no good. She was not an actress. She was only a—a rather grand little lady; always just a bit ashamed to be connected with films—her father had been an administrator, you will understand.

"A few days ago, here in London, I said good-bye to her. For many months she had been ill, and when she learned that I was in London she asked me to call.

"For a while we talked of those she had known in Hollywood. But soon we had said it all. Brenda had not so many friends, for always she had been a very reserved little lady.

"Then, when there was nothing more to say, calling upon my courage I asked her how it was that she could make love so beautifully and could play no other part. She was not to get well again, so what did it matter now? She told me.

"It would seem that she had been very much in love. She had loved one man, and one man only, in all her life. She had no need to act—she had only to imagine that she was in the arms of the man she loved!

"I asked her about him; why he had ceased to love her. She did not know. It was after she had gone to Hollywood. She thought it might be that he did not like that she should go to Hollywood and be an actress. Perhaps his father was an administrator, and the man was proud like the little lady herself!

"But what a love that man had lost! It was still shining in Brenda's eyes then, when she was not to get well again. From the time when it came to her, there had been nothing else in the little lady's life but that love.

"And some man had thrown it away! But, you see, it caused her to act love beautifully—so very beautifully."

The women hadn't missed a word. It was plain, now, why Steinhart was a great man. He had made his little lady very real, the little lady who had only to think of the man she loved to be able to act love so beautifully.

LONG after we all ought to have been in bed, the women insisted on keeping him talking. But I wasn't listening much: I was thinking of the story of Brenda Elson.

The others were going home by car or taxi. But I lived only round the corner from the Broughtons, so I was walking home. Steinhart's hotel was so close by that he, too, elected to walk. We started off together.

We didn't seem to have much to say to each other.

Then quite suddenly, without warning, Steinhart asked me:

"Why didn't you marry her, Mr. Farringdon?"

I hadn't expected this. I was startled.

"So—so you knew?" I said after a moment.

Please turn to Page 16.

GIRLIGAGS

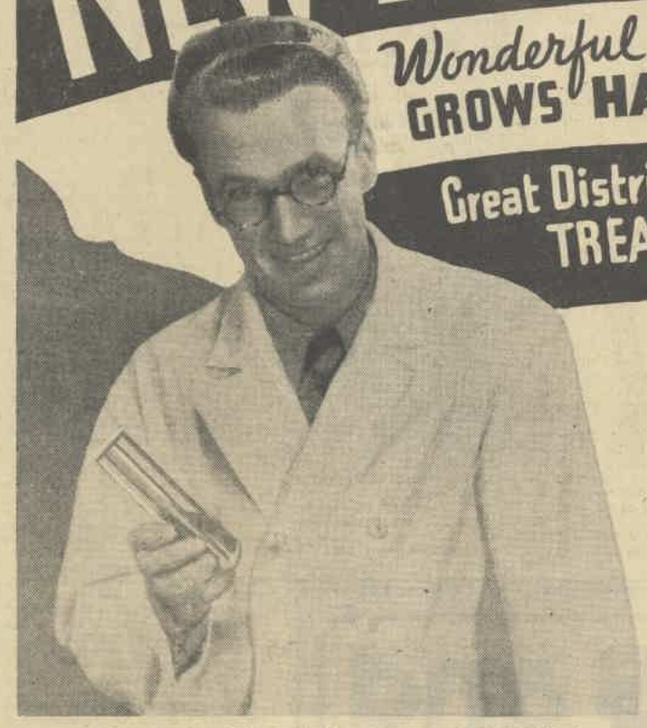
ONE DIFFERENCE between an automobile and a horse is, you don't have to buy a tote ticket to find out how fast an automobile can run.

NEW HAIR *for* ALL

Wonderful NEW DISCOVERY GROWS HAIR — *Quickly*

Great Distribution of 1000 TRIAL TREATMENTS *This Month!*

USE COUPON BELOW



J. Kelso Murchison Will Banish Your Baldness — OR NO COST!

Stupendous Success of Marvellous New Treatment

"Hair Growing Like Wildfire"

"You asked me to report in one month on your treatment for the hair. The month isn't quite up yet, but it isn't necessary to wait that long. I could have told you after one application that your treatment would certainly grow hair. I have used a lot of different 'restorers' in my time, but yours is the only one that I ever used that I have had any faith in. You said it would cure dandruff in one week. Well, I can beat that easily, as it cured my dandruff in one night. It has completely changed the colour of my hair. It has turned it from dry, dead, straw-looking colour back to its original shade of brown, and now, after about three weeks' use, I have a lot of new hair growing all over my head. It's growing like wildfire. I might mention that I never gave your treatment a very fair go, either."

(Signed) E. J. REYNOLDS, M., N.S.W.

Test It Yourself—NOW!

NOW, you can test it yourself—try this famous treatment in your own home—under any condition you like, and if it doesn't grow new hair, rid you of dandruff or any other hair trouble you suffer from within 30 days it COSTS YOU NOTHING!—not a penny. But you must hurry; this offer may never be repeated; it places you under no obligation; all you have to do is to post that coupon NOW!

GREAT DISTRIBUTION OF HAIR TREATMENTS!

What I Discovered About Hair

IT does not matter if your hair is falling out, if you are fast going bald—or what you have tried! I know you have not used the RIGHT method! My own hair fell out in handfuls until I fast began to go bald. I tried everything; but now I have a thick lustrous growth of hair—thanks to the important discovery that—

Hair 'Seeds' Still Live in Bald Heads

I have proved as in actual cases quoted opposite that the hair "seeds" frequently remain alive in bald heads for a number of years. In the greater majority of such cases, new hair can be grown, provided that the real causes of the trouble are known, and the correct scientific treatment applied. Hundreds of men and women from all over Australasia have grown new hair this wonderful new way. Just read the letters opposite received from these grateful people—surely this is proof enough.

Tonics Will Never Grow Hair

THEY never have—because it is impossible! There is one underlying principle that stimulates New Hair Growth—that principle is involved in the new Kelso Murchison Treatment! It's a new way—entirely different, and successful. It approaches baldness, falling hair, etc., from a new angle. With it **you can stop your hair troubles overnight!**

Don't waste more time and money on worthless "tonics" and "hair restorers"; but **accept my great offer and watch your hair grow!** Get this special offer coupon in the post to-day!

It Does Not Matter

IT does not matter how long-standing your hair or scalp trouble may be, it does not matter what you have tried—J. Kelso Murchison is prepared to PROVE to you beyond all doubt, and without you risking one penny, that YOU CAN DEFINITELY GROW NEW HAIR—if you post the coupon away NOW!

J. Kelso Murchison, Laboratory 12
Lombard Chambers, Pitt St., Sydney.

Read This Convincing Proof from Grateful Men and Women!

PROVES OTHER TESTIMONIALS—BY HIS OWN RESULTS.

"I have carried out your instructions and have had wonderful results. Before having anything to do with your course myself, I was very dubious about the results other people have achieved. But now I know all those letters to be true by my own experience. My dandruff is gone, and my hair has regained its sheen, and oh! how wonderful it is to have a clean scalp and not to be afraid to take off one's hat for fear of showing thick dandruff."

M. HARDWICK, S., N.S.W.

WAS BALD FOR 16 YEARS—HAIR NOW GROWING.

"Hair has started to grow over the bald parts, which have been bald for 16 years."

G. L. HORTON, O., S.A.

The ageing effect of baldness upon one's appearance could not be more strikingly depicted than in this picture, which shows the same individual with a new growth of hair. He looks at least 20 years younger.

"I wish to thank you for your wonderful method for hair. I started with your method on the 1st of Dec., and on the third my hair has almost stopped falling out, and now the new hair is coming rapidly."—S. A. McDonald, T., N.S.W.

LADIES! Protect your greatest social asset. Banish Dandruff, Itchiness, Falling Hair, Bald Patches, etc. Post the Coupon below away to-day.

A luxuriant growth of lovely hair, vibrant with the charm of health, may now be obtained if you post the coupon below now!

HAIR GETTING THICKER AND STRONGER EACH DAY!

"I have been using your treatment for the past five weeks, with wonderful results. I am pleased to say that the dandruff has entirely gone, and my hair has taken on new life again, getting thicker and stronger each day."—G. LORD, G., S.A.

BALD PATCHES GROWING HAIR.

"Before I started to use your hair treatment my hair was falling out that much that I thought I would be bald in a short time. Thanks to your wonderful treatment, the bald patches on my scalp are growing hair very rapidly, and I would recommend your hair treatment as the best in the world. It has cured my dandruff, and my hair is 100 per cent. better."—W. A. PEARSON, P., N.S.W.

£1000 GUARANTEE I guarantee that all testimonials published in this announcement are genuine letters or extracts from reports received by grateful men and women who have used the Murchison Method successfully. These letters, together with hundreds more, are open for inspection at our offices at any time.

This Offer Expires Shortly! SEND this COUPON *Now*

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W.W. 9/5/36

30 Days *AMAZING* TRIAL Offer!

KOSCIUSKO! By car, via Canberra, under ideal conditions

8 Days' Inclusive Holiday £12
10 Days' Inclusive Holiday £15
14 Days' Inclusive Holiday £20

Apply for Times and Details to **THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU** St. James Buildings, Elizabeth St., Sydney.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612238

SLEEP WELL TONIGHT!

BEFORE you go to bed to-night, take two Nyal ESTERIN tablets with a glass of warm milk. You'll sleep like a top! Sleeplessness is usually the outcome of nervous unrest, pain or mental disturbance — troubles which can be traced back to a disturbed condition of the nerve centres. Esterin brings restful sleep quickly because it contains a new sedative — Esterin Compound — which acts *directly* on these nerve centres, calming the nerves and soothing away pain, bringing rest to mind and body. Esterin contains ingredients that are regularly prescribed by doctors for the prompt relief of pain. It is absolutely safe and does not form a habit. Esterin is sold, in a handy tin, by all chemists. 1/3

1/3

NYAL ESTERIN

Post this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Nyal Esterin to The Nyal Company, 41AA. Glebe Pt. Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

W.W. 9/5/36.

IN THE *Manner Of* MODERNS

THE affairs of the Mairs went gaily on from that hour. It was unfortunate that Ronnie Mair should also choose the Savoy for his dinner—and that his partner should be a vivacious-looking thing with fluffy hair and a twinkling eye.

From her table Julie watched the pair through half-closed eyes. It was evident that her husband had not seen her.

"You are sad to-night," Chalmers said, helping her to champagne.

"I'm extraordinarily happy! And very lucky!"

"Oh?"

"Yes. I'm fortunate enough to be blessed with a broadminded modern husband. He's sitting three tables away on your left."

Chalmers looked and smiled.

"Then you have indeed met your mate, Julie, for you're the funniest thing in this 1936 world. It's good to have met someone who understands!"

She watched her husband lean across the table and talk earnestly to the other woman, watched the smile on the woman's face, and the look of happiness in her eye. Then she said to Chalmers:

"Let's have some fun. Let's stroll across and talk to the pair."

He rose willingly beside her.

They walked to Ronnie Mair's table. He saw them coming, and started to his feet.

"Julie!" he exclaimed. "This is a surprise."

"Isn't it?" she said quietly, and surveyed the other woman as he introduced them.

"Won't you join us at this table?" he invited, but she could perceive the faintest trace of reluctance in his tone. She shook her head.

"Thanks, Ronnie, but Claude and I have a lot to talk about. We'd rather not."

The other woman smiled, but glanced lasily towards another table. She was bored with the conversation. Claude Chalmers watched the encounter with frank amusement.

"We'll see each other later in the evening, Julie," Ronnie Mair was saying. "Perhaps you'll let me have a fox-trot——"

She looked into his face. She was just a bit disappointed in his choice of an alternative bit of nonsense to herself. The woman's make-up was very badly done.

"Of course, Ronnie," she agreed. "I'd love to dance with you."

"Good." He let a steely glance waver over Chalmers for a moment. What on all the earth was she doing with an earwig like that?

His wife saw the look.

"Bye!" she said. "See you later."

For a second her eyes pierced his companion, then she moved across the floor with Claude Chalmers at her side.

"His taste is appalling," the man murmured. "Your husband isn't such a bad sort, but the woman—save us!"

"You thought so, too?"

"Could one help it, Julie?"

They looked into one another's eyes as they sat down at their own table.

"And she's the counter-attraction to you!" he said quietly.

She flashed him an angry look.

"Don't be silly."

"Silly?"

"Of course. She's an old friend of Ronnie's."

"Oh, I thought you'd never heard of her."

Continued from Page 6

"Of course, I have," she lied. "I've even met her, but she must have forgotten!"

He whistled softly.

"Forgotten she's met you?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"You beautiful fibber, Julie," he whispered tenderly.

But as the evening wore away the woman with the bad make-up spoiled things completely for Julie Mair. Whenever Claude and she danced they met the other two. And always the woman was looking for Ronnie Mair's eyes and finding them at home.

Once when they slid past in a waltz the man whispered: "Lovely, isn't it?"

"It's wonderful—with you!" the woman answered.

Claude Chalmers noticed the change come over her.

"You're not letting it worry you, Julie, are you?"

She did not answer him, but trod on his toes. He winced. But when the dance was over and they had returned to their table, she said:

"Let me think things out for five minutes, Claude. Just sit quiet and happy, like a good little boy, while I have a talk with myself."

He nodded.

"This'll help you," offering her a cigarette.

"Thanks."

He scratched a match for her, and looked into her face as the cigarette drew. Then he leaned back and turned his eyes away.

Julie Mair's self-possession was ruffled. Someone had shattered the pane of glass that surrounded her modern assurance and complacence. Someone . . . a little made-up frump! And Ronnie had fallen for it. Was there something, then, lacking in her that Ronnie could find elsewhere? "What a cynical fish you are, Julie," he had said, jestingly, once during their honeymoon. "You're all head and no heart!"

But she was just modern. It was the thing to be casual, and blase, and indifferent. Why, Ronnie would have been annoyed probably if she had displayed any emotion about things.

Please turn to Page 18

NEW GLAND TONIC

Producing Surprising Results

German Scientist gives men and women a wonderful treatment for Nerve and Brain Fag, Loss of Energy and Vitality and Premature Old Age.

Actually produced in Germany, now offered for the first time in Australia.

10 DAYS' TRIAL OFFER

This great new discovery made possible by the scientific research and experiments of scientists like Professor Brown-Sequard, of Paris, and Dr. Steinach, of Vienna, with glandular extracts is one of the most wonderful that scientific research has offered the world. Dr. Goisit, of the Paris faculty, states that gland treatment is a source of life more powerful in effect than the interchange of blood or any other remedy now in use to fight against age, illness and its sad results.

The new German Discovery provides the proper nourishment for the cells and tissues of the body. The glands are stimulated with renewed life, and the failing brain and all its mental faculties are renewed. It stimulates the internal secretions, and thereby enriches the blood. A purified blood stream is the surest preventative against disease and illness. It can be taken without any inconvenience and without fear of injury, enslavement of habit, or reaction in after years. Its effect upon the system is wonderful, a marked improvement being noticed in a few days.

If any of our readers, either men or women, lack energy and vitality, if they are depressed, are unable to concentrate, or if they are suffering the effects of premature old age, they will find in this remarkable new Gland Tonic a **real rejuvenator.** It restores nerves, promotes energy and vitality, and gives new life, strength and vigor. Sufferers will be well advised to investigate this treatment, and if they will send a 3d. stamp to cover postage to the Australian Agents, A. O. Baldwin and Co., 84 Pitt St., Sydney, complete information will be sent under plain sealed cover. The agents will also tell you how you can test this truly remarkable treatment in your own home for 10 days at their risk. They are anxious to make it more widely known throughout Australia, and all they ask in return from those who benefit by same is that they recommend it to their friends. ***

COLDS and SORE THROATS ARE ABOUT AGAIN

Gargle with 'ASPRO' the Moment YOU FEEL YOUR THROAT IS SORE

WHEN you have a sore or relaxed throat, make a gargle with 'ASPRO.' Prepare the gargle by crushing and dissolving three 'ASPRO' Tablets in half a glass of water. Stir well before using. Repeat the gargle every two or three hours as required, but make it fresh each time. Do not let the mixture stand over night. The reason why 'ASPRO' acts as a soother and an effective antiseptic for sore throats, is because of its germicidal qualities. There is no need to worry if you swallow some of the mixture when gargling—it won't do you any harm, but will soothe the inflamed membranes of the throat.

'ASPRO'

WILL SMASH A COLD IN 24 HOURS

CHANGE of season colds are very prevalent. At first signs of sniffling, sneezing, aching eyes or that general "stuffed up" feeling take 3 'ASPRO' tablets immediately, and 2 every 3 hours afterwards until relieved. With the last dose of 'ASPRO' before going to bed take a hot lemon drink. 'ASPRO' will reduce your temperature and give you relief at once. Taken in the earlier stages of a cold 'ASPRO' will arrest development—it will get right at the seat of the trouble. If taken according to the directions 'ASPRO' smashes up a cold in one night. You take absolutely no risk with 'ASPRO.' Its purity is its safeguard. It contains no dangerous drugs or impurities and conforms to the standard laid down by the British Pharmacopoeia (the guiding authority of the Medical Profession). BUY A PACKET OF 'ASPRO' TODAY READY FOR ANY EMERGENCY.

ASP/2

SHE *Made Love* So Beautifully

Continued from Page 15

STEINHART nodded.

"You were already married, perhaps?"

"No, I wasn't married."

"You were going to be married to someone else?"

"No."

Steinhart suggested: "It may be that you would like to tell me . . ."

"One doesn't usually discuss such things with strangers . . ."

Steinhart didn't take offence.

"But you will tell me—isn't it so?"

I told Steinhart the story.

"You see, I met Brenda Elson on the boat, when we were both coming back from the East. Her parents had died a year before, but she had stopped on with some friends. We fell in love, desperately.

"But one does funny things on boats coming home from and going out to the East; I was always just a little bit uncertain whether the whole thing was real. It—it seemed too perfect to be real.

"We met again in London. We were—were still desperately in love; but so desperately that I still had a feeling that there was something unreal about it. Then Brenda got that chance to go to Hollywood.

"We wrote regularly, and were still very much in love. Then I saw her first picture.

"It was that picture—— You see, in the picture she was exactly the same as—as when I made love to her. And in the picture it was another man who was making love to her!

"I believed I understood why the thing had seemed unreal. I thought she had only been acting.

"And if she could make love so beautifully to a strange man, I would never know whether she really loved me . . . or whether she was acting. I would never know!"

Steinhart nodded, as one who understood.

"And that was the end of it?"

"That was the end of it."

"Poor little Brenda Elson—who made love so beautifully," said Steinhart.

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Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."

HE: No, I don't like asking a married woman for a kiss for fear of being snubbed.
SHE: Oh, I've never snubbed anyone in my life.

LADY (to tramp): Doesn't your wife complain when you step on her carpets with those muddy boots?

"Darling, will you marry me?"
"But you asked me that only last week!"
"Gosh! Was that you?"

FLAT-DWELLER (to wife): We'll have to move into a larger flat, I'm getting dizzy.

● HOUGHTON & BYRNE Guaranteed Destroyers will stamp out the pests that are menacing property and health.
SAFE — CERTAIN — INEXPENSIVE!
● "SQUILLTOX" KILLS RATS AND MICE, BUT NOTHING ELSE—Quickly rids homes and properties of these destructive pests—will not harm humans or domestic pets—Kills Rats and Mice poly, but it kills them with certainty—1/6 tin makes 130 baits. . . .
Use "SQUILLTOX" 1 oz. TIN 1/6

● "K.F." is the safe Flea Killer—Kills Fleas on Dogs and Cats—also Lice and Vermin on Birds, Poultry and Horses—It is non-irritant and non-poisonous and prevents re-infestation—Indispensable in the home too! . . .
Use "K.F." 2 oz. TIN 1/3

● "WOODBOROL" is to-day's sure method of destroying Borers—Kills Borers and their eggs—Does not leave stain—Easily applied—Safe and certain destruction of these pests—Save your home and furniture from depreciation by Borer damage— . . .
Use "WOODBOROL" 1 PINT 1/9

● "SPRAYZOL"—A liquid insecticide which quickly destroys these filthy vermin—Drives them out of crevices to die. "Sprayzol" means "quick riddance" of these unwelcome "Bug" guests . . .
Use "SPRAYZOL" 1 PINT 2/6

● "X-ANT"—The non-poisonous method of destroying Ants, is wonderfully effective and is entirely safe among foodstuffs. A sprinkling of "X-Ant" means "salt" to Ants! . . .
Use "X-ANT" TIN 1/3

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NEWCASTLE, Cnr. Crown and King Streets
MELBOURNE ... 268 Flinders St.
ADELAIDE ..... 12 Page Street
BRISBANE .... T. & G. Building
PERTH ..... 489 Murray Street

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

HUNTER (pleased): Are you getting dinner ready for me?
Cannibal: No, we are getting you ready for dinner.

"WHAT is your business motto?"
"Never count the cheques before they are cashed!"

TEACHER: Suppose you want to buy a house worth £5000, and have only £1500. What more do you need?
Girl: A rich husband.

EXPLORER: For three months I lived on soup made with muddy water from boot soles.
Listener: What boarding-house were you staying at?

PROFESSOR (to unruly student): Tell me, sir, what have you done with your ethics?
Student: Oh, I traded it in long ago for a Hudson, sir!

"DID you have a good time at the Sunday school picnic, Johnny?"
"Rather. I fell into the ginger-beer cask, and, after that, nobody wanted to drink any except me."

THE small son of the house had been staring thoughtfully at his grandfather.
"Well," said the old man, "what are you thinking about?"
"I was wondering," the kid replied, "if you were in the ark."
"Great heavens, no!"
"Then why weren't you drowned?"

Dancing Made Easy — This New Way!

Learn AT HOME

In One Evening!

WITHOUT music or partner, without drudgery, difficulty or the expense and inconvenience of attending classes YOU can become a finished dancer almost overnight. You need not be a "wall-flower" or "outsider" any longer, for I positively GUARANTEE to teach you

EASY AS A.B.C.

Even if you're never danced a step in your life before you will have no difficulty in learning by this method. All the latest Dances, including Slow Foxtrot, Quick-step, Waltz, Tango, Rumba, etc., and also Old-time steps can be learned in an amazingly short time, and soon you will be one of the best dancers in your district. Success is ASSURED, for the "Dumont" System NEVER FAILS.

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COME OUT OF YOUR SHELL! Be Popular, Sought-after, and Admired by the Opposite Sex! Dancing is the Short Cut to Good Times and Social Success, and non-dancers, or bad dancers, miss half of the fun in life. Don't delay. Send for this amazing Book NOW—while it's FREE. This FREE offer binds good for ONE MONTH ONLY, so ACT AT ONCE!

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To further popularise my amazing Home-Study System, I have decided to offer a complimentary copy of this big, instructive Book, "Dancing Made Easy," absolutely FREE, to all readers of this paper. Here is your chance to "get out of the rut," and be a good dancer; so send the Coupon NOW, before this FREE offer is withdrawn.

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New! instructive series of 9 crochet folders!..

The first folder is simple enough for the beginner; the second a step more advanced, and so on. See the complete series at your needlework shop—choose the folder that matches your ability and *graduate up* to the more ambitious designs. Each folder costs 1d. (ad. if posted). The Series Comprises: 1. Edgings and Joinings. 2. Crochet Edgings. 3. Edgings and Corners. 4. Handkerchief Edgings and Collar. 5. Crochet Collars and Cuffs. 6. Crochet Mats. 7. Crochet Medallions. 8. Crochet Luncheon Mats. 9. Filet Crochet.

COATS'
MERCER-CROCHET
IN WHITE & 30 COLOR INSPIRATIONS!

CROCHET'S TREND.. *reflected by crochets newest folders.....*

These new instruction folders, "Crochet Today" and "With your Crochet Hook" present many simple and easy to work ideas. "Crochet made Easy" is an illustrated booklet showing all useful crochet stitches. These are on sale (2d. ea. including postage) at most needle-work shops, or use the coupon provided.

COUPON W.W.

To P.O. Box 1694P, Melb.; P.O. Box 2573E, Sydney; P.O. Box N1090, Perth; P.O. Box 133 Te Aro, Wellington, N.Z.

I enclose ..... in stamps for one copy each of leaflets *Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. "Crochet Made Easy" "Crochet Today" "With your Crochet Hook." * Strike out leaflets NOT required.

Name.....

Address.....

M.C.I.K.

IN THE *Manner Of* MODERNS

Continued from Page 16

UNDERNEATH—long ago — there was something that had wanted to be human, something that had wanted to exult, something that had wanted to love, deeply, passionately, lastingly. But, of course, it had been stifled. And here she was, sitting thinking things out at a table in the Savoy, while Ronnie—her Ronnie after all—sat with another woman at another table.

It hurt. Surprisingly. She would have laughed once if someone had said that such a thing could hurt. But it did hurt—hurt terribly.

Just for a second a glimmer came to Julie Mair that one can be as modern as one likes in everything else, but that love will remain old-fashioned to the end of time. Then, as suddenly, she threw off her mood, and laughed—a hard laugh that disturbed Chalmers at the other side of the table. In her eyes there was a glint of fire.

"Let's dance, Face," she commanded, and rose. "But wait till I get rid of this." She pulled her ring from her finger. "We'll shake the old boy up!"

"Julie——" he began, but she stopped him, and shrugging his shoulders he took her in his arms and danced.

Her ringless left hand showed up white on his black shoulder. Her face was close to his, and her hair kissed his cheek. Her eyes looked up into his.

Claude Chalmers drew in a sharp breath and held her closer.

And it was like that that Ronnie Mair saw them when he looked away from his companion.

A flame of jealousy ate its way outward from his heart.

"Your wife seems to be enjoying herself," said the woman with him, but he did not hear her. His eyes were glued on Julie and Chalmers, and there was something in the way they danced, in the way they clung together, that stabbed him like a knife.

Then suddenly he saw that his wife had taken off her ring.

"They dance well together," remarked his companion.

Ronnie Mair was home first. At ten minutes past one in the morning he let himself into their flat, switched on the light, and went straight to his bedroom. He paced the floor.

At exactly ten minutes to three Julie's key fitted itself into the door, and a moment later her light footsteps were in the passage.

She stared in surprise when she saw him, still dressed, waiting for her.

"Hallo, Ronnie," she greeted him cheerfully. "Home?"

He grunted.

"Didn't you expect me to be home?"

She raised her eyebrows at his tone, and sat down, taking off her shoes.

"Well, you might have been later, you know."

"I might have!"

"But not with that freak!" she whispered to herself. Aloud she said: "Have a good time?"

"Yes. And you?"

"Lovely, thanks."

Very quietly:

"Will you tell me why you were with that man to-night — without your wedding ring?"

She looked up, her shoe still in her hand, and met his eyes.

"Because I didn't care to wear it!" she answered, and let the shoe fall to the floor.

"Julie!" He stepped towards her, then drew back. "Will you tell me why?"

"Yes," she began quietly, and in a moment was a sheet of passionate fire at the remembrance of the other woman. Her words poured out in a stream there was no interrupting. "I will tell you why, although I didn't mean to. It's because I don't consider myself married to a man who takes a dressed-up nit-wit out to dine and dance. It's because I've no use for someone who can't play the game, who can throw his wife off and find his fun elsewhere. It's because I refuse to be insulted by any man in such a way. It's because—because of a thousand things. But mainly it's because I hate you! Hate you!"

His knuckles showed up white as he clenched his hands, but he did not move.

"Is it, Julie? Is it because of that?"

And suddenly in spite of herself:

"No, Ronnie. It's because I love you. It's because I love you, and you don't give a thought for me or my love. It's because you, after all, are the modern, and I'm just as old-fashioned as my grandmother. It's because you can be blase and cold and casual, and I—although I thought I could—can't!"

He did not move.

"And that's why you—you—to-night?"

"Yes." She faced him. "I hated you when I saw that woman with you. I knew then that I cared for things, Ronnie. I'm not cold and indifferent. I'm not. I'm not. I'm burning, and I'm passionate and I love you!"

"My heavens!"

"I know you're angry——"

"Angry?"

"Yes. Aren't you?"

He was across the floor in a stride, and her head was crushed against his chest.

He kissed her fiercely.

"Why the dickens couldn't you have been like this all along, Julie? Now I suppose I've got to explain that wealthy people for whom I buy shares and things must be entertained once in a while. And that woman——"

Julie Mair caught the drift of his meaning.

"Ronnie," she shrieked with delight, "you don't mean that she was only a client of yours?"

"I do!" he declared, and marvelled that anything as modern as she should believe him.

(Copyright.)

Which Class Do You Belong To?

By Air Mail From Our London Office.

JUNE, Lady Inverclyde, hasn't much time for modern make-up. She divides its use and misuse into three classes:

1. The girl who scorns all artificiality (and merely succeeds in looking dull and unattractive).

2. The girl who puts "just a touch" of rouge on her lips . . . and makes hasty, surreptitious dabs with her powder-puff without looking into a mirror.

3. The girl whose face is an obsession, and who plucks and powders and paints indiscriminately.

THERE'S WHERE YOUR TROUBLE LIES

Rheumatism, neuritis, sciatica, backache, biliousness, etc., find a common cause in the failure of kidneys and liver to eliminate harmful poisons from the blood stream. Hundreds of letters on our files, from three generations of grateful users, testify to the success of Warner's Safe Cure against all functional disorders in kidneys or liver.

WARNER'S SAFE CURE

Sold by Chemists and Storekeepers in both the original 5/- bottles and the cheaper concentrated form at 2/9.

Vivacious CHARM for Tired Skins

Just see the instant Freshness you gain from this Viennese Skin Tonic

Dull, yellowish, lifeless skin; muddy complexion; blackheads; red spots; pimples; coarse pores; oily skin; wrinkles — these are worries all women dread. And for these faults, whether slight or severe, Kathleen Court's Astringent Skin Tonic is a perfect remedy. It stimulates the tissues to new life — wakens the skin to girlish vivacity and freshness. It closes the pores; smoothes out lines and wrinkles; banishes blemishes, oiliness and "skin-shine" and gives to the tired, overwrought woman a magical feeling of new-born energy and interest. Sounds too good to be true? Well, ask your chemist or store for a 2/6 bottle of Kathleen Court's Astringent Skin Tonic, and if the above is not entirely correct, ask for your money back and you will get it without argument. No one can fail to benefit from this reviving, beautifying, and youth-creating Lotion.

£25 CASH £25 *Must Be Won*

MOTOR CAR COMPETITION

Twenty-Five Pounds cash will be awarded to the competitor with the greatest score obtained from the names below. In the event of ties, prize money will be divided equally.

Here is a splendid new competition consisting of ten names of motor-cars each with some letters missing. No dictionary is required to solve this puzzle. A code is set out below, in which the alphabet is numbered 1 to 26. All you have to do is fill in the missing spaces, each space representing one letter. When you have your motor-car names complete, substitute the letters for their corresponding values.

For example, No. 1, with the addition of the letters "T" and "C," will make the motor-car name "BUICK," the letter-values of which are 2, 21, 9, 3, and 11—a total of 46. When you have completed the ten motor-car names, work out the total score obtainable from each, as in the example. Write out your list of names on a sheet of paper, place opposite each name its total score, add up the ten totals, and this will give you the final total score of your solution. Enclose a postal note for 1/- with each entry, and mail your solution together with your name and residential address not later than FRIDAY, 15th MAY, 1936 to

1. BU——K
2. DU——NT
3. ——EVROL—T
4. ——LLMAN
5. —OR—
6. P—N—IAC
7. PA——ARD
8. ST—D—BAK—R
9. J—W—TT
10. TR——MPH

CODE:—

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18

S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26

MOTOR-CAR COMPETITION, G.P.O. BOX 3834 T, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

This competition is sponsored by the proprietors of Motor-Car Competition

Prize money is deposited with Australian Women's Weekly. Results will be published in issue dated 30th MAY, 1936. Decision of the adjudicator must be accepted as final.

Cutex polish is neither too thick nor too thin, that is why it is easy to apply and gives such long wear.

To remove old polish use Cutex Oily Polish Remover, the solvent that contains nothing to harm the cuticle and nails.

CUTEX

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CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.

LET'S HEAR FROM YOU!

Everyone has their own pet theories, problems, aversions, and we want to hear yours! The very next spare moment you have, write in to So They Say. Make your letter brief, snappy, and interesting.

CHILDREN'S READING

I THINK our rising generation should be given more encouragement in the reading of the daily paper.

Children of fourteen or fifteen—specially boys—are not too young to take an interest in world affairs. I have seen lads spend a whole afternoon on a twopenny paper, and if they do chance to pick up a newspaper it is to scan its pages ravenously for murder or crime.

Surely if a moderate study of the daily paper were included in their education, children would soon acquire a taste for matters of general interest, and the opportunity for mental expansion would be of great cultural benefit.

£1 for this letter to Miss Janet Longway, The Overflow, Beaudesert, Qld.

❖ ❖ ❖

CHEERY WAITING-ROOMS

WHY is it doctors' waiting-rooms are always so quiet?

Wouldn't it be much better, whilst awaiting our turn, if we could have the radio turned on low? Surely it would cheer us up a bit and take our thoughts away from our illness! The deathly quiet makes us think about our worries, so that we actually feel worse.

Readers, wouldn't you prefer a cheerier waiting-room?

Mrs. Buckingham, 15 Roseberry St., Balmain, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

HOSTESS PROBLEM

WHY do guests, apparently with the idea of saving trouble, reply with a vague "I don't mind" or "either, thanks," when asked whether they prefer tea or coffee as refreshment? Surely they must have a preference, and, if they have not, why should they not make their own decision, instead of forcing a nearly distracted hostess to lose count of those she has already persuaded, while she assures the latest waverer that she is making both?

Mrs. R. T. Whitehorn, Industrial Building, King William St., Adelaide.

❖ ❖ ❖

NATIVE FLORA

WHY do many people despise native flora if it is growing in their garden?

Many wild ferns make splendid pot specimens, but people despise them as "common, wild things." Offer the same people ferns that have been previously unknown to them, and they will accept them eagerly and lavish care on them. But inform them that their lovely ferns are but native ones, and all interest wanes. Surely these people must realise that every species of fern originally grew wild somewhere in the world!

Mrs. V. Iverson, Mayne St., Tiaro, Qld.

❖ ❖ ❖

MOTOR BIKE HORROR

IF only some of the ingenious men who have contributed their skill towards perfecting the construction of motor cars would lend their able minds towards preventing the nerve-racking noise that issues from motor cycles, I am sure they would earn the gratitude of many people.

Being only young, and no grouch, I can tolerate quite a lot of "healthy" noise, but I am afraid I will have to be as deaf as the proverbial doorpost before I can prevent those wrinkles that will persist in coming on my forehead whenever I hear the roar of a motor bike.

M. J. Parker, 91 Smith St., Summer Hill, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

RELUCTANT CHARITY

CAN you tell me why it is that so many people who give their left-off clothing to charities pull off all tapes, buttons, pyjama cords, and linings out of coats? Surely if they give with what is called a "giving heart" they should give the lot! Those poor unfortunates who receive these old clothes should not be made to feel that buttons, tapes, etc., are too good for them. I work at a sewing guild, and know how these clothes are sent to the depot.

Mrs. W. Fostare, 18 Malcolm Street, Narrabeen, via Manly, N.S.W.

Why No Men at Holiday Guest Houses?

IN reply to Miss M. Francis, who wonders about the dearth of men at boarding-houses, and where they spend their holidays.

The majority of them not only look forward to a change of surroundings, but of everyday routine. They prefer to take a pal or two, tent, fishing-rod, gun, etc., and go camping on their holidays, rather than spend them at a boarding-house. They like plenty of space, to wear their oldest clothes, and, if the mood takes them, to rise in the small hours, to fish or hunt, and to do so without disturbing anyone.

Miss M. D. Mulligan, Belview, Belford, via Singleton, N.S.W.

Fishing, Hiking, Golfing

M. FRANCIS asks where men go for their holidays? Many men go on a fishing holiday, preferring companionship of other men.

Others go for long hikes into the country, mountain climbing or golfing.

It is noteworthy that many men prefer to holiday away from the fair sex, while most women like male companionship on holidays.

H. B. Coolum, c/o Miss Beatrice Kelly, Melrose, Standring St., Toowong, Qld.

Camping in the Open

HAD M. Francis accompanied me to the country on my recent holidays she'd have found all the males missing from her boarding-house (18/4/36). Wherever we went the roads were busy with cars full of men, aged from seven to seventy, going shooting, fishing, or just camping—and looking as happy as the proverbial sandboy; cyclists and motor cyclists were as common (and as annoying) as mosquitoes.

Being on the main road, I did not see many hikers, but I know they were about, too.

Cars coming citywards with boats on trailers and huge piles of tenting lashed on car-back or sides, told a tale of holidays spent outdoors. Many a quaint caravan in the homeward procession spoke, too, of the inclusion of wife and family in the holiday trek to the country.

Agnes M. Boyle, 552 Pt. Nepean Rd., Brighton S6, Vic.

Likes Fresh Air

MODERN man likes to "rough it" on his holidays. Where women like to go to a guest house to be waited on and to get away from home "ties," I think men would sooner go on a shooting or fishing trip and camp out in the fresh air. Or, if he is a city man, he

HE-MAN choice of a holiday!

may like to go on a farm and potter around, even doing odd jobs, so long as he is away from the stale air of the city and doing something different.

Quite a lot of men get a real "kick" out of "baching" out and doing for themselves.

M. E. Linn, 35 Grosvenor St., Glandore, S.A.

Many Are "Golf Fiends"

LET me enlighten Miss Francis on where men go for their holidays.

Visit any of the golf houses, and there you will find them in abundance.

You may see them at meal times, but you must not expect to have their company at any other time of the day. They are much too tired at night to join in any fun. They have usually had a hard day on the links, are only just able to recline on an easy chair for an hour or so after dinner, and read the paper or talk golf, and then they retire early, so they will be fresh for the next day's rounds.

Quite a number of lone women one meets on holidays are "golf widows."

Miss D Hellyer, 49 Beach Rd., Darling Point, N.S.W.

Re-living Happiest Moments of Their Lives!

MRS. RUTH PRINCE has asked us to write of the happiest moment experienced in our lives.

It is not necessary for me to travel far back to find mine, for it shines out like a beacon light.

It was a moment of reunion. My husband had been ill in hospital for two years. I had to go away from home and my baby girl. Then came the day when my husband was able to return home. I journeyed to him and was caught up in a threefold joy—the joy of my baby, my husband, and my own!

Mrs. D. Campbell, 76 Victoria St., Taree, N.S.W.

Thrill of Authorship

THE greatest moment in my life? I agree with the writer who asked this, for I, too, found the reading of my first printed idea so thrilling that when I read it I did not remember touching the ground over the mile and a half I had to traverse.

Miss Caldwell, Hurstwood, Sorrento, Vic.

"Windbag Wins!"

MRS. PRINCE has set me an easy task, for I will never forget my happiest moment. It was when I heard thousands of people shouting "Windbag wins! Windbag!" as

Proof Women Can Keep Secrets!

IT is an ancient jibe of the lesser male that women can't keep a confidence. But the Prime Minister of England paid a splendid compliment to women the other day when, at a meeting to further the education of women, he discussed the leakage of secret information.

Said the Prime Minister (Mr Stanley Baldwin): "I have never known a leakage of information through women, but have known of cases of leakage through men who ought to have known better."

Now that is an official statement for disgruntled men to put in their pipes and puff over thoughtfully when they feel disposed to abuse women's alleged duplicity!

Mrs. M. Brown, 12 Armstrong St. Middle Park, SC6 Vic.

that horse led the field home in the 1935 Melbourne Cup. I had the winner in a big "double," and I will never forget those moments of glorious excitement.

F. Giles, 21 Glen Osmond Rd., Eastwood, S.A.

A Mother's Thrill

THE happiest moment of my life was when I, with my new, first-born child, went driving into our country town. Although my equally proud husband begged me "to take the wonderful smile off my face," I could not then, nor for many weeks afterwards.

Mrs. J. P. Ryan, Nth. Karowinna, Vic.

Typewriter Brings Joy!

IT surprises me to hear Mrs. Ruth Prince (18/4/36) say that her happiest moment came when seeing an article of hers in print, for my own feelings on such occasions are not far removed from embarrassment, to think that thousands are literally devouring what I have been presumptuous enough to set before them. Though I must confess that, immediately after the job of writing is done, I feel an honest glow of achievement. And perhaps my happiest moment came when I at last achieved a typewriter and could then confess to being a "writer."

Miss M. R. Pearson, 36 Corunna Avenue, Colonel Light Gardens, S.A.

Proud Man!

THE happiest, and proudest, moment in my life was when I was personally chosen by his late Majesty King George V as "a fit and proper man" to instruct his son, King Edward VIII (then Prince of Wales), in engineering at the Dartmouth Naval College, England, in the year 1908.

Mr. F. J Hearfield, 16 Norman St., Fivedock, N.S.W.

Pen-Friendship Not a Worthless Thing!

I DO not agree with Mrs. H. Kelso that pen-friendship is worthless.

One does not write about oneself all the time, and in the case of international correspondence, there is so much to write about that there is little opportunity to become egotistical.

The advantage of pen-friendship, especially correspondence with foreign countries, is that it broadens one's outlook and gives an insight into the customs, habits and thoughts of far-distant people. It enables us to see points of view of other nations, surely the first step towards universal peace.

Miss M. N. Storey, 28 Glenford Avenue, Fullarton, S.A.

Learn of Other Countries

I DO not agree that pen-friendship is worthless. When one has a pen-friend in another country, it is a great pleasure to receive a letter which tells what is happening in that part of the world.

Not many have the opportunity of travelling, and one does not feel so isolated when corresponding and exchanging snaps with someone living overseas.

Miss I. Barrett, Elvila, Dunlaw Street, Invermay, Launceston, Tas.

Ideal Kind of Friendship

I DISAGREE with Mrs. Kelso that pen-friendship is worthless. Friendship maintained solely by correspondence can, and often does, reach a higher level than ordinary friendship. It is a human failing to wish to be always seen at one's best, and it adds to our self-respect and happiness to feel that by at least one person only our best qualities are known. In pen-friendship there are none of the petty jealousies and irritations of everyday life—consequently no misunderstandings; thus a sort of ideal friendship is evolved which, from my own experience, really does stand the test of time.

Miss Sally Porter, 9th Floor Gowing's Building, Market St., Sydney.

FRONT-GATE FAREWELLS

WHY do so many people, entertaining in the evening, postpone the final good-byes until they reach the front gate?

In loud voices and with much laughter they spend many minutes in sending

STRAIN on neighborly feeling!

remembrances to various friends and relatives until folk living on either side are properly awake, and, in some instances, unable to sleep again for hours.

Why cannot "farewells" be taken within the house when the hour is late?

Mrs. S. G. Madder, Torquay House, Baylis St., Wagga, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

WHAT OF THE CHILDREN?

WHY are the children not catered for in the matter of entertainment these days? There is practically nothing suitable in either films or the stage to appeal to the small people. Old-style pantomimes are few and far between.

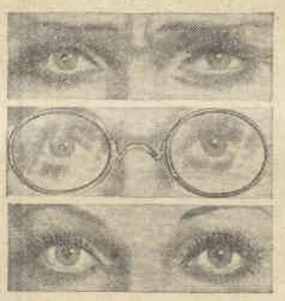
I still remember the tremblings of childish excitement at the mere thought of one in the offing—and I recall going to see Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird," and "Hansel and Gretel," and other stories acted charmingly on the silent screen.

With all the child talent now at hand in the film world, why not a succession of stories to appeal to the children—of any age—and bring to life favorite children's classics.

Occasionally I take my two little girls to a children's entertainment, and it astonishes me to see the small performers, becurled and bepowdered, "put over" their songs and dances (of the "Hot cha-cha" variety), in costumes that are miniature imitations of American night-club entertainers.

Mrs. B. Neville, 75 Wolseley Rd., Mosman, N.S.W.

Dispense With Glasses



Normal, healthy eyes which can be obtained through Eye Culture.

THE latest development in the treatment of weak, strained and defective eyesight is the splendid discovery that people can obtain the joy of perfect vision by a simple, natural means called Eye Culture.

If you already wear glasses, EYE CULTURE can improve your vision and in the majority of cases enable you to discard the glasses. If you do not wear glasses, but your eyes are causing discomfort from

EYE STRAIN
ASTIGMATISM
EYE HEADACHES
SHORT SIGHT
LONG SIGHT
WEAK EYES
OLD-AGE SIGHT
SQUINT
EYES THAT CANNOT STAND GLARE, etc.

or your eyesight is failing then learn how by a few minutes each day with EYE CULTURE you can obtain or regain normal eyesight without the use of glasses.

Everyone who has eye trouble of any kind, and every wearer of glasses, should know of this natural method of strengthening and improving the eyesight.

Those who work indoors—clerks, draughtsmen, compositors, factory workers, needlewomen—and all those whose livelihood depends upon keenness of eye should, in fairness to themselves, learn what EYE CULTURE can do towards helping them gain and maintain perfect, natural eyesight without being encumbered with glasses.

The average wearer of glasses spends a considerable amount of money year in and year out in repairs and changing glasses—a steady expense that can, in most cases, be done away with by inexpensive EYE CULTURE.

Call and see me personally, or send a 3d stamped, addressed envelope for our interesting booklet, "PERFECT EYESIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES," and learn what Eye Culture can do for you, and IS DOING and HAS DONE FOR MANY OTHERS.

EYE CULTURE

C/o. IRVINE'S PHARMACY, GOWING'S BUILDING, ROOM A.1, 45 MARKET STREET, SYDNEY

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Don't ruin that smile by your neglect!

It's hard to believe that you — the Mother of that marvellous child — could be guilty of neglect! That you'd ever rob her of her confident smile! But that's just what will happen if you don't begin *now* to teach her proper care of the teeth. Nothing can humiliate her more, as she grows up, than bad, unsightly teeth.

Avoid this possibility by being sure that she brushes her teeth night and morning with a germicidal tooth paste. Euthymol is the tooth paste which kills dental decay germs within 30 seconds — that's why it's recommended by dentists for both children and adults. Visits to the dentist twice a year, and Euthymol brushing twice a day will ensure a glorious smile from childhood on!

1/3 per tube

Pronounced U-THY-MOL

A Silent Servant-

always ready to serve you

YOUR cheque book is a silent servant, always ready to serve you in your financial affairs. It enables you, with the necessary credit

—to write a cheque *anywhere*—at home, shop or office.

—to write a cheque *any time*—during or outside business hours.

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—to obtain an accurate statement of your account at regular intervals.

—to obtain cash when you want it.

—to keep your balance safely deposited until you need it.

Cheque accounts are opened at all branches of this Bank.

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C. R. McKEHIHAN (President) H. ROGERS P. KEARNS

NOW—WHICH END *of Socks Wear Out* FIRST?

Country Women Want Reinforced Heels, But, Darn It, What About Toes?

One of life's most annoying and repetitive tasks is to be dealt with at the Country Women's Association Conference this week. A motion will be considered that manufacturers be asked to reinforce the heels of boys' socks.

IT is a move that all men and women will applaud, although many will ask "Why not reinforce men's socks also, TOES as well as HEELS?"

Nothing is more aggravating this weather than for the man of the house to hunt out clean socks, haul them on his feet and find that his big toes have become nudists. A domestic upheaval invariably follows.

"Why haven't you darned my socks?" is the question roared at the housewife. "Why don't you buy some new ones and give me time to darn these?" retorts the better half.

Holes in socks are probably responsible for more divorces than is imagined.

Cheers then to the country women who are going to get right to the foot of the trouble, even if it is only the heels. It is a beginning at least.

At previous conferences delegates have urged upon manufacturers the need for longer blankets and sheets. Apparently their campaign has borne fruit, since no motion regarding this matter appears in this year's agenda.

MRS. MATT SAWYER, O.B.E., who will preside at the C.W.A. Conference commencing this Wednesday. She has been president for the last seven years.

Telephone Seats

BUT people who have waited and waited to get to occupied telephone booths will be interested to learn that the Gwydir branch is agitating for the provision of seating accommodation at all country telephones to enable persons waiting for calls to rest. It is an idea that might be extended to metropolitan and suburban telephone booths.

Among the more serious social problems to be discussed are motions relating to equal pay for equal services, irrespective of sex, that illegitimate children may take their father's name, amendments to the law applying to separations and divorces, and the tightening up of the Sale of Poisons Act.

Among the health matters to be considered are motions that the Government be asked to prohibit the indiscriminate delivery of medicinal samples, owing to the danger to children who go to the letter boxes or pick up samples thrown over fences; that mothers on the dole receive increased rations, and that more funds be made available for maternal welfare.

LISTEN *for the* Voice of Advice

New Radio Feature For Women's Weekly

EVERY Monday night at 8.45 from 2UW The Australian Women's Weekly presents the "Voice of Advice"—the voice of a sympathetic and understanding trouble doctor.

He answers perplexing problems that have entered into the lives of others. Women and men troubled by fears, loves, sorrows, temptations and sins, frustrations and failures, are turning to him for counsel.

"The Voice of Advice" hides the name of a prominent man, well known for his deep understanding, his wide experience, his kindly philosophy, his high ideals, and his inspiring personality. Those who are troubled can write to him in absolute certainty that secrecy of any personal details they may give will be closely guarded.

Use your own name, initials, or a nom-de-plume . . . it doesn't matter. Only the "Voice" will see the letter. If you wish to consult the "Voice of Advice" write to him, c/o. The Australian Women's Weekly—2UW, State Shopping Block, Sydney.

Naturally, not all letters can be answered on the air—some will receive replies through the mail. Therefore please enclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply. Listen-in every Monday night at 8.45 on 2UW for the "Voice of Advice."

Erasmic Face Powder was created for complexion loveliness! A unique blending process gives it "Filminess," which touches your skin with a radiance...a softened glory...! In an unbelievably haunting fragrance and four lovely shades.

ERASMIC

FACE POWDER 1/- PER BOX

Erasmic Vanishing Cream
2/6 Jar, 1/- Tube, a light, protective powder base.
Erasmic Cold Cream . . . 2/6 Jar, softens and nourishes as it cleanses.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES

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SMOOTH-CLEAN IT
and see the difference!

If a sink is scratched and scraped continually by harsh block cleansers or wire scourers, it gets dull and dingy, unhygienic and hard-to-clean! But what a difference if it is cleaned *smoothly* with Vim! Vim makes *smooth* cleaning possible—it is made on a new principle. Its fine, regular, soap-coated particles ease the dirt off and leave the surface like new.

'SMOOTH-CLEAN' IT WITH **VIM**

MADE BY LEVERS — THE MAKERS OF LUX AND RINSO

7.49.20

LEARN TO WRITE SHORT STORIES

Men — women, of any age can make good money. The demand for short stories is unlimited; you can learn this pleasant and profitable occupation easily and thoroughly under the tuition of experts. Write to-day for full particulars.

NEWTON BUSINESS COLLEGE
181 PITT St., Cor. LIVERPOOL St., SYDNEY

End Painful Piles

Tiger Salve is proved the certain remedy for this distressing complaint. A hospital matron writes: *"I have used your preparation in cases of piles and the results have been marvellous."* Tiger Salve's soothing medications quickly end pain and relieve inflammation. Test these claims. Send 3d. stamps for postage to Tiger Salve Pty., 185 George St., Sydney, and receive a trial tin.

TIGER SALVE
At chemists & stores

I'm INDIGESTION
Cut me out! I'M THE KILLER! I ruin good meals—good homes! I slay appetites and spread dismay. I sour food and sour lives. I'm Indigestion! End me with Harrison-Maclean Stomach Powder. I'll be glad to go this easy way. Chemists sell HARRISON-Maclean Stomach Powder at 2/6—get some and stop Indigestion, Gastritis, Heartburn, Flatulence, Acidity.

THE COUNTESS OF JERSEY

ROYAL *Mourning* and *Red* EVENING GOWN

Australian's Frocking Causes Society Stir in London

The cables report that London society has been considerably agitated by the frocking of the young and lovely Countess of Jersey at a recent house party at Hinsley Hall, the home of the Earl of Dudley, when the King was one of the guests.

THE rest of the guests observed strict Court mourning, but the Countess appeared in a navy afternoon frock, and later in a vivid red evening gown.

One of very few Australians to become a member of England's most exclusive aristocracy, the lovely young Countess has made hosts of friends and admirers in the land of her adoption. Always elegantly and distinctively gowned, this is the first occasion on which her good taste has been questioned.

Whether her wearing of colors on this occasion constitutes a serious breach of Court etiquette remains to be seen. His Majesty has shown himself extremely lenient in the matter of formal dressing.

The Countess of Jersey, formerly Patricia Richards, is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Ken. Richards, of New South Wales. Mr. Richards is now the owner of a grazing property in the Cootamundra district. Patricia was taken to England as a little girl by her mother, and was sent to exclusive schools from the age of ten to her coming-out year.

She was only seventeen when her engagement to the youthful Earl of Jersey caused a sensation in England and Australia. The news came as a tremendous surprise to her father, who had not seen Patricia since she left for England. After her marriage, the Countess came out to visit him.

During her visit to Australia, the Earl and Countess were tremendously popular and were surrounded by admiring throngs on their many appearances at theatres and balls. The young couple invariably went off for a canter in Centennial Park in the early mornings, and their car was almost mobbed on their return to breakfast at the Hotel Australia.

Lord Jersey is of a very retiring disposition, and was very averse to the furore of publicity and curiosity that heralded their every move while in Australia.

Mrs. Richards, the Countess' mother, has remained in London ever since leaving Australia. She was formerly Miss Eileen Maiden—a member of a family of well-known cattle salesmen and owners of country interests throughout the State. She is extremely good looking and smartly dressed on all occasions. Her daughter bears a striking resemblance to her.

£3000 IN PRIZES

Have you heard about the fascinating new game of skill which the Daily Telegraph is running and in which £3000 in prizes must be won?

It is called the "Prominent People" Cartoon Contest, and features the rollicking cartoons of Wep. A magnificent first prize of £2000 awaits the winner, and there are ninety-nine other additional big cash prizes.

Think of it! A fortune for a little simple skill and judgment. You can get on the road to riches right away by turning to the Daily Telegraph "Prominent People" Cartoon Contest.

HOWES & HOWES LTD.—237 PITT ST.—HOWES & HOWES LTD.

Well Dressed Women Prefer The Man-Tailored Suit

Only the newest fashion influences and tailoring of the highest skill could achieve the perfection of HOWES & HOWES man-tailored suits. We have studied every detail of design and production—made every effort to provide YOU with real satisfaction, and really honest value. Come in and see the new materials—they will delight you.

MADE TO MEASURE
Suits £5/5/- to £10/10/-
Topcoats £5/5/- to £10/10/-
Skirts £1/10/- to £2/15/-

All garments man-tailored on the premises under expert supervision.

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TWO DOORS from MARKET ST. Sydney

Mosley's "RUSNORSTAIN" KNIVES

GROUND SHARP TO STAY SHARP

OBTAINABLE AT ALL HIGH-CLASS STORES AND JEWELLERS!

DO YOU WANT £100?

Tune in to 2CH any night at 6.50 and hear the details of the easy Competition.

2CH ENTERTAINMENT SURVEY

In order to cater for the wishes of listeners in planning radio entertainment, Station 2CH will present a special variety of programme features commencing on May 4th, and will give valuable prizes for letters of comment.

Listeners are invited to post to the station a list of their five favourite sessions on the 2CH Night Programme (marked 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, in order of preference) together with a letter of not more than 300 words giving the reasons for their choice.

A cash prize of £50 will be awarded for the best letter, and another £50 will be added, if the letter is accompanied by wrappers, labels, or dockets representing a total of 5/- worth of goods advertised on 2CH. If the winning letter is not accompanied by labels, etc., the extra £50 will be awarded for the best letter that does enclose them. The second, third and consolation prizes will be awarded on the same lines. Details of the prizes are as follows:—

Best Letter £50
Second .. £20
Third .. £10
20 Consolation Prizes each £1

Best letter with labels, etc... £50
Second " " " " £20
Third " " " " £10
20 Consolation Prizes for letters with labels, etc., each £1

Thus a letter sent in with labels, etc., may win two prizes. Entries close on May 31st and the decision of Station 2CH as regards prize-winning letters will be final.

In demonstrating the popularity of various types of entertainment, the competition will serve the interests of listeners, and your co-operation is cordially invited.

BROADCASTING STATION 2CH.
King and York Streets, Sydney.

For research purposes only

Name (Mr. or Mrs.) ....

Address ....

Age (opt.) ....

		p.m.
PLAYS, HUMOUR, ETC.		
☐ "Danger Unlimited"	Mon. to Thur.	7.00
☐ "The Ghost Corps"	Mon., Wed.	7.45
☐ "Mr. & Mrs. Everybody"	Tue., Wed., Thur.	8.05
☐ "Realm of Drama"	Wed.	8.30
☐ "Solve Your Problem"	Mon., Tue., Thur.	9.00
☐ "Nemesis Incorporated"	Tue.	7.35
☐ "Contributed Comedy"	Thur.	7.45
☐ "The Mercy of Allah" (Reading by John Longden.)	Mon. to Thur.	9.30
VARIETY		
☐ "One Thing After Another"	Sat.	8 to 12
☐ "Nigger Minstrels"	Wed.	9.00
☐ "Mr. Weary & Mr. Worn"	Tue. & Thur.	10.00
☐ Stars of the Network	Thur.	8.20
☐ "Old Favourites' Revue"	Tue.	8.20
SPECIAL MUSICAL FEATURES		
☐ A.W.L. Quartette	Thur.	8.50
☐ Knight Barnett (at the organ)	Fri.	6.45 & 8.10
☐ Everybody Sing	Fri.	9.00
RECORDED MUSICAL SESSIONS		
☐ "Aristocracy of Jazz"	Mon. to Sat.	7.15
☐ Brothers, Sisters, & Crooners	Mon. & Wed.	7.30
☐ Evening Serenade	Mon.	8.00
☐ Celebrity Recital	Mon., Wed.	9.20
☐ "Pick O' the Week"	Tue.	8.48
☐ "Please Yourself"	Mon. to Fri.	10.15
☐ Songs from the Shows	Mon. to Thur.	9.50
☐ Feature Record Programme	Fri.	8.30
TALKS		
☐ The Puzzle King	Tue., Thur.	8.40

NOTE.—The decision of the management is final. The competition is NOT open to employees of Amalgamated Wireless (A'sia), Ltd., or any Broadcasting Station.

If you would like a weather indicator, call at Station 2CH. It's FREE. A.W.W.

A MEDICAL EYE SERVICE

We have now established a Medical Eye Service, at a moderate fee, by an Oculist, late of Moorefields Eye Hospital, London.

This service will meet the needs of those whose eyes require medical treatment, and who dislike going to a public hospital and cannot afford the private fees now charged.

Parents with children whose eyes need medical attention, will welcome this service, which eliminates the long, tedious waiting before being attended to in the already overcrowded public hospitals.

THE OCULIST MAY BE CONSULTED AT OUR ROOMS AT 378 PITT STREET

We have just published an illustrated booklet entitled, "Vision and the Care of the Eyes." Should you like a copy, one will be posted free to you on application.

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C. A. GIBB, Optometrist, 23 Martin Place, (5 Doors from Commonwealth Bank)

J. W. BEEMAN, Optometrist, 378 PITT STREET (Opp. Anthony Hordern's)

And at NEWCASTLE.

BETTY'S *"Racey"* NARRATIVES

When Winning Posts Prove to be Losing Posts

By BETTY GEE

That's what you get for promising something out of winnings that you merely anticipate—and never get.

"Come on down to Moorefield," said Dickie, "there's some easy money there, and afterwards we'll have dinner in town and then go to a show."

Well, we finished up with a very unsatisfactory tea at the flat, so don't ask me what I think of promising anything before getting the money.

"Punters' Paradise!" It just makes me boil to think of those bookmakers having our "blow-out" on our money.

Jimmy Munro, the Sydney jockey, whose success on Babili at Moorefield on Saturday did not help to balance Betty Gee's racing budget.

Dickie said Dango could beat anything in the Hurdle, and plunged. If he won I reckoned I was all right for the night, but if he lost—? So I thought I'd better be careful, and took £4/10/- to £1 Woodcut.

Dango turned a somersault at the last hurdle when he had it won and Woodcut was a little slow in the process, and came too late to lose by a long head. Wasn't I glad!

Little Georgie Price told a friend of ours that Grand Boy would win the Juvenile colts. He'd won two already, and it looked like a risk to expect the third. That hat-trick's always so hard to do, isn't it? **But Dickie followed him, and I thought I'd pick the next best like I did in the Hurdle, and my £1 went on Earl Sun. Well, I was right. He was next best.** Grand Boy won it and beat Earl Sun, but as for Grand Boy and the hat-trick, well, I'd say he'll do it again before they beat him, and make it six straight. That's how good he is.

In the Wrong Place

Dickie had the supper money now, and I told him to keep it, but my vanished £2 started me off on a paper-chase, and I'm still running. Fancy me getting £6 to £1 Retrieved, and Bill Booth believed it was past the post.

So it would have been if somebody could have dug the post out and put it two yards nearer. Retrieved before Danielitta grabbed her and beat her by a short half head.

You know Mr. Mickie Polson! Well, he always tells me, and he did about Nabob for the next. I hardly knew the horse.

£20,000 from the "Isle of Capri"

By Air Mail from Our London Office

THERE'S big money in a popular song—anything up to £8000 or £10,000, with a real "winner" even more profitable.

In giving evidence in a lawsuit in the Chancery Division concerning a song, Mr. C. H. O. Ferry, general manager of the Irwin Dash Music Co., estimated that the "Isle of Capri" sold to the extent of about 500,000 copies of sheet-music and, with gramophone and other rights, realised £20,000.

The success of a song, he explained, depended upon proper advertising.

Picked up by the local butcher at Peak Hill, I believe, for £17, and Joe Matthews, the local squire, and Mr. Polson were browsing over the horses at a picnic meeting there in August when they spotted him and induced him to give Nabob a city trial. So he leased him and here he was in the £500 at Moorefield, and me with £2 in hand ready to snatch up 20 to 1 about the unknown.

But those bookies! Is there anything they don't ferret out? Opened him favorite, mark you. But he eased to 7 to 1, and I had £14 to £2. Nabob had the race won two strides from home, and then Short Wave passed him.

That winning-post again, you see. There was £20 lost through it being in the wrong position.

Penalty of Asking

The worst thing of all was that I asked half a dozen people: "What about El Senorita?" when they had given me their tips for the Moorefield Handicap. But everyone produced a different reason why she couldn't win. So I finished up backing Jovial Son.

That's what you get for asking. If you fancy a horse, back it; don't walk about looking for excuses not to. El Senorita won all right, at 10 to 1, and Jovial Son ran a bad third. So there you are.

I was in the Rembrandt rush because the Hon. Theo. C. Trautwein, M.L.C., told me early, and I got 6 to 1, and he started at 3 to 1. But that did me no good. If you'd hobbled the horse he couldn't have run slower, and I'm sure now he's as overboomed as the ancient paintings of the bewhiskered old painter he's named after. He finished second last.

Trying to "get square" on Cognac at 8 to 1 cost me another £1. He ran third to Bronze God. And then I formally handed over the Punters' Paradise to Young Jim Hackett to proclaim it a Royal Reserve for the Grand Fraternity of Ringmen to run it for the bookmakers for the next 100 years.

Now For Randwick!

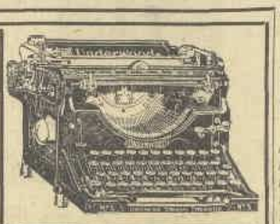
THANK goodness, we can get back to Randwick and a tote chance next Saturday. It's Tattersall's May meeting. But keep your bag clutched tightly. Bookmakers' bargain day, don't forget, they call all Tatt's meetings.

Anyhow I don't see how they can take the Hurdle off Woodcut, and that's one I'm going to follow up. Royal Step looks like a regal tote bet to me, for the Two-Year-Old. He's good. He ought to be. He cost £680 as a yearling.

Bailey Payten has decided to save Disalto for Tatt's Flying instead of going for Moorefield, and I won't be left out of that. Ferncloye's waiting for the Novice. But Narbethong's the one I hope to empty my purse out for in the last.

FROM

£2-10-0



TYPEWRITER SALE

ALL reconditioned machines in our Typewriter Department have been specially priced for quick clearance. They will be sold prior to stocktaking this month. The typewriters listed below are only a few of the wide range of makes and models being offered. You will find in our stocks the typewriter you want—and you will be surprised at the low price. Come into the showroom to-day—or, if you cannot do that, select the machine you want from this advertisement and reserve it or ask for further information by filling in and mailing us the coupon below. Remember—a satisfaction or money-back guarantee goes with every typewriter from Stott & Underwood.

FREE

100 SHEETS QUALITY CARBON, 500 SHEETS WHITE BANK PAPER TO FIRST FIFTY BUYERS

SEND YOUR DEPOSIT NOW AND SECURE YOUR GIFT.

FROM £2/10/0 TO £5.

REMINGTON No. 7
YOST
HAMMOND
SMITH PREMIER
EMPIRE
IMPERIAL
and many others.

All machines thoroughly overhauled and fully guaranteed.

L. C. SMITH

Nos. 3, 5, and 8 Models, visible writing, two-colour ribbon, back spacer, tabulator, auto ribbon reverse etc.

SALE PRICE .. £10/10/-

Others to £15.

PORTABLES

CORONA 3 Bank ..	£7 0 0
CORONA 4 Bank ..	£9 10 0
UNDERWOOD 3 Bank	£8 0 0
UNDERWOOD 4 Bank	£12 0 0
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NOTE THESE TERMS £1 DOWN AND 5/- PER WEEK

Choose your machine and mail deposit; satisfaction assured or money back.

UNDERWOOD

No. 5 and "Brief" Models, visible writing, two-colour ribbon, tabulator, auto ribbon reverse, back spacer, etc.

SALE PRICE £12

Others to £20.

MONARCH

No. 3 Model, visible writing, two-colour ribbon, auto ribbon reverse, back spacer, tabulator, etc.

SALE PRICE £6/10/-

Others to £14.

ROYAL

No. 10 Model, various sizes, two-colour ribbon, back spacer, tabulator, stencil switch, etc., visible writing.

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REMINGTON

Nos. 10 and 11 Models, all sizes, visible writing, two-colour ribbon, column selectors, patent interlineator, etc.

SALE PRICE £7/10/-

Others to £18.

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ENCLOSED HEREWITH DEPOSIT VALUE £..... ON RECONDITIONED MACHINE MARKED WITH AN X. (Also two references submitted to ensure immediate despatch of Machine on terms).

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WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If the bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes only. 1/3 and 3/-. Beware a substitute.

Bertha Maxwell's Koala Bear Pillow-Case and Cot-Cover

They are in finest white linen 11 x 16 pillow-case ready to work, 3/9, plus 2d. postage. Pram or cot cover with plain edge 24 x 36 3/9, plus 3d. postage.

To obtain any of them send in postal note or stamps for amount to the offices of The Australian Women's Weekly.

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WE WILL *Walk on* SQUARE SHOES

New Styles will Flatter Already Attractive Feet

Latest news of shoe fashions suggests that, like Clementine, we will wear "boxes without topses" for our shoes.

The new shoes, however, with their square toes and square heels, are the last word in smartness and, according to manufacturers, will prove very popular with Australian women.

THEY not only provide more room for our toes, but are flattering to the foot because they make it look much shorter.

Other shoe news is the fact that we have definitely decided to come down a bit in the world. Our heels are generally much lower, cuban heels for street wear and a 1½-inch heel for more formal wear replacing the spikes on which we used to totter about so unsafely.

An American who came to Australia recently to take charge of the shoe department of a big store says he likes our feet and he likes our locally-made shoes, but he was appalled at the gaps between sizes available in women's shoes. Manufacturers, however, have rushed to spare him further horror, and we now have multiple-fitting lasts.

New Materials

INSTEAD of saving our pride and torturing our toes by squeezing into a 4½ shoe we can now buy a 4 5-8 or 4¾ size, or we can buy a 4 shoe with a 4½ width.

Until the multiple-fitting last came to bless us, these finer shades in sizes were available only in very expensive shoes.

New materials for shoes are gabardine, which will appear in the spring, swirl suede (which looks like it sounds), rough suede for sports wear or with suits, and suede patterned in light strokes.

Another development this winter is the vogue for welted shoes of navy kid or leather, and yet another is the popularity of the centre buckle shoe.

Silver and gold kid have danced back into the ballroom, though colored fabric is still popular. New American sandals give us greater foot security. While we are still allowed to show our lacquered toenails, the new sandals give wider support across the lower instep.

Some of the sandals show bare heels, others provide a mere sole with a cleverly-arranged collection of gold kid leaves as the sandal top. Others consist of two wide pieces of material caught in the centre with a demure little bow of contrasting cord. Many of the most expensive sandals are lavishly jewelled.

Weekly Dance Hint

Carl Thomas Says—

REMEMBER that you have only got two feet, and be quick to use one or the other. Do not retreat from your partner as though he were an approaching epidemic.

Fashion and Superstition

NECKLACES ONCE MORE steal the spotlight of fashion. The attractive girl in this picture is wearing a new version of the "slave chain" motif. She has a matching bracelet, and her other jewellery is a ring, bracelet, and ear-rings which feature the topaz—fashion's latest "good luck" stone.

—Air Mail photo.

BANG goes romance

Whose Powder Puff Tells Him Your Skin is Not as Exquisite as He Had Thought!

Men are funny! Think Girl's Skin should never need powder. When puff appears Noble Lord gets shock from which may never quite recover! Why take chance? Use "Seventeen" Face Powder, and keep complexion ever faultless. Gentle, good-for-skin ingredients soothe blemishes away, keep pores fine, keep youth longer. Glamorous shades blend with complexion perfectly, improving—not masking. . . . Adorable perfume. New, smart box. Only 1/9! Money back if not thrilled!

Seventeen

A GLAMOROUS Face Powder by Kathleen Court

Soothes Sore Kidneys

Men and women whose life is made a misery by stiff, lame, aching back; pains and swellings in joints and muscles; headaches; or nagging, frequent, scalding "bladder weakness"—can now get surprising relief in 48 hours, by thoroughly cleansing their 36,000 yards of kidney tubes of 4 full 3 pounds of "burning," irritating acid poisons! says a successful specialist.

The new, **triple-acting** Urodyne prescription of this specialist, Dr. H. O. Southworth, which combines six powerful, cleansing, soothing and strengthening medicines in pleasant, handy, tablet form—is definitely guaranteed to bring lasting relief from even stubborn kidney troubles and bladder weakness! All chemists supply Urodyne. 8-5-36

HORDERN BROTHERS

MAY SELLING

QUILT SALE

all quilts reduced at least 10%

English **SAMPLE QUILTS**

reduced further by

2/- IN £

Luxurious Quilts, made and filled in England with fine quality feathers and downs. Beautifully made in the latest styles and materials. Wide range of qualities and colourings.

Usual Sample prices. Single size. 45/- to 125/-. NOW **41/- to 112/6**

Double size. usl. 63/- to 175/-. NOW 57/- to 157/6

BROCADED SATIN

Delightfully rich covering in all colourings with Satin contrast panels. **Single size, usually 28/6. NOW** ... **25/11**

Double. usually 28/11. NOW 26/11

FEATHER QUILTS

Usually 28/11

Cosy Quilts in sturdy Downproof Cambrics, smart floral designs with Satin panels to rose. Filled good quality feathers. Serviceable and warm. **Single size. Usually 28/11. NOW** **19/11**

Double. Usually 29/11. NOW 21/11

KAPOK QUILTS

Just right for weekend homes, sleepouts or children's beds. Covered with gay Crotonnes. Filled with best well-teased kapok. Satin trimmed. **Double. usually 13/11. NOW 12/6**

Single. usually 12/11. NOW 11/9

SATIN QUILTS

Charming Quilts in new printed Satins with goffered plain Satin panel. Filled with very light feathers. **Double size. Usually at 39/11. NOW** **35/11**

FURNISHINGS—FIRST FLOOR.

Half Price!

Best Quality **SATIN**

Floral Satin Centre in lovely colourings, with blue or gold triple borders. Filled best feathers. **6 x 4. Usually 75/-. NOW** **37/6**

6 x 5 Usually 79/11. NOW 39/11

Modern Flat Crepe in charming Quilts, stitched in an exclusive design. Best quality Flat Crepe in rose, coffee, cream, blue, green, gold, filled with best feathers. A quilt that will add quiet luxury to any furnishing scheme and give absolute comfort. 6 x 5. Usually 75/-. NOW **66/9**

6 x 4. Usually 67/6. NOW 59/11

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Film may cause them

TOOTH DECAY

STUBBORN STAINS

BLEEDING GUMS

Make sure you use the special film removing tooth paste which removes film effectively and safely.

Common sense says that dangerous film should be removed and kept away regularly. But how? Many dentifrices may claim to remove film. But are they safe? To millions of people, Pepsodent is known as the special film-removing tooth paste.

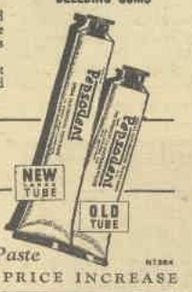
The simple reason for Pepsodent's efficiency is the use of a revolutionary new cleansing and polishing agent. This material is unexcelled in film-removing power. No other leading dentifrice contains it and it is so safe that in impartial tests Pepsodent has been proved the least abrasive . . . therefore *safest*—of 16 leading tooth pastes and 6 tooth powders.

So, if you really want naturally white teeth and greater freedom from common mouth disorders, take the first step now. Start removing ugly, dangerous film daily with Pepsodent Tooth Paste.

Along with daily brushing, eat foods your dentist would advise to promote strong, healthy teeth. And be sure to see your dentist regularly twice a year.

MORE PEPSODENT—SAME PRICE

New processes have cut costs, and we are passing the saving on to you. The identical time-proved Pepsodent is ready for you, in the new larger tubes, at no increase in price.



PEPSODENT

The Special Film-Removing Tooth Paste

IN NEW LARGER TUBES—NO PRICE INCREASE

YOU CAN'T *Live On* HYACINTHS

Continued from Page 7

SHE handed it to him, saying icily: "Now we've got a whole half-crown."

Jim was oblivious to sarcasm. His spirits soared. "Half a crown is a tidy sum of money. I tell you what I'll go out and buy some steak and vegetables and cook them for you in that Spanish way I was telling you about. And don't take off that dress. I like you in it."

He dashed into her kitchenette and came out with a string bag. Jim was perfectly unselfconscious about things like carrying parcels. She could just imagine him bargaining with the butcher and greengrocer, and then walking down the road, swinging his bag of meat and vegetables triumphantly, and probably singing. He put his head into her cupboards, murmuring to himself: "Onions—no, butter—yes, red pepper—yes; mushrooms—yes, if I can afford them."

Margie watched him silently. He looked up. "Not cross with me for something, are you?"

She told him, "Of course not!"

He said: "Well, don't be, darling angel, ever," and clattered off downstairs.

She stayed where she was for a moment, perfectly motionless, looking down into the fire. She thought: "This isn't going to be a joke. It isn't a joke any more, this unpracticalness of Jim's when you think of getting married to it. It's deadly serious. Flowers and skies and poetry are all very well, but you can't live on them. Jim will make a success—perhaps.

"MEANWHILE we shall be living here in the hateful studio—pigging it!"

It wasn't fair to her for Jim to expect her to do that. She just couldn't stand this hand-to-mouth existence any longer.

It was grubby, and the smell of paint was in the air all day, and you got tired of meals cooked in frying-pans and served on an "amusing" check cloth on a deal table.

Frank, the brother-in-law who was in the advertising agency, would give Jim work. Some work. Not all the time, of course. She wouldn't be so unreasonable as to ask Jim to stop painting those enormous flower paintings which no one would buy. But Jim could do covers for seed catalogues and flower paintings for perfumes.

She began to feel better. She would put it to Jim after supper; darling Jim, who was so sweet. She would point out to him that she couldn't go on like this. It wasn't fair to her.

Of course Jim hated Eileen, and despised Frank, but that couldn't be helped. Jim would have to give way. She loved him, but he would have to give way. He would have to see sense.

FOOTSTEPS clattered on the stone stairs. Surely it couldn't be Jim, because Jim had only just gone out. But it was Jim.

He burst into the room and held something out to her. She saw to her stupefaction that it was a pot of hyacinths. A pot of marble-white hyacinths. Their fragrance filled the room.

Jim said enthusiastically: "Did you ever see anything so marvellous?"

She drew back. She felt bewildered. She said: "But, Jim, I thought you'd gone to buy something for supper."

He grinned. "So I did, darling, but I bought these instead, because they were so marvellous. They're for you!"

Margie said slowly: "You mean you went and bought these flowers instead of buying us something to eat?"

Jim's grin became a little sheepish. "Oh, well, you know the rhyme, darling—

'If thou of fortune art bereft
And but a single loaf hast left,
Sell half thou hast and with the dole
Buy hyacinths to feed thy soul.'

I believe in that absolutely."

Margie said in a quivering voice: "Do you?" And then she suddenly lost her temper. She lost it with a sort of click, so that she felt it going from her, and Margie had been famous for her temper from childhood.

She said in a voice that cut like a knife, "But you can't live on hyacinths. That's what you seem to have overlooked, don't you, Jim?"

JIM put the bowl of hyacinths down on the table. He said: "Why, Margie, what's the matter?"

She told him. "You're driving me mad. You'd drive any woman mad the way you go on. What do you think we're going to live on when we're married?"

Jim looked puzzled. "Well, we've always managed to live separately, so I don't see why we shouldn't manage all right together. Till my paintings get known."

Margie flung at him: "If they ever do." She rushed on: "Can't you see how hopeless it all is? Talking about Italy and Spain, when we haven't enough money to buy ourselves a dinner. Living this ghastly sort of picnic life."

Jim said: "I like it."

Margie told him: "I hate it. I can't stand it. I can't."

Jim said stubbornly: "It's a pity you didn't say so sooner." He took a stride across the room and took her by the shoulders. He said: "But, Margie, you love me?"

Margie said: "Yes, I love you, but I hate all this mess and things always cooked in frying-pans. If you loved me you wouldn't ask me to live like that. You'd know it wasn't fair."

Jim had taken out his pipe. As he spoke he rammed tobacco into the bowl. Margie saw that he was very angry. There was a white mark on the side of his face where his jaw was clenched.

HE said: "Well, according to your ideas what ought I to do?"

She said imploringly: "Jim, please don't be angry. You must see it's fantastic to get married as you want to get married. Why, Jim, it's farcical. You wanted me to marry you tomorrow, and all you had was a shilling and three pennies and a collection of farthings. And then you went and bought hyacinths, Jim," she laughed hysterically "can't you see how absurd it is?"

He repeated: "What do you want me to do?"

She told him a little breathlessly: "I don't want you to give up your painting. But I want you to let me ask Frank to give you some work, some really well-paid commercial work."

Please turn to Page 26

Double Duty Gown

Lilian Lawler designed this full-length velvet evening coat. The high-necked yoke and elaborate wide sleeves are trimmed with gold lame. This could be worn as a cocktail gown.

—Air mail photo.

FAT CAN KILL

Make no mistake! Fat CAN *kill!* Obesity is a menace to health and to life itself. Within your body your vital organs are struggling for their very life. Your heart, encumbered by fat, warns you by palpitations and heavy thumping that it cannot stand the strain. Your lungs, unable to expand properly, warn you by feelings of breathlessness that they are being constricted. They all warn you of what is going on within and every extra pound and every extra inch is an additional warning you must not disregard.

Obesity is a disease in itself. Its causes are many but the principal one is the presence of *poisons* in your system. You should not go another day without taking active steps to eliminate your excess fat. This is not mere alarmism, but an actual fact seriously recognised by doctors and specialists. If you are over-weight, or if you show a tendency towards increasing obesity, you should take immediate steps to reduce safely.

We Recommend the BonKora Treatment Right Away

BonKora not only reduces the fat, but it removes its dangers; takes away its power to harm you. BonKora drives out the poisonous waste, the excess moisture, the harmful elements which mar digestion, cause constipation and pave the way to disease. It acts as a health-giving tonic, bracing the system, aiding nature to keep you in perfect condition. You'll *feel* better, *look* better, *be* better and *stay* better, if you put your trust in BonKora. From all parts of Australia and throughout the world comes evidence that, in thousands of cases, BonKora has brought new health, new happiness and a natural slender figure in place of heavy ugly fat.

How Many Pounds Would You Like to Lose Next Week?

How many pounds would you like to lose altogether? 10 lbs? 30 lbs? 50 lbs? 100 lbs? You can take off just the amount of fat you wish. You can regain your normal, youthful figure if you take BonKora, the new, safe, pleasant Reducing Treatment. Here is the method. Take two teaspoonsful of BonKora three times daily before meals. *If possible, take your BonKora IN A GLASS OF ORANGE JUICE. The health-giving vitamins of the orange speed up the wonderful effects of BonKora, increase its tonic action, help your system in a remarkable way.* Eat as much food as your body needs. You'll find an explanation of foods in the BonKora package. Stop reducing when you reach normal healthy weight. There are no dangerous drugs in BonKora. BonKora *builds health*, saves you from serious risks of obesity. It eliminates not only the excess fat but the dangerous *causes* of that fat.

Mrs. Francis Rudolph, Registered Nurse. Lost 40 lbs. in 6 weeks, ended digestive troubles, regained her lost health and vigor (full address on request). She is just one of the many women who have lost excess weight safely and permanently with BonKora.

POSITIVELY NO THYROID

There is nothing in BonKora which will harm even the most delicate woman or man. Its ingredients do you nothing but good. Get a bottle of BonKora from your chemist right away and begin the treatment which will bring you a graceful figure, new health, restored youthfulness and greater happiness.

The BonKora Treatment is *inexpensive*. A full size bottle, sufficient for 10 days' treatment, costs only 6/6. For your own sake, make this investment, which is going to mean so much to your future!

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

To start your losing weight right away, we make this absolutely free offer. Clip the coupon, fill in your name and address and a sample bottle of BonKora will be sent to you Post Free. *TAKE THIS FIRST STEP TO BETTER HEALTH RIGHT AWAY.*

FREE SAMPLE

MAIL THIS COUPON

SCHAFFER & CO., Box 2082 L, G.P.O., Sydney.
Please send me FREE SAMPLE and full details of BonKora Treatment. W.W. 9.5.36

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

IF YOUR CHEMIST CANNOT SUPPLY BONKORA, enclose postal note for 6/6, and the full-sized bottle will be mailed to you post free, in a plain wrapper.

BONKORA Sold by All Chemists 6/6 Bottle

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Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Horsley make trip from country home every week-end? Polo practice is motive for much travelling as Wallace is crack player.

In Blue Moon

JUST once in blue moon Sydney takes breather in between parties . . . Consequently dinner at Hotel Australia on Thursday quiet affair . . . Colonel and Mrs. John Playfair entertained a small party . . . Hostess looked usual lovely self in frilly black lace . . . Mr. and Mrs. Keith Mackay and Mr. and Mrs. Ian Macpherson, latter in tomato-colored satin frock, made foursome . . . Mrs. George Merivale donned black satin and dined with husband and Stewart Jamieson.

Brilliant Young Pianist

VALDA AVELING, brilliant schoolgirl pianist, who won The Australian Women's Weekly prize at last Eisteddfod, more than lived up to expectations at recital on Thursday . . . Clever little lady, wearing parchment taffeta frock with puff sleeves and long sash, made charming figure almost hidden by bower of flowers and interesting-looking boxes, as she acknowledged applause . . . Among programme were items by soloist's teacher, Frank Hutchens . . . Dr. and Mrs. Bainton, Mr. Hoogstoel, and Mr. and Mrs. Aveling among audience.

❖ ❖ ❖

Aeroplane flights to be among varied prizes for novelty dances at Australian Flying Corps Association's Ball last Thursday in May.

❖ ❖ ❖

Plans Gang Agley

CLAIRE McMAHON had worst possible luck . . . Having set sail two months ago with trunks full of lovely clothes and sheaves of letters of introduction to friends in most capital cities of Europe, an attack of pleurisy upset all plans . . . Claire had to leave ship at Colombo and make stay at Galle Face till returning boat faced her roundabout . . . Not wanting to worry parents, Claire kept plans secret till nearing Melbourne . . . Traveller much better now, and hoping to make another start in several months' time.

❖ ❖ ❖

Dr. and Mrs. Alum, of Cootamundra, intend leaving shortly for European travels.

❖ ❖ ❖

Dainty Sandals

VERY bright and twinkling were dainty black-sequined sandals worn by Mrs. Ernest Watt with black velvet frock at Romano's on Saturday . . . White and black most popular colors for frocks . . . Mrs. Douglas Nettlefold wore mauve georgette frock moulded to figure and silver sandals . . . Mrs. Sneddon, wearing white georgette with knife pleating in satin falling from knees, entertained a foursome . . . Her guest, Joy Pickard, also wore white.

Merry and Bright

MERRY and bright was Sunday morning cocktail party given by Mr. and Mrs. Bogey Engelbach . . . Edgecliff flat one of city's most attractive, and perfect setting for entertainments . . . Mrs. Bill Durham, managing to bear up under weight of innumerable farewell parties, guest of honor . . . Guests included Mrs. Clive Robinson, who spared morning from golf links for occasion, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Fenner, Dr. and Mrs. Whiston Walsh, Dr. and Mrs. Malcolm Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Ron Trail, Mrs. Garnet Marsden, and Dr. and Mrs. Norman Gregg.

Polo Week Fixtures

POLO week promises to be gayest of gay . . . Palm Beach frequenters making arrangements for dance at newly-furbished Paddington Town Hall after dance committee went in body to inspect location . . . Polo Ball taking place at Retford Hall to be extremely smart, and in lieu of old Extra Chukka fixture C.W.A. are having Executive Ball . . . Harborside branch sponsoring the dansant at Trocadero . . . Mrs. James Ashton among keen organisers . . . Three hundred bookings already made for that occasion . . . In addition, King's School Old Boys will make merry at Blaxland Galleries.

Country Sherry Party

MRS. GILBERT STIRLING invited about forty guests to sherry party at picturesque Bathurst home at week-end . . . Old homestead originally holding of Suttor family . . . Mrs. Stirling's sisters-in-law, now on ocean bound for English home, reason for party . . . Visitors spent many months in district and have made many friends . . . Guests included Mr. and Mrs. M. McPhillamy, Mrs. W. S. Bromhead, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Edgell, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Rutherford, the Hoskins family from Urrara and Mrs. N. Holmes, and Barbara.

❖ ❖ ❖

Dr. and Mrs. Garnet Halloran have joined party of surgeons and their wives from Brisbane and motored to Melbourne for Medical Conference.

Wintry Shades

HYDRANGEAS in wintry shadings arranged in cream bowls made effective decorations at Mrs. A. C. Davidson's flat for birthday party . . . Nancy Suttor helped to cope with floral gifts which arrived during day at Kingsclere flat . . . Dr. and Mrs. Davidson, Dr. Murray Will, and son, Ewan, Mrs. Dickins, Reg Black, and friends from New Zealand among visitors gathered round cocktails and savories.

Housie-Housie

HOUSIE - HOUSIE becoming increasingly popular after-dinner game . . . Guests at Enid Halloran's week-end party all intent on squares as Berry O'Connor called numbers . . . Party began with progressive bridge, with enough players present for six tables . . . Lobbin Hodgin sang several songs later in evening, and Betty Higgins also did bit to entertain guests . . . Joan Higgins, Mary Charlton, Peg Tindale, Dr. and Mrs. Garnet Halloran, Dr. Gregory Roberts, and Mrs. Berry O'Connor among guests.

ONE OF SYDNEY'S most popular hostesses is Mrs. John Favel, who smiles for our photographer while seated on the steps in her picturesque garden at Darling Point. Mrs. Favel recently entertained her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rosenthal, of Melbourne.

Cat and Mermaid

JOAN AND BETTY RAYNER, troubadors, waved magic wand at Savoy Theatre on Friday . . . Theatre transformed into enchanted land of make-believe and folk lore . . . Fantastic happenings seemed perfectly natural . . . Joan changed herself into wicked cat with scarlet-lacquered hair, and Betty became mermaid in twinkling of eye . . . Muff Wilson, of tennis fame, in military black velvet coat, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Rayner, and Alison McDougall, well-known author, among audience.

Running Repairs

FEMININE section of well-dressed audience at Prince Edward on Saturday made haste to effect running repairs to complexions at conclusion of lovely technicolor film, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" . . . Pathetic scenes in film responsible for surreptitious tears that caused much havoc with powder and cosmetics . . . Among film fans were Dr. and Mrs. Wheatley, never-failing attendants on first nights, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Albert and their daughter-in-law, Mrs. Alexis Albert, wearing black velvet and ermine cape, Mrs. Charles Chauvel, and Dr. and Mrs. S. A. Smith.

N.Z. Honeymoon

WEDDING-BELLS for Mary Parkman, of Calabash, Burrowa, and Bill Taylor this Wednesday . . . Ceremony at St. James' mid-day . . . Sir Frederick Tout to give bride away . . . Popular country lovely to wear delphinium-blue frock, with navy coat and accessories . . . Mary Taylor, bridesmaid, will wear dusty-pink . . . Young couple sail on Friday for New Zealand honeymoon.

❖ ❖ ❖

Mrs. Jim Gibb, wife of president of Southern District Picnic Races, spent several days in town last week on last-minute shopping expedition.

❖ ❖ ❖

Old Cranbrookians

OLD Cranbrookians turned up in full force for seven hundred and forty-fifth celebration of holy communion in school chapel on Sunday morning . . . At conclusion of service breakfast of delectable proportions set in school pavilion . . . Mothers of old boys provided appetising spread . . . Reminiscences order of morning, and W. J. Little, Neville Stacy, Bill Furber, Ross Gore, Maund brothers, and Sid Smith among forefront of yarn-spinners.

Artistic and Social

CLEVER mixture of artistic and social fraternity made huge success of party at Women's Industrial Artists' Club during week . . . Violet Roche's collection of colorful posters adorned walls. . . . Jock Burchall bright lad of party, who danced impromptu pas seul every now and then . . . Many foreigners present including Russians, musically-inclined . . . Mrs. Oscar Paul, Helen Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Scott Stevenson, Mr. and Mrs. Pirrie, and Barbara Robson present.

Have You Noticed—

Smart coiffure of Mrs. Colin Galbraith? Brown locks are smoothly waved, and side-parting carried down to nape of neck at back.

Jane Anne

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YOU CAN'T *On Live* HYACINTHS

Continued from Page 24

JIM said: "No. I won't do that for anyone. Not even for you. And, incidentally, shall I tell you what I think about Frank? He used to be a darned fine fellow with a talent for writing, until your sister Eileen got hold of him. She's ruined him. She's clipped his wings and tamed him, and spoiled his talent. She's turned him into a first-class bore. I'm not going to let you do that to me—not on your life."

Margie felt the blood pounding in her ears. Her body was taut with anger. She said: "How dare you insult my sister?"

Jim said: "Margie, I'll do anything for you. I'll cook for you and wash up for you, and wait on you if you want me to. But I won't give you my soul. My work is my soul. I won't let you interfere with that."

She laughed contemptuously. "Well, I'm glad I know where I stand. You prefer your pictures, that no one will ever buy, to me. I'm to be sacrificed to them. You don't mind my going shabby or scrubbing floors. You don't want to do anything for me, to give me the things I've always dreamed of having."

He interrupted her to say, with a long look that summed her up and, most unfairly she felt, dismissed her: "I never expected to buy you."

She said cheaply and unforgivably: "One can hardly imagine you, Jim, buying anything." And then, because she realised desperately that everything was over and that by those words she had definitely lost him, she flung words at him quickly—wounding, furious words: "I'm sick of this. I'm sick of your kind of life. I'm through. I'm going to Eileen."

He said: "If you do, it's finish. Eileen hates me. I shall never come after you."

She said clearly: "I never want you to."

He turned on that and went rather blindly out of the room. She called him back. "You've forgotten something."

She thrust the pot of hyacinths into his arms. The door shut, and he was gone.

She rushed into her bedroom, and with loud, angry sobs began to crush things into her suitcase to go to Eileen.

Eileen's flat was like Eileen, clean and clear, with the charm of lavender and daisies. Everything ran exactly up to time and everything rather consciously centred round Frank. Eileen would tell visitors at about six in the evening that they must go home now because Frank was coming back and he liked to find her alone. And the friends would depart to a chorus of "Isn't Eileen wonderful." Or she would arrive at a bridge party half an hour late, because Frank had phoned her to take his watch to be cleaned, and she never allowed anyone in the house but herself to do anything for Frank. And Eileen would apologise girlishly, and the friend whose bridge had been kept waiting would say she didn't mind a bit, and again the chorus would echo: "Isn't Eileen wonderful." Well, of course, she was. Margie heartily agreed.

JIM sent Margie a picture. They came in, Margie and Eileen and Frank, one Saturday afternoon when Margie had been with Eileen a month, to find it standing in the hall. An enormous picture of a pot of hyacinths. Of the pot of hyacinths.

It was large and violent and disturbingly clever. It fought quite horribly with the pastel shades of Eileen's flat.

The maid said: "A gentleman left this for you, Miss." She handed Margie a note. From Jim. The note said:

"Please keep this picture to remind you that there are hyacinths in the world."

That was all.

Eileen said, "Good heavens, what an extraordinary-looking thing! Are those hyacinths?"

Margie said, "It's from Jim."

Eileen laughed. "I thought you said he could paint."

Margie said: "But it's clever, Eileen, it's terribly clever."

Eileen said, "Do you mean to tell me anyone buys things like that?"

Margie said earnestly, "Not yet, but everyone says Jim will really succeed one day."

Eileen laughed, a superior laugh. "I suppose he told you that himself. Don't you believe it, darling. Why, you wouldn't even know they were supposed to be hyacinths. If this is modern art, preserve me!"

Please turn to Page 42

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What Women Are Doing

Honor For Guider

MRS. WINSTON THIRKELL, who is Southern Commissioner of Girl Guides in Tasmania, received a great and quite unexpected honor last week. She was awarded a very special medal from Imperial Headquarters—a merit medal as recognition for her services to Tasmanian Guides.

The presentation was made by the Governor of Tasmania (Sir Ernest Clark).

Mrs. Thirkell has worked among the Guides for fourteen years, and has devoted wholehearted enthusiasm to the service.

She is immensely popular among the girls, and her quiet efficiency and charm of personality are widely admired and respected.

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Resignation Not Accepted

AFTER an association of thirty-five years with the Melbourne Ladies' Benevolent Society, it is not to be wondered at that Mrs. Woinarski's resignation should not be accepted by the president (Mrs. W. J. Spence) and committee, for she has endeared herself to all during that time.

Until Mrs. Woinarski is well enough to again undertake her secretarial duties she will be relieved by Mrs. P. Martin. Mrs. Martin has been a member of the society since 1910, and assistant secretary since 1921.

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Tasmanian Women Bowlers Hope to Form State Association

MRS. W. L. GARRETT, president of the Sandy Bay Women's Bowling Club, Tasmania, is desirous of forming a Tasmanian Association, and has the warm support and backing of other women bowlers in the State.

There are already three women's clubs in the State—Buckingham, the first to be inaugurated in Tasmania, with Mrs. H. Field Marsh as president; Sandy Bay, with Mrs. Garrett at the helm; and Franklin, formed last year, with Miss Griggs in the presidential chair.

There is also talk of forming a club at New Norfolk.

At present negotiations with Victoria are taking place, for when the Tasmanian Association is formed, affiliation with the Australian Women's Bowls Council will automatically follow.

One reason why the Tasmanian clubs are so anxious to be formed into a State Association is to permit Tasmanian women to compete in the Centenary carnival which will take place in Adelaide in November.

Tasmanian women bowlers have still a long way to go, for at present they possess no green of their own. They are allowed to play for only a few hours in the afternoon on week days, and are debarred from play on Saturdays and holidays. And, of course, they have no real status.

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Queensland Y.W.C.A. Holds Fete in Attractive Setting

ENTHUSIASTIC support has been given the organisers of the Young Women's Christian Association fete in Brisbane this Friday.

Mrs. Foster
—Murray Coldwyn.

Mrs. J. W. C. Wand has lent the grounds of Bishopsbourne for the event, and since November last, when a meeting was called by Lady Wilson, everyone has been working hard for the success of the effort, which will benefit the general funds of the association.

Mrs. H. H. Bonney even neglected her flying hours to make a success of the needlework stall, and put many fine stitches into exquisite work. She has been assisted by Mrs. F. R. Ryder, who showed equal enthusiasm.

Miss Freda Bage, of the Women's College, was also among the host of willing helpers.

A fete cannot be organised without a secretary, and that hard job fell to Mrs. J. R. Foster. Her work was lessened, however, by able assistance from that veteran worker, Mr. F. C. Lea, who was treasurer.

Miss Dorothy Rae, general secretary of the Y.W.C.A., seemed to work for everybody.

Three Thousand Mothers Attend Rally

REPRESENTATIVES of the thirty-seven mothers' clubs of Adelaide and country schools swelled the numbers of the Mothers' Clubs Association Rally in Adelaide last Thursday to 3000 strong.

Every club sent its greetings and banner to the Exhibition Building, where the meeting was addressed by Lady Dugan, who was there not only in a Vice-Regal capacity, but also as a member of the Moonta branch. Membership of this branch was conferred upon her during her visit to that town. As this is the Centenary year of South Australia, special Centenary features were in evidence, including Centenary community songs, written by members.

Composed Music for South Australian Centenary Pageant

MISS MIRIAM HYDE, the talented Adelaide musician and composer of the music for the pageant in connection with the Women's Centenary Council, always seems to have inspiration for musical compositions. She actually wrote the first ideas she had for the pageant music in the tramcar on her way home after discussing the theme with the pageant's organiser, Miss Heather Gell.

Miss Hyde

Miss Hyde, who recently gave her first recital in Adelaide since her return from abroad, wrote "The Adelaide Overture," which is to open the pageant, while in London. It is triumphant in tone, and supplies the theme for the whole of the pageant music. The themes of "Waltzing Matilda," "Oranges and Lemons," and other well-known songs are introduced.

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Victorian Catholic Guild's New President

MRS. E. McDONALD was elected president of the Catholic Women's Social Guild, Melbourne, at the guild's 20th annual conference, at which Archbishop Mannix presided.

Mrs. McDonald is keenly interested in the work, and is not new to it, for she has occupied the president's chair before.

She will still carry on the secretarial work of the Loretto Free Kindergarten, which post she has held for the last two years.

Mrs. McDonald was also on the women's executive during the Melbourne Centenary.

Brings Australia New Ideas On Dancing

MISS NORA STEWART, well-known Adelaide dancing teacher, has just returned from her seventh trip to London, each one made with the same object, that of gaining a further knowledge of her work and new ideas in connection with it. The classical ballet which is becoming increasingly popular in London particularly interested Miss Stewart, and she studied this with Miss Margaret Praske and Miss Ryan, two prominent teachers there.

Tap dancing with Joan Davis was another study, and Miss Stewart spent some time at the fascinating Margaret Morris School, where she has worked on her previous visits. She was interested in the German dancing methods she saw demonstrated while in Paris.

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Adjudicator of One-act Plays

MRS. MARGARET CURRAN had a busy and interesting time when she adjudicated the one-act plays at the Queensland Eisteddfod, held in Toowoomba.

Mrs. Curran

She should be qualified to judge plays, as she herself has both produced and written one-act plays, and at present is converting published short stories into plays.

Mrs. Curran lives in Toowoomba, and produced for the Toowoomba Repertory Society "Blue Monday" as a curtain-raiser to Noel Coward's "Hay Fever."

Six years ago she published a book of verse called "The Wind Blows High and Low." One of Mrs. Curran's poems was chosen for the recent Eisteddfod as a test piece.

Famous Australian Ballet Mistress

MISS JENNIE BRENNAN, affectionately known to the Australian theatrical profession as "dear old Jennie," is organiser for the British Royal Academy of Dancing in Victoria, South Australia, West Australia, and Tasmania.

When she was Williamson's ballet mistress, Miss Brennan was responsible for the training of those ballets which were described by overseas visitors as "the best in the world." Her star pupils included Ivy Schilling, Vera Pearce, Maggie Dickinson, and Madge Elliott. She still conducts her dancing academy in Melbourne.

Miss Brennan recently returned from a trip to London, where she renewed her friendship with Genee, and was presented by the famous dancer with a novel gift—a patch box, once owned by a lady of the Danish Court.

Genee and Jennie both studied under the former's uncle, and are great pals.

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Animal Welfare Worker Will Study New Methods Abroad

PIONEER of animal welfare in Australia, Mrs. C. Lort Smith left for an extensive tour abroad last week.

Mrs. Lort Smith was the founder of the Animal Welfare League Hospital, Melbourne, the first hospital of its kind in Australia, and has been its honorary director ever since. It treats 1000 sick animals a month. The League has just completed a new building costing £8300.

Mrs. C. Lort Smith
—Jack Cato photo.

During her trip she will visit animal hospitals and welfare organisations, and will confer with scientists, pathologists, and bacteriologists at the Pasteur Institute and other centres.

She is a Justice of Peace and advocates the maximum penalty for offenders in animal cruelty cases. Before she sailed she conferred with Members of Parliament on the possibility of improving legislation for treatment of animals.

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A Seaside Bungalow For Needy Children

A PROJECT members of the Melbourne Band of Hope and Young People's Mission have much at heart is the establishment of a seaside bungalow for needy children. A bungalow has already been donated, and now the committee is endeavoring to secure a block of land and suitable furnishings for the cottage.

Has Interesting Teaching Post In Ceylon

AS senior classic mistress at Trinity College, Kandy, Miss Valesca Reimann, of Adelaide, teaches a class of Tamils, Dutch burghers, and Cingalese, all about twenty years of age. Miss Reimann has taught at Trinity College for fifteen years.

She was appointed to Ceylon after graduating as Master of Arts at Adelaide University.

Miss Reimann has spent her furlough, which she has every five years, in Adelaide with her family, and in Melbourne, and returns this month to continue her work in Kandy.

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English Visitor Interested in Women's Work

LADY CRANWORTH, who with Lord Cranworth and their daughter, the Hon. Judith Gurdon, is visiting Australia from England, is much interested in the Women's Institutes in England. She spends a good deal of her time working on their behalf.

She is also interested in women in politics, though she takes no active part.

One of Lady Cranworth's chief hobbies is gardening, and she is justly proud of the beautiful garden at her home at Grundisburgh, Suffolk, where a close neighbor is Lord Stradbroke, a former Governor of Victoria.

Grundisburgh is also the home of Lord and Lady Huntingfield, with whom the visitors will stay while in Victoria.

The Hon. Judith Gurdon also likes country life, and does a lot of hunting, shooting and fishing. She hunts with the Essex and Suffolk and with the Easton Harriers, of which she is a committee member.

She enjoyed the fishing in New Zealand, visited by the travellers before coming to Australia, which they are now seeing for the first time.

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Ambulance Worker Receives Honor Conferred by the King

MISS VIOLET WATSON, of Adelaide, has been appointed an Honorary Serving Sister of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, an honor conferred upon her by the King after recommendation for services with the South Australian St. John Ambulance.

Miss Watson

She was invested with this honor by Colonel Sleeman, Chief Commissioner of the St. John Ambulance, who is visiting Australia.

Miss Watson has served in this purely voluntary work since 1915, when she was superintendent of the nursing division of the brigade, in charge of the nurses who work in the casualty rooms at all public functions.

In 1933 she was made a lady corps officer, and is also a commandant of the No. 400 Voluntary Aid Detachment.

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Two Women Lawyers Admitted To South Australian Bar

PRACTICING women lawyers in Adelaide gathered in force on Monday to honor two newcomers to their ranks, Miss Gladys Matthews and Miss Jean Wilson, who that morning had been admitted to the Bar. Both new barristers passed their final law exams. last December.

Miss Matthews will leave for England this month.

Also bound for London is another young Adelaide lawyer, Miss Rosemary Alexander, who will travel on a cargo boat sailing in June.

IN *and* OUT *of* SOCIETY - - By WEP

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Who will do this on MOTHER'S DAY?

SUNDAY MAY 10TH

10th May 1936.

Dearest Mother,
To-day is Mother's Day
- your own special day. You
have always been such a darling,
you know, but I cannot find words
to express what I feel -
Instead I am sending you this
Mother's Day Gift Box of Colgates
Cashmere Bouquet, because I know
that its sweet old-fashioned
fragrance - which generations of
mothers have loved - will convey
my feelings better than words.
That you may enjoy many
more Mother's Days is the wish of
your loving daughter
Janet.

P.S. Isn't the Cashmere Bouquet
Gift Box a lovely idea!

Ask to see Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet Mother's Day Gift Boxes at any chemist or store. They cost surprisingly little.

7.336

THEY LIVED *Happily* *Ever* AFTERWARDS

Real Life Romances Prove Truth Stranger Than Fiction

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London

Unhappy marriages and their subsequent divorce actions are the talk of every tea-party. So much so that happiness in matrimony is being regarded as the exception rather than the rule.

Yet thousands of couples live happily ever after, and very often only death itself reveals the romances of their lives.

THE deaths in London recently of several well-known people have brought to light their lifelong love stories. When Mrs. Charlotte Mansfield, poetess, explorer, and authoress, lay dying, she dictated a love-letter to the husband, to whom she had been married for 27 years. It is a very moving document, and covers many closely-written pages.

She wrote: **"I wanted to write you a letter full of thanks for all your love and kindness, but I feel I have left it too late. I appreciate your day and night attention and devotion. It proves that we have been greater pals than most married people. I cannot say all these things as emotion is so bad for me, but I should like everyone to know that such love is wonderful and everlasting. I want everyone to know how I appreciate you."**

The husband, to whom the letter was addressed, Lieut.-Colonel W. R. Mansfield, says that his wife was a wonderful woman, brave, generous, and kind.

Woman's Influence

AN ex-pit boy who became a Member of Parliament, Mr. William ("Wullie") Adamson, died recently in a nursing home at Dunfermline, in Scotland. He lost his wife ten months ago. From that moment his friends noticed a great change in him. He seemed to lose interest in life. He became taciturn and solitary instead of genial and fond of company, qualities which endeared him to the House of Commons.

"No man can succeed in his career unless he has the influence of a good woman behind him," he said at the time of Mrs. Adamson's death. "Since I was married, 48 years ago, my wife was my inspiration, although during the last 20 years she was a semi-invalid. She sacrificed many comforts of home life for the sake of my career. Life can never be the same again."

The same view is held by Dr. W. R. Geikie-Cobb, rector of Bishopsgate, who, though his own marriage was ideal, is the great clerical champion of divorce reform. His wife died the other day, and he says she was "the noblest woman and sweetest wife."

She acted for years as his secretary. She was always amiable and smiling, wonderful assets in a parson's wife, and she seemed as sprightly and active in old age as she had been in her youth, a testimony to her domestic happiness.

In the will of Mr. Charles Beaumont Burlton, of Putney, he writes: "My indebtedness to my wife for what she has been to me throughout my married life is inexpressible. To her loving care, advice, and sympathy I owe my good health and longevity (he lived to be 84), and much of my happiness. It is I consider but right that she should have the enjoyment of my permanent income during her life, while I am sure her children will gladly wait and take their turn afterwards."

Mrs. Burlton, who is 68, was married in India when she was 19. She looks years younger, and she ascribes her happiness in marriage to the spirit of give and take which was the keynote of their home life.

"I think modern marriages fail first because each partner wants exactly his or her own way, and secondly because people to-day enter into marriage far more carelessly than they did 50 years ago."

MISS *1937* MUST BE *Exotic!*

From Our New York Correspondent

The beauty of 1937 must be exotic!

Twelve thousand beauty-shop owners and hairdressers, after solemn conference in New York, have decreed it.

REPRESENTING 42,000 of such shops, they met to choose a "Miss 1937," to whom their customers will next year be urged to conform.

Every spring these experts pick a beauty to typify the standard to be set for the coming year, and this year they chose Miss Ruth Coleman, a professional model, of Greenwich, Connecticut.

When Miss Coleman was informed that she was of the exotic type she was shocked.

"Gosh," she exclaimed. "They must mean exotic in face, not nature. I certainly don't sit around and languish and smoke myself to death."

To be really fashionable Miss 1937 must conform to Miss Coleman's measurements:—

Height	5ft. 4in.	Waist	25in.
Hips	35in.	Bust	34in.
Weight	7st. 8lb.		

Miss Coleman's features are described as a mixture of those of Miss Myrna Loy and Miss Marlene Dietrich. Even if you haven't Miss Coleman's languorous blue eyes, you must have reddish-blonde hair.

Illuminated hair was among the innovations demonstrated at this conference of beauty experts. Its inventor revealed how, without the use of radium, hair could be treated to "throw off its own light."

INDIGESTION

Every sufferer from Indigestion, Gastritis, Dyspepsia or other Stomach Disorders wants three things, and wants them quickly.

★ **Firstly**, he wants immediate relief from his pain, feeling of fulness, palpitation or flatulence.

¶ **Secondly**, he knows that unless his inflamed or weakened stomach is protected from the hot, burning acid continually poured out, he will only have the pains come back again.

§ **Thirdly**, he wants help for his weak stomach to digest the food he must take.

All these requirements have been carefully provided for in De Witt's Antacid Powder. It contains nine ingredients, specially chosen for their known and tried value in all forms of indigestion. We appreciate the complicated nature of stomach complaints, and it is only by a combination of all the required ingredients that this perfect stomach powder has been invented. Read how, and why, it proves so successful in all cases of stomach trouble.

★ On entering the stomach De Witt's Antacid Powder **firstly** neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. Flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being. Heartburn and palpitation disappear as if by magic.

¶ **Secondly**, the valuable Colloidal Kaolin ingredient coats the stomach walls, and whilst protecting the inflammation or ulcers from the burning acids, allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

§ **Thirdly**, another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.

Finally, by persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder, the system gets regulated and healthy so that the stomach can digest your food, and medicine is no longer required.

Every Sufferer Knows This to be True.

So every day that you put off getting a supply of De WITT'S Antacid Powder means another day of unnecessary suffering for you.

We urge you not to neglect those early symptoms of heartburn, palpitation or flatulence. Such "slight" symptoms, neglected, put a severe strain on the stomach tissues, and may lead to the severe forms of indigestion—dyspepsia, gastritis or even ulcerated stomach or duodenum.

A few doses of De Witt's Antacid Powder will have almost immediate effect in relieving excess acidity. Even the more severe cases of dyspepsia and gastritis will benefit. Being more severe types, they will naturally require somewhat longer treatment. But even these will disappear, and health will return if you will only persevere with the treatment. It costs 2/6

DeWITT'S ANTACID POWDER

THE NEW
DULL SILK STOCKINGS
ONLY 1/6 PAIR
SPECIAL SUSPENDER TOP

We deal direct from Mill to wearer, and are anxious to introduce our New "Lecil" Dull Silk Stockings into every home in Australia. These stockings have a special suspender top and panel heel, and look and wear as well as stockings costing up to three times the price.

We defy you to get better value anywhere.

All the latest shades and sizes available for immediate delivery.

Special Introductory prices—

1 pair 1/6, post free
3 pairs 4/3, post free
6 " 8/- " "

If dissatisfied we will Refund your money in full upon you returning the stockings in the same condition as received within 3 days after receipt of parcel.

FREE

There is no more acceptable or useful Gift for mother, wife, daughter, sister or sweetheart than a pair of the new "Lecil" Dull Silk Stockings. Those customers desirous of making such presentations will be supplied Free of cost with special printed gift envelopes upon request.

Tell your friends about this remarkable offer and send your order to-day—Now—while you think of it. State sizes and colours required and enclose postal note. We guarantee despatch by return mail. Address:

William G. Cody & Co. Limited
19 Bligh Street, Sydney
G.P.O. Box 1443 JJ.

ASTROLOGY

Will I always be unlucky?
When will my conditions improve?
What is my Lottery luck?
Will I realise my ambitions?
What are my future prospects?
All questions answered and Full Astrological Reading for 2/6. Send P.N. birthdate, stamped addressed envelope A. Moore, Box 2127R, G.P.O., Sydney.

Getting Up Nights

If you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Rheumatism, Dizziness, Headaches, Lost Vigour, Burning, Smarting, Acidity, Kidney or Bladder troubles, get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Siss-tex). Must end troubles in 8 days or money back. At chemists.

THE MOVIE WORLD

May 9, 1936. The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement Page 29

CALLING *Australia!*

Hollywood News As It Happens

From JOHN B. DAVIES

By SPECIAL CABLE
from Hollywood

Mae Can't Escape

MAE WEST seems fated to remain in close contact with Paramount. Following her break with this organisation, the news is now announced that the Paramount big chiefs are negotiating with Emanuel Cohen to tie the latter up for a period of three years, during which period he is to produce eight pictures annually.

The point, so far as Mae is concerned, is that the famous blonde is under contract to Cohen for two pictures. So that, if he finalises his deal, Mae will be back in the Paramount fold.

Mae's first picture under Cohen's wing will probably be "Personal Appearance."

William S. Hart Cashes In

BILL S. HART'S action against United Artists has been crowned with success. Success to the tune of 85,000 dollars. You'll remember he sued United Artists claiming damages for their alleged failure properly to exploit his final picture, "Tumbleweed." Other grounds were also stated.

Well, Bill has won, and unless United Artists appeal against the court's decision they'll have to come to light with the above-mentioned sum, with which, no doubt, the steely-eyed old-timer will improve the ranch on which he is spending his declining years.

Wells Clicks

THE premiere of H. G. Wells's "Things to Come," at the Rivoli Theatre, New York, was a social and screen sensation. Representatives of this city's most exclusive sets attended the opening, vieing with movie celebrities in the richness of their frocking.

The picture has set the critics hunting through their dictionaries for new adjectives. The reviews are the most enthusiastic that have appeared about any film for a very long time. Picture-reviewers are hailing the show as stimulating, inspiring, and original.

Dramatic publicity has been a feature of the film. Airmen in strange accoutrements are parading Broadway, and even above the noise of New York's night traffic can be heard the droning of illuminated planes advertising the picture.

JEAN MUIR—A Promising Warner Starlet

Garbo Located

AT last comes definite news of Garbo! Stockholm now advises that the star left Sweden on April 23 for New York.

My information is that she is aboard the motorship Grirsholm, travelling quietly, and adhering to her expressed resolution not to return to America on a luxury liner.

What will happen when the Grirsholm berths will be nobody's busines. Garbo's mysteriousness has got her so much publicity that not only every paper in New York, but half the publications in the States will have reporters and camera men there to meet her. And Greta will still pretend not to like it!

Accident Dramatised

THE Moose River Mine cave-in is to be made the subject of a film. This dramatic accident furnishes the motive for a scenario which writers have now nearly completed.

While the more spectacular aspects of the cave-in will furnish a good number of the picture's thrills, a good deal of footage has been given to the rescue work that took place after the accident happened.

Full details of the production are not yet available, but those directly associated with it are optimistic about the picture's entertainment value. But then, what film executive isn't optimistic about any picture—in public, at any rate?

Ann Goes Now

THE latest star to fall for the baits temptingly displayed by English studios is Ann Harding, who is now deserting Hollywood—temporarily, at least, for London.

Ann has contracted to make two pictures for Capitol Films, and there is a possibility that other work on the little old island will follow if these first two strike the right note with the studio executives.

"I'm glad to have the chance of a change," Ann told me. "England, I'm told, is quite different to Hollywood, not only in methods of work, but in atmosphere."

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LADY LUCK HELPS Make A STAR

Big Moments in Films Not Always Planned

By JEANNETTE MacMAHON

WHEN you've been to the movies, enjoyed your favorite star in a happy story, and come out raving about some particular sequence in the film which you, along with two thousand others, enjoyed more than any other . . . don't place full credit on the histrionic ability of the actor, nor the brilliance of the director. Attribute it to Lady Luck!

The element of luck still makes its presence felt in nearly every big motion picture, despite the fact that talkies have now reached the pinnacle of technical perfection. So much so that I'm going to say, with every degree of confidence, that . . .

ALMOST every great scene is an accident!

Practically every one of those sublime moments on the screen that burn themselves into your memory are really the haphazard result of chance. Sometimes the scene is tragic, sometimes comic, sometimes poignant . . but nearly every thespian will tell you that they are generally the phenomena of mischance.

And, by the same token, most every actor or actress will also tell you that the trick of luck has done much to influence their careers. In every picture they have made, there is always a highlight which instils itself into the memory, and, for that reason, always remains with the picture-goer longer than any other part in the film.

Let's test out this accident theory . . . and to do so, we'll choose that unforgettable offering, "One Night of Love," a production so crammed with highlights that it is almost impossible for me to make a personal selection.

However, Grace Moore told me that there are two scenes in the film which struck her as being outstanding, and which seemed to be most popular with those millions who saw the film in every country in the world where it has been released. The sequences that were lifted out of the ruck by critics and fans alike are the "breathing exercise" bit with Tullio Carminati, and the "Madame Butterfly" grand opera scene that was the picture's final shot.

"That exercise in which Mr Carminati piled books on my chest, and told me to breathe deeply, is actually the culmination of all my own resentment and disdain stored up during the years I was forced to accept the old ideas of vocal training," she says.

Exercises

"DO you know that I once was made to push a heavy piano round a room to improve my diaphragm control? Somehow, I knew an audience would find high amusement in some of those fantastic and antediluvian notions concerning the development of lung power. I selected the exercise in which, lying on the floor, I was weighted down with heavy books and told to breathe deeply, because I felt that this one flash would be sufficient to establish the ridiculousness of the whole thing."

And there you have it. A great scene is achieved simply because a star nurses an old grudge against some crusty singing teacher who wasted her time, not to mention energy, on some strenuous exercise.

The great singing star also told me that it was herself who chose "Madame Butterfly" as the grand finale to the picture.

Not because of the availability of picturesque background shots, but for the most human reason that it was in "Butterfly" that Grace Moore made her first personal singing success. She wanted that opera because she felt it was a lucky one, and that she might repeat her first triumph, and thus win the screen victory that failed to materialise in earlier pictures. Her success in that sequence is now, of course, common knowledge.

Claudette's Suicide

DEATH scenes, any actor will tell you, are the most difficult chore of all for screen players. It seems almost impossible to make these scenes look convincing without risking "the bird" from a hypercritical audience. That is why the veteran performer always side-steps them if possible.

But there was no avoiding the death-scene for Claudette Colbert in "Cleopatra." History is history, and the Siren of the Nile who selected an ugly little asp as her way out must do it again for screen authenticity.

Strangely enough, Claudette's suicide scene has been showered with verbal honors from most every film-reviewer who witnessed it.

"That amazing look of repressed terror as she grasped the asp was almost too realistic," wrote one critic. "The best scene of its kind ever filmed!" said another.

Unearthly Terror

AND because I happened to be on the set at the particular time when this shot was filmed, I can tell you without fear of contradiction that it was no brilliant acting on Claudette's part.

Claudette loathes snakes! She'd run a mile from one. And she'd been dreading this particular scene for some time before it came along. When the live and wriggling little snake (venom extracted, of course) was brought on to the set, she wouldn't even look at the container. But when the time came for the cameras to take the scene, and the lights went on, the brave Queen plunged her hand into the basket for the asp.

And because the cameras were whirring, and because she is a seasoned trouper, Claudette did not let out the scream that choked her. She might well have, but there is the lucky break—she held on to that cold bit of horror and pressed it to her breast, and the camera caught that superb flash of unearthly terror that passed across her eyes. And so another great scene was added to Hollywood's credit side of the ledger.

Probably the comedy scenes that rise into the stratosphere of fame are the greatest "accidents" of all.

Amusement

REMEMBER "The Thin Man," and that riotous bit of business that had Bill Powell lying on a divan shooting ornaments off a Christmas tree with a tiny shot gun!

"Just the result of a wet afternoon and a bet," Powell explained the medley of chance that motivated this bit of comedy into prominence. "That Christmas tree had been a prop on the set for more than a week, and I was tired of looking at it. Then there came an afternoon when things went slowly and I was forced to amuse myself. And that's how I did it.

"Soon, my idea turned into a heated contest with the rest of the players, with bets being placed on the marksmanship of a talented few."

And so the director, Woody van Dyke, decided to put the "popping" business into the picture, so great was the merriment it provoked. And if that isn't luck, then I'd like to know what is!

Continued on Page 36

BETTE DAVIS, whose reputation as a dramatic actress received terrific impetus by a scene in "Of Human Bondage." But would she have done so well but for an obscure newspaper par?

GARY COOPER, hero of "Bengal Lancer," who could not have registered so nearly so well in the torture scene if, quite unplanned by the make-up man, his made-up nails had not been torturing him.

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★ DIVORCE in HOLLYWOOD

Many Reasons for Smashed Romances

By MARY OLIVIER

"HE borrowed money from my mother!"
"She used to eat biscuits in bed!"
"He called me a rotten actress!"
Such are some of the reasons recently given by Hollywood's famous when petitioning for divorce.

There is yet another couple who have been fighting out their quarrel for twelve years. At last they have come to a satisfactory agreement over their children and have separated quite amicably.

★

Adolphe Menjou, once typed as a suave Lothario, has had his real life romances, with divorce as a necessary ingredient.

MARLENE DIETRICH, who says: "Marriage doesn't stand a chance in Hollywood." Rumor has even threatened her home.

ONE OF THE CAUSES OF DIVORCE. How would any man like to see his wife swooning against a good-looking man. Although Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray are only doing this scene for the public's benefit, a jealous husband or wife mightn't feel reasonable about it.

TO the man in the street it would appear that nowhere else in the world are marriages performed and divorces obtained more rapidly than in the American film colony.

For years the world has sat back, rolled eyes, and raised hands in horror at the stars' apparent indifference to their wedding vows. Hollywood reports an average of three divorces per week. The most fashionable place at the moment is Yuma, Arizona—just over the Californian border.

As one star aptly puts it, marriage in Hollywood is a bat and ball game. Over the border is out—out of the bonds of matrimony and into the mesh of alimony. Some husbands are paying alimony to no fewer than three or four wives at the same time.

For the most part Hollywood divorces are due to incompatibility of temperament. Stars, working as they do, at high pressure, do not find the peace and contentment in domestic life that comes to the average person. So great are the demands upon them that husbands and wives must sacrifice much of the enjoyment of normal married life in the furtherance of their careers.

Jealousy

THEY must be made love to by other men and women—thus making their partners jealous. One Hollywood husband, who is a non-professional, watching his famous wife at work in a picture, considered the leading man's kisses too passionate to be make-believe. He suited his thought to action, punched the fellow on the nose, and smashed up a few sticks of studio furniture before dragging his wife off the set by the hair. Upon returning home the fight was resumed, with three results—two black eyes and a divorce.

Long hours at the studio prevent husbands and wives from spending much time in each other's company. So much so that quite often one is at home when the other is working, and vice versa. A well-known Hollywood star confessed to not having sat down to have a meal with her husband for three months.

"When I came home late from the studio," she said, "he was in bed and asleep. When I awoke in the morning he had already left for the studio." And so it went on.

The flattery and attention from other women and men promote jealousy between husband and wife, and these, allied with the number of other little domestic troubles that just will come cropping up, are more often than not responsible for a great number of Hollywood divorces.

A case in point is that of Johnny Weissmuller, unspoiled swimming champion when he came to Hollywood to play "Tarzan," and happily married to New York dancer Bobbe Arnst.

Hollywood lasses were soon throwing themselves at Johnny, and it was not long before Bobbe secured her divorce.

"I'm still in love with Johnny," said Bobbe, after the separation, "but I couldn't go on with it any longer. It was just like sending your country cousin to a pickpockets' convention to shove him into the company of the sharp-shooting women you find in Hollywood.

"These Hollywood beauties are practised. They are as quick to get into action as a fire brigade. They see a man coming up the steps, and he hasn't time to ring the front door bell before they have pasted on a long pair of phoney silken eyelashes, shellacked their eyelids, and stoked up their perfume.

"It was all real to Johnny. He couldn't see through their make-ups, so how could he be expected to see through their conversation? They hung upon him and told him how wonderful he was. He just rolled his eyes once, and Hollywood had him. He was putting coconut oil on his hair and straightening his eyebrows before you knew it."

Lupe Velez was the lady who eventually led the handsome athlete to the altar — and they have been living scrappily ever since.

No Swedish

JUST the same, there are plenty of other reasons for severing the bonds of matrimony, and some of them will certainly make you smile—if you don't laugh outright.

For instance, take the case of Nils Asther and Vivian Duncan. They separated because Nils, who is Swedish, spoke in his native tongue to his mother, and Vivian was sore because she could not get in on the conversation. I can readily understand her piqued attitude.

Then there was the example of Helen Costello and the late Lowell Sherman. She called him a ham actor—he, the great Lowell Sherman, director and artist! No wonder he sued her for divorce. But Helen was not having anything put over on her. She sued him back. The reason? She feared for her life.

A well-known character, William S. Davidson, demanded his freedom because his wife ridiculed his profession.

And Clara Brand sued her husband, Hyman Brand, a studio executive, because he spent too many nights out? Don't they all?

Gladys Frazin was another wife who did not like the wanderings of her husband. Her reason for wanting a divorce from comedian-director Monte Banks was because of his chronic disappearances.

A wife who refused to stay at home was Jeanne Kent, so hubby Robert Armstrong thought he'd deprive her of that home.

At a big dinner where many celebrities were present, Busby Berkeley, the well-known dance director, got mad at his wife and tore her dress off. So she told it to the Judge—and he was most sympathetic. Busby is still married — to somebody else.

Temperament

LIKE so many other actors Tim McCoy "went Hollywood." But his wife wouldn't stand for it. Neither would Bert Roach allow his spouse the privilege of throwing objects at him. Bert values his manly beauty too much.

Jealousy, particularly, was shown in the case of Maurice Chevalier and his wife, Yvonne Vallee. She just couldn't stand for the adoration by other women of her famous husband. Particularly when she, who had once been the toast of Paris as a dancer, had to take a remotely rear seat.

Janet Gaynor's charge against her ex-husband, Lydell Peck, was that of jealousy and suspicion. She said that never, at any time, did he display any consideration for her feelings.

Clashing of temperament, which is another Hollywood definition for temper, was responsible for Lew Ayres' break with Lola Lane. Squabbles about money and the demands made by their careers did not help them to happiness. Lew has since married Ginger Rogers.

They Fought

WHEN Ann Harding and Harry Bannister separated four years ago, they made a public announcement that they were taking the step in order to preserve their love and happiness. Harry was afraid of losing his identity and of becoming known as Ann Harding's husband. They are still good friends, and deny any intention of remarrying.

Dorothy Mackaill was happily married to Neil Miller (having formerly been divorced from director Lothar Mendes). Then Dorothy brought her mother to live with her. Neil objected; fights followed, and soon they, too, were going their separate ways.

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London On the Air

DUCAL Audience Sees "Tudor Rose"

Aristocracy Turns Out In Force for Premiere

From JUDY BAILEY, Our Special Correspondent in London

By BEAM WIRELESS

LONDON, Sunday.

ARISTOCRATIC London turned out in force on Thursday last for the premiere of Gaumont-British's "Tudor Rose."

The reason which brought about this unprecedented gathering, in a picture theatre, of historic names and titles was not altogether a question of entertainment. Curiosity regarding the treatment meted out to illustrious ancestors also played its part.

Seeing Ancestors

"TUDOR ROSE" has for its central figure that unhappy Lady Jane Grey, who was beheaded after Warwick had placed her on the English throne.

The present Earl of Warwick was the most prominent figure at the premiere of this screen recreation of Lady Jane's story. He, and others of the distinguished audience, saw the modern interpretation of those long-gone events, and had the doubtful pleasure of watching the re-enaction of his great ancestor's part in them.

Although this in itself was piquant enough, further interest attached to Warwick's presence at the screening by reason of the probability that he will himself take up film work. Mervyn Le Roy, ace director for Warner Brothers, has approached the Earl and offered him £10,000 a year for three years to act before the cameras. This offer is only contingent on screen tests revealing Warwick as a potential star, so that next week will see the holder of one of the oldest and proudest titles in England "going through the hoops" at Teddington, make-up on face, and registering all the emotions known to man.

Other descendants of the major figures who played their parts in Lady Grey's Royal tragedy were well to the fore in this first-night audience. The Duke and Duchess of Somerset, with their son, Lord Seymour, made an entrance just before the lights went out. They also are descended in the direct line from the great Warwick.

Other Nobles

SUCH an occasion could not have been complete without the Tower of London being represented. Lord Milne, the present Constable, sat and witnessed, on the screen, scenes enacted in real life hundreds of years ago against a background which is as familiar to him as the backyard is to any suburban householder. Although beheadings are no longer popular, the Tower, of which Lord Milne is custodian, has not changed.

Others who witnessed the picture were the Duchess of Grafton, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and the Duke of Sutherland—all indirectly connected with the noble Tudor lines which figure in the story.

In this gathering of ducal state, Nova Pilbeam, the star of the film, was an outstanding figure—outstanding if only on account of her costume. She wore the ceremonial dress made for her use in the picture, and this note in the modernly-dressed gathering was most attractive and spectacular.

Slightly dimmed by the aristocratic glamor of the audience, the other film-stars were, nevertheless, well to the fore. John Loder, Boris Karloff, Monty Banks, and Fairbanks were among the actors who attended. Although, for once, interest was not centred in them, they did not fail to benefit by the reflected glory of the real lions of the evening.

Dietrich—Donat?

ENGLISH film circles have been electrified by the news that Marlene Dietrich and Robert Donat have been teamed for a forthcoming Korda production, probably "Night in Armour."

While Korda will neither confirm nor deny, it is understood that the negotiations to bring the glamorous Marlene to English studios are now virtually finalised.

★

Women's Weekly Prize-Winner

GWEN MUNRO, as she is now—a finished product of Hollywood grooming and training.

WHAT USERS SAY ABOUT

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the famous money-saving remedy for

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COLDS

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INFLUENZA

MISS EILY NORTHE

(late of Eunice Weston School, Melbourne) now Danseuse and Ballet Mistress of the Imperial Ballroom School, 162 King Street, Sydney, writes: "On several occasions I have contracted colds due to dancing in draughty halls and rehearsal rooms, but, fortunately, your Heenzo has always proved a sure and speedy remedy. Like so many others, whose professions demand a freedom from coughs and colds, I consider Heenzo an absolute necessity."

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HEENZO SHOULD BE USED IN EVERY HOME

GWEN MUNRO MADE Most of Her CHANCE

Women's Weekly Prizewinner Transformed By Hollywood

When Miss Gwen Munro was chosen as Australian winner of the Paramount "Search For Beauty" Contest, conducted through the columns of The Australian Women's Weekly, she left Melbourne for Hollywood a fresh, well-built, sporting type of Australian girl.

But in giving her this golden opportunity, The Australian Women's Weekly contest also gave her a chance to attain something that Hollywood alone can give—glamor! And Gwen, being an intelligent girl, made the most of this chance.

IT is all very well to be a beautiful Australian girl with a natural aptitude for acting, but that does not get you so very far along the difficult trail that leads to screen fame.

The experience of Hollywood has meant all the difference to Gwen Munro, and Gwen is the first to admit it.

Studying a recent portrait of Gwen Munro, one is staggered at the change Hollywood has made to her. Her once rounded figure, through careful dieting and exercises, is now extremely slender and graceful, enabling her to wear her clothes with the chic of the French or American woman. Her face now shows the delicate moulding of the bone formation, and has attained the intriguing contours of Dietrich. Her bronze hair is dressed to show a lovely forehead, and the eyebrows shaped to set off the beauty of her large hazel eyes.

Her mouth, full and mobile, is stressed by careful make-up.

The experience of working in a Hollywood film with famous stars, and constantly meeting interesting and talented people, has added something of equal importance—poise! The excellent training of a year's hard work, travelling with a stock company through California, and appearing at the famous Pasadena Community Playhouse, has provided two more important attributes—confidence and experience.

Now Starred

THIS was recently supplemented by a season in Melbourne, and a tour of New Zealand with the J. C. Williamson "Wind and the Rain" Company.

Now, equipped with everything that makes for stardom, Gwen Munro has been chosen by Cinesound Productions Ltd. to play the leading role in their new film, "Wilderness Orphan," written by another famous young Australian, Dorothy Cottrell.

This picture, which will go into production immediately, is under the direction of Ken G. Hall.

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DRAMA OF AMERICAN CIVIL WAR

"THE PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND" gives Warner Baxter an opportunity to show what he can make of a strongly dramatic part. With him in the cast are our old friend Harry Carey (top left), Gloria Stuart, and Claude Gillingwater. The last-mentioned is the gentleman with the fierce look and the moustaches.

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HERE'S *Hot News* from All the STUDIOS!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, BARBARA BOURCHIER, and JUDY BAILEY
Our New York, Hollywood and London Representatives

WENT down to the Los Angeles Bus Depot with Mona Barrie, her sister Joan, and her husband, to see Mona's sweet mother off for New York and England. The Barrie lady was looking as beautiful as ever, and attracted lots of attention in her smart grey suit, grey squirrel coat, and grey Tyrolean hat with its jaunty red feather.

There's one star who knows how to dress off-screen as well as on. Mona's house guests at present are the newlyweds, Madge Elliott and Cyril Ritchard. They are blissfully happy and loving every moment of their stay here.

DOTS and DASHES

CAROLE LOMBARD with a doctor constantly on the set undergoing treatment for severe laryngitis between takes. ● Comedians George Burns and Gracie Allen showing home-made movies of their recently-adopted son, Ronnie, and of little Sandra Jean, also adopted. ● Victor McLaglen starting a flying Sky Patrol for uplifting ideals of modern youth, in addition to his Lighthorse, and his huge free Sports Centre.

RONALD COLMAN, star of M.-G.-M.'s current sensation, "A Tale of Two Cities."

THE Warner Brothers are indulging in one grand headache at the moment with their players suing them from all sides. It's funny how all these actors seem to discover their grouches at the same time. Jimmy Cagney started it by taking his case to Court, where it still remains undecided. Ann Dvorak followed suit, complaining that she was forced to stop work because of illness, and when she did recover the studio refused to take up her contract. Studio argued she was in no condition for work, being too thin. Court ruled the contract had not been breached, but awarded Ann her back salary.

Now we hear Pat O'Brien is getting set for a little suing. Then Georgie Raft is still at odds with his Paramount bosses. Everybody seems to have some pet grouch. Either not enough work or too much work, or not enough salary—one thing they never complain about is too much salary. Well, maybe, it's just the spring air that's doing it.

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NOAH BEERY'S been introducing some of his own particular vintage villainy into British films in "Someone at the Door," in which Aileen Marson takes the part played on the stage by Australian Nance O'Neill. Noah is the "brain" of a gang, and when Aileen won't tell him where her boy friend is hiding, why, Noah gets very tough about it. He starts about burning out her eyes with a lighted cigarette while one of his musclemen holds her quiet.

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When the original script of "Klondike Annie" was presented by Mae West, the author-actress was asked why she failed to provide some good lines for the male lead, Victor McLaglen. It was pointed out that he, too, was considered a good performer.

"Other actors don't mind sharing the spotlight," she was told. "Why can't you write a script with two major roles, instead of one? Don't forget that Shakespeare wrote a play called 'Romeo and Juliet.'"

Mention of the famous bard failed to crush the glamorous blonde.

"Shakespeare had his style," she said loftily. "I have mine!"

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GEORGE BERNARD SHAW and Marion Davies are old friends, and when, on his cruise, he stopped at Los Angeles, he immediately telephoned Marion. Unfortunately she was up at Santa Barbara, so the famous humorist called her there.

"Hey, young lady," he snapped, "why aren't you at home when I call you?"

"Well, why didn't you tell me you were coming, Toots?" she retorted.

So Marion has given the famous playwright-philosopher a new name; and he likes it.

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A CHAIN of newspapers here blackbooked Mae West's "Klondike Annie" and proceeded to print a series of scathing editorials on the film and Mae in general. The effect has been highly amusing. At first the film didn't do much business. As soon as the editorials appeared, describing it as indecent, etc., people flocked to see it, and money has been pouring in—in fact, in some cities it has already broken records!

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A COMBINED Hammer-British Lion unit that went to the Guinea Coast some time back to shoot exteriors for "Song of Freedom" has returned to Beaconsfield with a couple of new actors they discovered over in Africa. They are two chimpanzees, and, apparently, the only salary they demand is plenty of bananas and a little gentle exercise swinging along the lofty lamp galleries in the studios. "Song of Freedom" features Paul Robeson and is based on his life story. It includes another famous colored songster in Elizabeth Welch.

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AN important film visitor to London is Mr. Mervyn Le Roy, Warner Brothers' star director, who married Jack Warner's daughter. It is his first visit to London, and he is thoroughly enjoying it, though he confessed that he hasn't had much time yet to improve his mind with "the sights." He is an unassuming young man, short, dark, and clean shaven, and he is almost tireless. He sold newspapers at the age of ten, has toured America in a piano act, played in vaudeville, went through nearly every department from wardrobe to camera before he got a small part and eventually became one of Hollywood's leading "directors." He directed "I Am a Fugitive" and "Anthony Adverse."

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ROBERT GREIG is a portly comedian who always manages to put on a good show. Playing a scene with Jean Harlow, he was so funny that the staff of technicians had to stuff handkerchiefs into their mouths to keep from laughing. When the scene was over congratulations were forthcoming, but to everyone's amazement tears began to stream down the actor's face. Unable to speak, he pulled a cablegram from his pocket, announcing the death in London of his brother, Lawrence Greig, an actor.

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MARGARET SULLAVAN steps into Marlene Dietrich's shoes. Paramount has borrowed her from Universal for "I Loved a Soldier," on which La Dietrich walked out. Margaret will be co-starred with William Powell. A fine opportunity for a fine actress.

Margaret has just obtained a Mexican divorce from her husband, William Wyler.

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Judy Gunn, the new blonde and blue-eyed British star, who is playing opposite Ralph Lynn in "In the Soup," has an adoring husband who takes the greatest interest in her career. Although himself unconnected with stage or screen, he has a flair for choosing his wife's clothes, both on and off the set, and he supervises her diet, too. He insists that in the spells between "shots" she drinks well-sweetened orange juice—hence her boundless energy and lovely slim figure. Judy made her first real hit on the stage when she played the young wife to Seymour Hicks's elderly husband in "Vintage Wine."

"Me and Shakespeare"

NOW Comes the Picture ALL Australia is waiting for—CINESOUND'S THRILL-TEEMING EPIC OF THE TURF!

Helen TWELVETREES

Glamorous Hollywood Star supported by an International cast headed by—FRANK LEIGHTON — JOHN LONGDEN — NELLIE BARNES!

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The perfect picture of a perfect horse and of Australia's perfect womanhood . . . "THOROUGHBRED" will sweep you off your feet and make you cheer with excitement! All the Romance, Thrills, Excitement, Suspense and Comedy of the Sport of Kings packed into the Greatest of all Australian Screen Triumphs!

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HOLLYWOOD Creates

Four Striking Models

1. COACHMAN INFLUENCE is noticeable in the gold tissue lame evening coat worn by Anita Louise, the young star who will play Maria in the film version of "Anthony Adverse."

2. WIDE FRINGING falls from neck to hemline and borders the skirt of this white chiffon model. The corsage is shirred from the waist to the square neckline.

3. AN ENORMOUS collar with artificial violet posies attached underneath the folds is featured on this graceful evening gown of deep purple taffeta. The voluminous skirt is shorter in front than at the back.

4. SUITABLE for an informal evening at home is this pyjama suit of delustred satin. The jumper is striped in three shades of blue, and the trousers are made of the predominating light shade.

Who could tell that I once suffered from

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR?

NOW IT IS GONE FOR EVER

Looking at me now, with my clear, unblemished skin, who would ever guess that once I veiled my face to hide the hideous growths of ugly, disfiguring hair? Yet that is so. For years my life was a misery. As the young wife of an officer in India, I suffered the agonies of shame. I had a distinct moustache, almost a beard. Nothing did me any good. Even the expensive, painful electric needle brought nothing but a few days' relief. Always the ugly, disfiguring growths came back again stronger than ever on my face and body.

Then, almost in a day, my clouds were lifted in a most amazing way. My husband saved the life of a humble Hindoo soldier. In his gratitude the Sepoy breathed to him the closely-guarded secret of the Hindoo religion, which keeps the women of that race free from any sign of superfluous hair. I tried it in desperation. From that day—now years ago—I have never seen a sign of superfluous hair. I watched for it daily for months, never daring to hope that it was gone for ever. But it went. I was cured completely. I was a normal woman again. Since then I have told many other sufferers of my experience, and the secret recipe has never failed. It has brought joy and permanent freedom in every case. If you, too, suffer, let me help you. Let me tell you how I suffered, and let me pass on to you the secret that saved me. I shall gladly send it free if you will send me coupon below, or a copy of it, to-day with your name and address stating whether Mrs. or Miss. All I ask is that you send me three penny stamps to cover my outlay for postage, etc. Address: Frederica Hudson (Bldg. M 130), No. 9, Old Cavendish St. London W.1, Eng.

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or copy of same to be sent with your name and address and 3d. in stamps. Mrs. HUDSON: Please send me free full information and instructions to cure superfluous hair. Address: Frederica Hudson (Bldg. M 130), No. 9, Old Cavendish Street, London, W.1, Eng.

IMPORTANT NOTE.—Mrs. Hudson belongs to a family high in Society, and is the widow of a prominent Army Officer, so you can write her with every confidence to the above address, where she has been established since 1916.

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FARRELL USES PONTIAC

SIMILAR CAR OFFERED FOR 1/-

Mr. Charles Farrell, star of the Australian Picture "The Flying Doctor," is here seen standing by the "Star" of the 1936 Car Models—a Pontiac Straight Eight Sedan, which he used all the time he was in Sydney.

Mr. Charles Farrell with a Pontiac Straight Eight Sedan.

A Pontiac car, similar to that used by Charles Farrell, fitted with wireless and costing £500, will be given away shortly. Some reader will get it for 1/-.

This beautiful Pontiac has all that's best of all that's new—tall, narrow-fronted radiator and aristocratic length of bonnet—high-mounted, streamlined headlights—no draught ventilation—dual electric windshield wipers—armour-plate safety glass in windshield—steel wheels—the latest and most up-to-date wireless. Any reader would be proud to own it—and may get it for 1/-.

This 1936 Pontiac Straight Eight Sedan—the most beautiful thing on wheels—is the second prize in the New South Wales Golden Chest No. 4. The first prize is a golden chest, valued at £2000, and, in addition, there are 500 consolation prizes. The tickets are only 1/- each.

Readers over 18 years of age who want to win either the Pontiac or the first prize valued at £2000, are invited to clip this paragraph and send it with a Postal Note for 1/- and stamped addressed envelope to the Honorary Secretary, N.S.W. Golden Chest, Desk W.W.5, Box 4005vv, G.P.O., Sydney.

By return mail the ticket that can win the Pontiac will be sent.

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Prices from 5/11 to 9/11

Mignon

Tailor-Modelled HOSIERY

Lady Luck Helps Make A Star

Continued from Page 30

HOLLYWOOD rates the torture scene from "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" as the best piece of work that Gary Cooper has done in seven years. I was yarning to Gary about the matter!

"That agonised expression on my face when the bamboo sticks were being forced under my fingernails was realistic enough, I guess! Those darned sticks, ten of 'em, had to be placed into position and stuck with gluey stuff every morning before nine o'clock.

"For three whole days, I had to be fed, I couldn't smoke, and I had to keep my hands away from my body and everything else to keep the sticks from breaking off. It WAS torture. That's probably why the thing filmed well."

I am certain that, for sheer revolting perfection, Bette Davis' scene in "Of Human Bondage," in which she wrecks Leslie Howard's apartment, will never be surpassed. Critics have called that two hundred feet of film a masterstroke of viciousness.

"I can only remember that I was terrified," said Bette later. "To play convincingly the part of a woman bereft of a single kindly emotion, a woman who was cruel, ignorant, common, shallow and depraved, seemed too much to ask of any actress!

"I can remember on the morning I had to play that scene, I happened to read the sports section of the newspaper, in which was included a story from a sports writer, telling of how football coaches gave pep talks to their teams. So I gave myself my own pep talk. I even said it aloud, telling myself that I was the best actress that ever was, and that the scene would be an absolute push-over for me. Strangely enough it worked."

Maybe if Bette hadn't read that newspaper, the scene would have been a flop.

So now, perhaps, you'll agree with me that luck, chance, fate, call it what you will, has plenty to do with the success of some particular scene in a picture, especially if it's a particularly gruelling one and needs that little bit of extra something that's just a wee bit low in the actor's make-up.

It would be silly of course to say that all good scenes from our more accomplished stars are luck . but it certainly plays a big part.

Divorce In Hollywood

Continued from Page 31

"MARRIAGE doesn't stand a chance in Hollywood," avows Marlene Dietrich. "I can't even go on a visit to another city without it being rumored that I have left my husband." Marlene's name has often been linked with that of Joseph Von Sternberg, but she denies any special attachment for that gentleman—outside of her work.

Rumor and gossip have broken up many Hollywood marriages. It is generally blamed for the severing of the Joan Crawford-Douglas Fairbanks, jun., knot.

"When we fell in love," says Joan, "they talked. When we were happily married, they talked. Neither of us could be seen any place with any third person without reading about it in the papers next day. If I had had half the love affairs I was supposed to, I wouldn't have had time to make pictures."

Joan and Doug parted to the friendliest spirit. She is now married to Franchot Tone, and it is not unusual to see the three of them dining together in Hollywood.

It is nothing unusual to go to a party in the film colony and see ex-husbands and wives dining and dancing with each other or with their new matrimonial partners. It's all done in the friendliest spirit.

In fact, it becomes increasingly hard to remember who's whose in Hollywood, and keeping track of married couples has long been beyond the average person.

"Keep trying until you are suited" would be a fitting motto for Gloria Swanson, who has four divorces to her credit. Her first husband was Wallace Beery; her second Herbert Somborn; then came the Marquis de Falaiz; followed by her fourth, Michael Farmer. Gossip says that she is now contemplating her fifth plunge—this time to Herbert Marshall, ex-husband of Edna Best.

Jean Harlow has been married twice. Her first husband, whom she divorced, was Charles F. McGrew. Her second, Paul Bern, died. If reports can be relied upon her third will be William Powell, Carole Lombard's former partner.

Ruth Chatterton is another who has a couple of husbands to remember. Number one, Ralph Forbes, now married to Heather Angel. Number two, George Brent.

Sally Eilers, previously wedded to Hoot Gibson, is now Mrs. Joe Brown. Rosemary Ames was once Mrs. George Truex, changed her name to Mrs. Stephen Ames, and is now Mrs. Bruce Cabot.

Hollywood was amazed when the marriage of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, which everyone thought impregnable, went on the rocks. Doug. is now married to Lady Ashley and Mary is dividing her time between several attractive young men.

Adolphe Menjou, bearing out the contention that gentlemen prefer blondes, divorced Kathryn Carver, a golden-haired beauty, to marry Verree Teasdale, another handsome blonde.

Richard Dix has been married to Winifred Coe and Virginia Webster. At least there is one man in Hollywood who enjoys the fast-fading romances. He is Harold Grieve, the interior decorator of so many of the stars' homes. "Every time a star decides to get rid of a husband or wife," he says, "it means the house must be completely done over."

PRIVATE · VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

★★★ THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE

Sylvia Sidney, Fred MacMurray, Henry Fonda. (Paramount.)

FORTUNATELY, in this their first technicolor release, Paramount have not banked on a departure from black and white carrying a poor story and bad acting. Despite its touches of melodrama or, perhaps, because of them, the story has sustained entertainment value; the three principals give an excellent performance; the supporting cast is good and thoroughly convincing.

Built on the theme of a family feud between primitive mountaineers, and of the revolution in ways of living and modes of thought brought about by the advent to the district of big capital out to exploit coal deposits, the film has the advantage of a milieu in which strong dramatic situations can be developed against a background magnificently adapted to the color process. Some of the scenic effects, in fact, are beautifully handled; indeed, the whole of the production and directorial work has been done in an efficient and satisfying manner.

I have mentioned the work done by the three principals. It is good. There is little to choose between MacMurray or Fonda, neither of whom has been seen to better advantage. As for Sylvia Sidney, there is only one scene in which her unrestraint is a trifle unconvincing, but probably most people would disagree with me on that.—Prince Edward; showing.

★★★ THE GHOST GOES WEST

Robert Donat, Jean Parker. (United Artists.)

THIS is certainly one of the best British films we have seen in Australia, one that makes every use of the English flair for light, humorous satire, and, at the same time, is a well-constructed and well-produced comedy.

Americans, and in particular American millionaires, are the butts of the film's amusing but never acidulous satire; the major number of the laughs arise from the magnificently incongruous attempts of a chain food store magnate to combine an old Scottish background, as represented by a castle he buys and transports stone by stone to Florida, with New World amenities such as radio, electric flood-lighting, and jazz-bands. The fact that a very real ghost goes with the castle adds to the farcical elements of the picture, at the same time nicely complicating the romance between the impoverished laird who has sold his home (Donat) and the heiress to the chain store millions (Jean Parker).

JEAN PARKER

Although Robert Donat will, of course, get most of the laurels that will be handed out to this production, equally as much praise for the completely entertaining quality of the picture belongs to Eugene Pallette (the millionaire) and to four little-known actors who appear as creditors — Herbert Lomas, Quentin McPherson, Arthur Seaton, and David Keir. I could have stood a lot more of them.—State; showing.

★ BRIDES ARE LIKE THAT

Ross Alexander, Anita Louise. (Warners.)

A FEW fair laughs strung together on a string of tiresome dialogue. Awarding this picture one star is giving it the benefit of the doubt, but the chuckles it contains will justify what may be a slight indiscretion.

The story deals with a young gentleman whose speciality is flattery, or, as it is termed in the film itself, "boloney," and, alternatively, "applesauce." This gift, justified by its fortunate possessor (Ross Alexander) on the grounds that it makes other people happy, is the means used to win a young girl's love, defeat an impossibly self-satisfied rival, and, finally, to win success in the form of a half share in the businesses of an irascible uncle and a storming father-in-law respectively for Mr. Alexander.

While all this is in progress, Miss Louise, as the young wife, is called upon to listen to enough saccharine burbling on the part of young Ross to turn an average woman off any man. But perhaps that's only in Australia; they seem to order things differently in the old U.S.A.—State; showing.

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ *Three stars—excellent.*

★★ *Two stars—good films.*

★ *One star—average films.*

No stars . . . . . no good.

★ THREE KIDS AND A QUEEN

May Robson, Henry Armetta, Herman Bing. (Universal.)

THIS is a fair enough programme picture that should have something in it for every type of picture-goer. The lover of comedy will get lots of laughs out of Henry Armetta and Herman Bing; those who prefer heart-throbs won't feel cheated.

The story concerns the redemption of an autocratic, wealthy, selfish old woman by enforced contact with a family who live and earn their bread in the poorer section of New York. As the old lady in question, May Robson rants, storms, and bullies, but soon betrays the heart of gold that, of course, lies beneath her rugged exterior. Everybody (including members of the audience) gets sniffy during the process.

All told, a picture the family will consider fair to middling.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ SILLY BILLIES

Wheeler and Woolsey. (R.K.O.)

I SHOULD like to be able to praise this team of comedians more highly than I ever seem able to do; they work so hard that it is a shame they don't get more out of their efforts.

SYLVIA SIDNEY

But this apparent hard work of theirs no doubt explains why they haven't made the grade as first-class comedians. With a really good comic—as with any really good artist—the laugh is always there, but the audience is not allowed to see how hard it has been worked over.

In this offering, the two W's are their usual selves. As dentists, they arrive in a Western town just as everyone is leaving for the Californian goldfields. Becoming the victims of an unscrupulous land agent, they join the waggon train, play the fool generally, and finally rescue everybody from an attack by marauding Indians.

There are sufficient laughs in the picture to give it its single decoration, but only just. Bert and Bob will have to shed the aura of amateurism that surrounds them if they are ever to become top-liners.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

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Mandrake the Magician

THE CHARACTERS IN THIS THRILLING SERIAL ARE:

MANDRAKE: A master magician, is lost in a storm with

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant. Into their camp comes a terrified girl,

LORA GATES: Who has been frightened from her home by a strange werwolf. Mandrake and Lothar return with Lora to the house, where they are met and opposed by

VASIL: Lora's cousin, whom Mandrake subdues by magic means. Inside the house Lothar captures a prying stranger, who proves to be Lora's uncle,

BORIS: A weird person, who warns Mandrake against the werwolf. Meanwhile Lothar thrashes the unfriendly Vasil; and Boris creeps to Mandrake's door, waiting for the magician to fall asleep. Now read on.

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Comedy Actress . . .
& Make-up Expert

ABOVE: Miss Beryl Meekin, J.C.W. comedy star.
TOP RIGHT: Miss Joan Hannam.

MISS BINA ADDY, Indian radio artist.

From Our Special Representative in Perth.

Interesting passengers reaching Sydney on the Ormonde this Thursday include Miss Joan Hannam, a Sydney girl who has spent the last four months in London studying film make-up, Miss Beryl Meekin, a musical comedy artist under contract to J. C. Williamson's, and Bina Addy, who claims to be the only Indian woman who has sung professionally in Europe.

Bina Addy is on her way to New Zealand to fulfil broadcasting engagements.

"I WORKED night and day most of the time I was away, but enjoyed every minute of it," Miss Hannam said at Perth. "It was thrilling meeting all the stars I had seen on the screen, such as Constance Bennett, George Arliss, Nova Pilbeam, Douglas Montgomery, Jessie Matthews, and Sonnie Hale."

There were 12 men engaged in make-up work at the Gaumont British studios where Miss Hannam was engaged. She was the only woman. She also studied stage and street make-up.

Regarding street make-up, Miss Hannam said that the modern trend was toward the unnatural rather than the natural. English women used a lot of foundation creams, which gave a heavy look.

"Eye-shadow is coming into its own, and women seem to be paying more attention to the eyes as a whole," she said. "For evening they use a gold and green or silver and green shadow on the lids to give a glistening effect, while light blues or greys are popular in the day time. They go in for a sporty appearance by day, using brown powders to give a sun-tanned effect."

Parisian women, though smarter than English, made up in a most artificial manner, she considered. They used a very heavy yellow powder which gave an almost mask-like appearance.

Hats must be worn with veils or flowers. The veils may be worn as veils or bows and at all angles. Some of the latest hats have veils completely covering the crown and falling to the shoulders all the way round.

Spotted veils are not popular, most of the trimming being concentrated towards the edge.

Picturesque Figure

MISS ADDY is a picturesque figure in her red and blue native robes to-day. She always wears her native costume, and was a big success at the fancy-dress ball held on board.

Miss Addy, who is a mezzo-contralto, has sung in Rome, Paris, Berlin and London, and has broadcast from Berlin and London.

She has been presented to the Duchess of York, and has sung before most distinguished audiences, including Sir Henry Wood, Lord and Lady Willingdon and the governors of the various Indian States.

This is her first visit to Australia. She hopes to give recitals in all the capital cities after she leaves New Zealand.

"I first started singing in Calcutta, my home town," she said. "I learned under an Englishwoman who had been trained by an Italian master. Later I continued my training in Italy, Germany and London. London has been my headquarters for the last few years."

Most Indian women were content to keep to Indian singing only, Miss Addy said. They usually married early, too, which prevented them from taking up a career.

THE BRIDE'S COLUMN

By Mary Sheraton

IT is ancient wisdom that "To-morrow's success is founded on to-day's preparation" . . . And the first steps to a happy future must be conscientiously planned from the trousseau—for the trousseau is the foundation-stone of the Bride's home.

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Do You Know?

What should comprise a complete trousseau?
How a modern wedding invitation should read?
The 22 details of wedding duties that the Bride should personally supervise?
The favourite present-day Wedding Music?
How to plan the celebration?
How to avoid mistakes when furnishing?
How to ensure colour harmony in the Home?

These questions are all answered in a beautiful new publication, "The Bride's Book."

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A MURDER HAS BEEN COMMITTED ! CAN YOU NAME THE MURDERER ?

PRIZES

At 7.30 each Sunday night, the B.S.A. Players will present a dramatic murder mystery, from the Case-book of Professor Fordney. You are asked to solve the mystery and ring 2GB. At 9.0 o'clock the solution will be broadcast. Prizes will be awarded for the first correct solutions.

PROFESSOR FORDNEY

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2GB

DON'T FORGET

Benevolent Society's Junior Committee luncheon, Chelsea Book Club, May 13, 1 p.m.

○ ○ ○

Luncheon arranged by International Society, Romano's, May 12, 1 p.m.

○ ○ ○

The Dominican Ex-students' dance, Bordern Bros., Florentine Ballroom, May 13.

○ ○ ○

Card party and dance for Royal Hospital for Women, Chelsea Book Club, May 14, 8 p.m.

○ ○ ○

Meeting at Hotel Australia, May 12, 3 p.m., for the purpose of forming a committee to assist with the concert being given by Miss Jeanette Rooney to further project of going abroad for study.

○ ○ ○

All-day tennis tournament arranged by Enfield Auxiliary for Renwick Hospital for Infants, Parish's Courts, Brighton Avenue, Croydon Park, May 12, 9.30 a.m.

Annual meeting of Northern Suburbs Younger Set for Renwick Hospital for Infants, house of Mrs. Cole, 61 Cremorne Road, Cremorne, May 12, 8 p.m.

○ ○ ○

Annual dance under auspices of Association of Women Pharmacists of N.S.W., State Assembly, May 13.

○ ○ ○

Dance, organised by Roseville Younger Set of the Renwick Hospital, Scouts' Hall, Roseville, May 9, 8 p.m.

○ ○ ○

Popular Child Competition being sponsored by the Kindergarten Union of N.S.W. Entries close May 16. For further information, ring head office, Kindergarten Union.

○ ○ ○

Catholic Club Annual Ball, Mark Foy's, May 16. Funds to be in aid of St. Patrick's College Nursery Fund.

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NEW STYLES for Women at HARRIS & BOYD'S

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A Doctor just recently in the Women's Weekly stated:

(Extract) "Any haphazardly-chosen arch supports in the shoe will not do. The best plan, of course, is to have a plaster cast made of the foot and then to have the arch support fashioned after that. No two weak arches are alike."

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LADY *Angela Scott* *Marries* NAVAL MAN

Will Spend Three Years in New Zealand

By Cable from Our London Office.

The wedding of Lady Angela Scott to Lieut.-Commander Peter Dawnay was celebrated quietly at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Tuesday.

Before the wedding, the Duchess of Gloucester left Buckingham Palace to dress the bride, who is her sister. A threepenny bit "for luck" was sewn in the hem of the wedding gown.

The Duchess set a new glove fashion by wearing black-and-white check gloves with black gauntlets.

THE ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Cosmo Lang. Quiet though it was on account of the Royal mourning, thousands of sightseers assembled outside the church for a glimpse of the bride.

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and the Earl and Countess of Athlone attended the ceremony.

Golf clubs, tennis racquets and walking sticks were conspicuous items in Lady Angela's luggage when she set off for her honeymoon to some destination in Yorkshire, which was kept a secret.

Queen Mary's wedding present to the bride was a dressing-table set, and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester gave her a diamond wrist watch.

Incidentally, His Majesty's new apartments in Buckingham Palace will be done in a pastel shade of leaf-green throughout—the King's favorite color.

Australia's Gift

DR. PAGE, who was accompanied by his wife, presented the Commonwealth's wedding-gift of a desk of Australian woods to the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. The Duchess was most interested in tracing on the desk's map of Australia the localities from which the various woods came. The table is decorated with gumnuts. Dr. Page explained to the Duchess their place in Australian fairy tales.

Opera Season Opens

AT the opening of Covent Garden Opera season Lady Diana Cooper was the only woman to appear in day clothes. She was dressed in a black suit with a black coolie straw hat and fox furs. This innovation was due to the fact that "The Mastersingers" started at 6.30. Cocktails and savories were brought round on trolleys between the first and second acts.

The initials G.R. on the curtain have been changed to E.R.

LADY ANGELA SCOTT, sister of the Duchess of Gloucester, who was married last week to Lieut.-Commander Peter Dawnay. The bridegroom has a naval appointment in New Zealand, and the couple will live there for three years.

Our Radio Sessions From 2GB

(Featured by Dorothea Vautier)

WEDNESDAY, May 6.—11.45 a.m.: The World To-day. 3.30 p.m.: The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, May 7.—11.45 a.m.: Featured Talk. 3.30 p.m.: Rhythm Review.

FRIDAY, May 8.—11.45 a.m.: So They Say. 3.30 p.m.: Modern Composers.

SATURDAY, May 9.—6.0 p.m.: The Music Box. 9.30 p.m.: Famous Feminine Artists.

SUNDAY, May 10.—6.30 p.m.: Ellis Price and his players in scenes from the next Australian Women's Weekly novel.

MONDAY, May 11.—11.45 a.m.: People in the Limelight. 3.30 p.m.: Musical Memories.

TUESDAY, May 12.—11.45 a.m.: News and Reviews. 3.30 p.m.: "Mother of Pearl" (musical presentation).

BLONDE BEAUTIES!

Your hair will stay fair if you remove the film that dulls it

THE ravages of dirt, grime, tobacco smoke and fume-laden atmospheres inevitably dull the colour and lustre of blonde hair—unless you take special precautions to protect it *safely*. The atmospheric 'film' must be removed at all costs—but bleaches, dyes, camomile and other harmful ingredients must be avoided. That's why you must choose Lavona Shampoo as a safe home beauty treatment for your hair. It is more than a perfect hair wash—its dual purpose is to keep your hair from getting that dark, 'mousey,' tired-of-life look. The special ingredients preserve and enhance the natural beauty of blonde hair without risk to its delicate texture and bring new life and brightness by revealing hidden, glinting lights. 'Perms' last longer, too!

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6d. each from all chemists, and stores.

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Ingredients:

1 cup Sugar
2 tablespoons Butter
3 tablespoons Cocoa
1 Egg
1 cup Sour Milk
1 teaspoon Soda
½ teaspoon MUMS Baking Powder
2 cups Flour

Method:

Cream butter and sugar with the cocoa, add the egg, and add flour mixed with Baking Powder alternately with the milk mixed with the soda. Bake in 2 layers in a moderate oven, and fill with chocolate butter filling. Or use sweet milk and three teaspoons MUMS Baking Powder in place of sour milk and soda, and double the amount of cocoa.

MUMS BAKING POWDER

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WORLD PROBLEMS
... as Seen by a Woman

Welfare Work at League of Nations

What DO they talk about at the League of Nations Assembly? The men apparently carry on interminable discussions about disarmament and sanctions, but the women deal in welfare work on a world scale.

Mrs. Bessie Rischbieth, O.B.E., well-known West Australian welfare worker, who is visiting Sydney, will tell all about women's work at Geneva in a broadcast from 2GB on Sunday next at 7.5 p.m.

MRS. RISCHBIETH is well-qualified to speak on the subject. She is president and founder of the Australian Federation of Women Voters. She was alternate delegate to the League of Nations Assembly, 1935, and reported for Australia at the sixth commission on Child Welfare, a subject on which she is particularly well informed, for she is a magistrate on the bench of the Children's Court in West Australia. The title of her broadcast address is "The League in Action," and the talk should be of absorbing interest to women generally.

MRS. BESSIE RISCHBIETH, who will talk on women's work at the League of Nations from Station 2GB on Sunday night.

Eileen's Schooldays

WITH all Sydney hailing the genius of Eileen Joyce, Dorothy Wood, of 2GB, looks back to the time when she first arrived in Sydney some years ago, and in an interview told the newspapers of a little girl from the school she had attended in Perth who had gone to London, and would one day make a name for herself in the musical world. But when the interview was published, the pressman had omitted all mention of Eileen Joyce.

In the few minutes which her manager allows Eileen Joyce for seeing her friends after her concerts, Dorothy Wood was one of the few fortunate ones to have a little chat with her erstwhile fellow-student.

Together they recalled the days when the older girls used to stand outside the music-room listening to Eileen having her music lesson.

Richard Want, 2GB'S well-known speaker on child psychology, has just received his M.A., with honors. He wore his cap and gown for the first time last Saturday, and if it hadn't been for that particular gown he might still have been only a B.A

About a year back a listener called to see him; she said she had a gown which had belonged to her grandfather, who was a Master of Arts, and she would like him to have it if it would be any use to him. At the time it wasn't, but the gift spurred him on in his studies, and the result was the successful pass for his degree.

Loves the Sea

DOROTHEA VAUTIER is at present busy moving into a new flat, and she feels very happy about it. For the building is on the harbor's edge overlooking Rushcutters Bay, and the view from the window is a delightful one. Dorothea loves the sea, and the ships that sail upon it, and no wonder, for her grandfather was John Hillier Vautier, whose sailing ships once set sail for all the ports of the world from New Zealand.

Many a time, as an old man, he would take his granddaughter along the quays at Napier, and tell her stories of the sailing ships that had once sailed into the harbor, and the steamers that had replaced them, until Dorothea could repeat their names by heart.

Bimbo Recognised

BIMBO, of 2GB, is very pleased that he has found at least one august body to take him seriously. He has recently received word from his music publishers that several items of his recently-published book of nursery rhymes, written and composed by "Arthur Hahn" (Bimbo, of 2GB, in case you don't recognise him under the more dignified title), have been chosen by the directors of the Riverina Eisteddfod as test pieces in their competitions.

Wrong Cue

LOU VERNON, who has made such a brilliant character study of Luigi in "Dolly and Dan," has experienced some strange mishaps in the course of his stage career, but none so laughable as when he was playing the villain in "London by Night" in a New South Wales country town. He was about to open a safe, in which a high explosive was supposed to have been placed, so that when he opened the door, the safe would explode and kill him. The explosion was to be managed from the wings with the aid of kerosene tins and gunpowder.

Three times he opened the door and nothing happened. Something had gone wrong with the fireworks. The audience waited breathlessly.

Then a young actor in the wings manfully rose to the occasion. Grasping the nearest thing at hand, which happened to be a straw broom, he rushed on the stage and dramatically struck the villain on the head—with the straw end of the broom.

There was nothing for Lou Vernon to do but fall mortally wounded and expire, which he did, to shouts of derision from the audience. The scene brought the house down.

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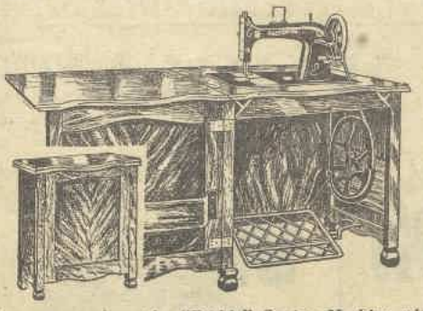

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YOU CAN'T *Live On* HYACINTHS

Continued from Page 26

MARGIE clenched her fists. She wanted to tell Eileen not to be a fool. Eileen didn't know anything about it. Why, Eileen had water colors by Aunt Amy in her flat. Yes, positively, water colors by Aunt Amy, because Aunt Amy painted gardens, and Eileen had a flowery chintz in her drawing-room.

Eileen turned to the maid. "Telephone to Carter Paterson and tell them to take it away. It's much too big to go by post, and send it to be paid for the other end. I don't see why we should pay for it, we didn't ask for it."

That, for some reason, amused Frank. He told his wife: "You're a holy terror!"

She smiled up at him: "Saving your money, darling."

Idiots, thought Margie. She said in a quivering voice: "I thought Frank was supposed to be a friend of Jim's. He used to pretend to be."

Eileen looked at her tolerantly. Frank had his arm round her shoulders. They were a demonstrative couple. Irritatingly demonstrative, Margie decided suddenly.

Eileen said: "My dear infant, what has that got to do with it?"

Margie replied vindictively: "Can't Frank answer for himself—ever?"

But Eileen's imperturbable good nature was proof even against that. You never could get under Eileen's skin. "She just doesn't feel anything," Margie told herself.

Eileen said: "Frank likes the friends his wife likes, if that's what you mean, Margie. Don't you, honey?"

Frank laughed, rumpling fondly the shining crown of Eileen's immaculate shingle. Margie thought, "In another moment they'll kiss each other."

She said abruptly, "I'm going out," and left the room.

Outside the sky over the park was a sort of pale gold. The pale gold of an angel's halo in an Italian picture. Jim said the sky in London was always worth looking at, but Eileen and Frank never looked at it. They never looked at anything in Jim's sense of the word.

Margie strode angrily round the park. Couldn't Frank and Eileen see that there were more things in life than getting on and having a balance at the bank? Couldn't they see that in Jim's work there was beauty? However hopeless Jim might be, that picture had had a wild, strange beauty of its own. No wonder Eileen had sent it back. No wonder it didn't fit into Eileen's flat. Margie strode on faster and faster.

EILEEN wanted to make it up. Why? Eileen asked Margie to come up and talk to her while she was "brushing her hair." For the past fortnight Eileen and Margie had been on terms of armed neutrality, that is, Margie had behaved rather like a cross child and Eileen had been imperturbably good-humored.

Margie sat in the armchair in Eileen's room and looked into the fire, while Eileen carefully pinned her shining curls back and rubbed cold cream into her skin and wiped it off and put on astringent and patted it in. Very pretty, very prosperous, very wholesome Eileen looked. And terribly sure of herself. The things Eileen did to people!

Frank had brought a man in last night. A shabby, clever, eager-looking boy. Frank had taken down the books he hardly ever looked at nowadays. He and the boy had talked enthusiastically about writers. They had read passages aloud. Frank had been rash enough to say that he and Eileen lived the wrong kind of life. They ought to read more, go and see interesting plays, see more interesting people.

Eileen hadn't said anything. She had just sat looking really quite lovely in one of the plain satin frocks that set off her shining hair and beautiful skin. Just once she had got up and moved a vase of flowers away from the boy's elbow with a crystal smile. But slowly the boy had become uncomfortable. Slowly he had realised that his boots looked dusty on Eileen's immaculate carpet, and his suit was in need of pressing, and his hands were large and red. He had begun to fidget uneasily, and in the end he hadn't been able to bear it. He had got up precipitately, and rushed away, with Eileen begging him to come again soon.

When he had gone she had turned and said: "I really can't think why being clever should make it necessary to look like that."

Frank had called her playfully a little Philistine. But Margie knew that boy never would come back. Never!

Eileen swung round and lighted a cigarette—from a new case, enamel, with her initials on it in diamonds. She held it up. "Angelic, isn't it? Frank gave it to me, a present for a good girl, because I've done such a lot of entertaining for him."

Margie said, as she knew she was meant to say: "Frank does give you a lot of things, doesn't he?"

Eileen paused, and said impressively: "Frank adores me. He is the best husband anyone ever had; and do you know why—because I've trained him." She fixed Margie with her eyes. "You've got to realise, Margie, if you're ever going to be really successful, that it's not enough for a man to be in love with you. You've got to teach him what is due to you. You've got to be firm. With any man. From the moment he tells you he loves you, you've got to show him what you expect and keep him up to it."

Margie said rather flatly: "I see." She told herself that she would rather die than treat anyone she loved like that. She was ashamed of Eileen.

Eileen waited for her lesson to sink in. Then she said with careful lightness, "Did you know John Lawson admired you?"

Margie said, "John Lawson?"

She had met so many men in Eileen's flat. Successful, important men, with huge polished cars and interests in the City. Men who paid you carefully gallant compliments and sent you expensive flowers. Eileen's kind of men. She isolated John Lawson in her mind. Nice—well, quite nice. Tall and dark and rather nervy. He had talked to her all the time about his nerves. He must have thought her sympathetic.

Eileen said impressively, "John Lawson is important. Dozens of girls are after him."

Margie said: "Oh, Eileen, what a way to talk!"

EILEEN ground her cigarette out with decision. "Really, Margie," she said sharply, "I think I'm fairly good tempered, but you make me tired. I don't want to be disagreeable, but after all, what are you going to do with your life? You can't sell your drawings, you haven't got any money, and I can't keep you here forever. It wouldn't be fair to Frank."

A wave of misery surged over Margie. She said childishly, "I wish I were dead."

Eileen tapped her foot impatiently: "Please, please, Margie, don't be so absurd. All I'm trying to do is to make you realise that you can't have everything in life handed to you on a plate. Is there any reason on earth why you shouldn't be nice to John Lawson?"

Margie said submissively: "No, Eileen."

Eileen said: "Very well then. I've asked him to dinner to-night. Just ourselves. Put on that white dress I gave you."

Margie said, "Yes, Eileen."

"And don't say anything about that studio of yours. It sounds too wild. Gives a wrong impression. Men like John Lawson, the successful hard-headed type, have absolutely no use for artists."

Eileen picked up a scent-spray and squirted behind her ears.

Margie said, "No, Eileen."

Eileen fidgeted uneasily for a moment with her comb. "By the way, since we're on the subject, about that studio of yours. I thought you'd got rid of it, but as you hadn't, I told Frank to look in and tell the porter to let it and sell the furniture."

Margie clenched her fists. How dare Eileen. How dare she!

She said, "I wish you hadn't, Eileen. I could have done that."

Eileen gave her one of those penetrating looks by which Eileen let you know she had seen right through you and out the other side. She said calmly: "No, you might have got sentimental. It's better for you not to go there again. You can make a list of anything you want and get it sent here."

Margie said: "Very well."

Eileen told her, "Get your hair done this afternoon and lie down for an hour before dinner. And you might see if you can still sing those little French songs. Mr. Lawson told me he likes singing."

Please turn to Page 43

Sigh

Time protects us from ourselves,
When we would go straying
We must clean the pantry shelves,
Or help the boys haying.

The little things that cannot wait
Keep the wheels churning
Till it is too late, too late,
For sweet dreams' returning.
—Catharine Morris Wright.

EDMUND LOWE PICKS MOST ALLURING LIPS IN LIPSTICK TEST

HERE'S WHAT EDMUND LOWE SAW

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YOU CAN'T *Live On* HYACINTHS

Continued from Page 42

MARGIE had put on the white dress, and she was waiting in the drawing-room when Frank came in. She told him, "You're late, angel."

He fidgeted about, picking things up nervously and putting them down. He said, "I've been down to that studio of yours. The porter tells me he can find a tenant quite easily."

Margie said, "Eileen will be pleased."

Frank said abruptly, "Look here, Margie, Eileen will be terribly annoyed with me for telling you, but it's Jim. He's been frightfully ill. Appendicitis with complications. They took him to hospital in the middle of the night. He's back now."

Margie said, "Jim!" She felt as if a dreadful bomb had exploded under her feet. Jim ill. Jim, who was never ill. She had never thought of Jim all these weeks as anything but well and don't care-ish. Why, if she'd ever thought of Jim as needing anyone, as needing her—of course she would never have left him. She clasped her hands tightly on her heart.

Frank said hastily, one eye on the door, "As a matter of fact, I saw him. He's not really ill now. You needn't get into a state about him, but I thought you ought to know."

Margie said, "I shall go at once."

Then Eileen's cool, competent voice said: "Where do you propose to go, Margie?" and Eileen sailed into the room, very handsome in midnight-blue satin.

Margie said, "I'm going to Jim. He's ill."

Frank said, "Look here, I told her he was ill, Eileen. I felt I had to, but he's not in danger any more, that's all over."

Eileen said: "You felt you had to tell her. Well, really, Frank!" She turned to Margie. "I knew he was ill. The porter at the studios told me. But I didn't tell you because I didn't want you to get entangled again out of sentiment."

Margie said, "I'll never forgive you, Eileen. Can't you see that it makes all the difference that Jim is ill? I don't suppose he's got any money or anyone to do things for him. If I had just heard he had come into ten thousand a year I should probably feel I never wanted to see him again. But this—— Why, he needs me."

Eileen said, "Margie, do pull yourself together. You ran away from this young man because he hadn't enough money to keep a roof over your heads. Now, in a fit of sentiment, you're proposing to run back—when he's got even less."

Margie said, "Eileen, do try and understand. I feel you've done something simply horrible to me by not telling me about Jim. Can't you see that you can leave a person when they're happy and triumphant, but you can't when they're down? That's desertion."

Eileen said, "Look here, Margie, I've done a lot for you lately, but if you go, to-night of all nights, I'll never let you come inside the house again."

Suddenly Margie felt as if a great weight had rolled back from her mind. She laughed gaily and lightheartedly as she hadn't laughed for weeks. She said imploringly, "Eileen, I've treated you abominably, and you've been terribly sweet to me. But I couldn't ever fit into your life really. You see, Eileen, there are no hyacinths in your life."

Eileen said, "Hyacinths! You really are crazy, Margie. What on earth have hyacinths got to do with it?"

Margie exclaimed confusedly, "There's a rhyme about selling what you have, even if you only have a very little, and buying hyacinths to feed your soul. Jim believes in that absolutely. I don't quite so much, but I can't do quite without hyacinths in my life. You and Frank don't believe in it at all. Perhaps Frank used to once, but he doesn't any more. Why, if you only had one loaf you'd sell bits of it at a profit, and try in the end to own a bakery. You wouldn't buy hyacinths."

Eileen said: "Margie, you're going to regret this—regret it bitterly. You're making your own bed. You must lie on it. Don't ever ask me to help you again."

Margie lifted her face and smiled so that Frank caught his breath. She said: "Oh, but I shall regret it, I'm sure. There'll be moments when Jim won't sell any pictures, and he is hopeless, you know, about money. He'll probably give half his pictures away as soon as people begin to want them, and I shall envy you dreadfully, and I shall come and ask you to help me and you will, you know you will. But I shall have something. Something people call beauty or poetry. Something that's the real meaning of the world. Lilies are the meaning, and hyacinths, and the moon riding in the sky. Not owning big polished cars and investments and houses and servants. Perhaps some people are lucky enough to have both, but I've got to choose, and I choose—the hyacinths!"

SHE took a taxi to the familiar, rather grubby door of the studios and hurried madly upstairs. She pushed at Jim's door.

In the studio a bed had been drawn up before the fire, and in the bed was Jim sitting up and reading.

And she had her arms round him, and it wasn't really necessary to explain anything more. But she had to tell him. "Darling, darling, I was so frightened about you. I couldn't bear even to think what might have happened."

Jim said, "Oh, but the worst's over. I'm all but well."

She said, "Jim, you were as ill as that, and you never sent for me."

He said rather sternly, "Of course not!"

He was like that. He had said he wouldn't come after her, and he wouldn't. Not if he died for it.

She said, with her eyes downcast, "You mean what you say. I—don't."

He whispered, and his eyes looking at her were very tender. "What don't you mean?"

She told him. "What I said to you once. Jim, I've found out something about life. I couldn't stand it at Eileen's, because there aren't any hyacinths in Eileen's life. I know now that though you can't live on hyacinths, you can't live, really live, without them, either."

Suddenly Jim began to laugh. "But, darling, you're wrong. About living on hyacinths. I've sold the picture you wouldn't have. Sold it to a collector for ten times more than I've ever got before. And he's buying two more of my pictures. You can have a new studio if you like. I'm making a little money at last, and it's all thanks to those hyacinths. So you see, you can live on hyacinths, after all! We're going to do it." And he kissed her in the way that only Jim could kiss.

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GASTRIC 'FLU.

Waratah,
29th January, 1936.
The Douglas Drug Coy.,
Dear Sirs,
A few months ago I had gastric 'flu, which pulled my weight down and left me suffering from loss of appetite and weakness.
I grew tired of trying other tonics, which had no effect, so taking my friend's advice, and as a last resource, I tried "Bidomak."
I have only taken one bottle and it is hard to realise the difference that one has made in me. I am beginning to put on weight, and to eat the meals set before me. The signs of weakness I had have completely left me, thanks to "Bidomak."
I cannot speak too highly of your wonderful tonic, and I am sure all "Bidomak" users will agree with me.
Miss C. C.

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Mount Pleasant,
30/3/'36.
Dear Sir,
I must write and thank you for your wonderful BIDOMAK. I have been very ill with nerves and been under many doctors and have taken many dozen bottles of medicines, so now I am taking your wonderful medicine Bidomak, and I have only taken a few doses and I feel ever so much better. I will continue with the whole bottle, and then I will purchase another bottle.
It is very good to take a dose before you go to bed, it makes you sleep.
(Signed) Mrs. G. J. T.

BENEFIT IN INFLUENZA.

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To the Douglas Drug Co.
Dear Sirs,
I am writing this letter to you with one thought in view that it may help others suffering as I have been with Influenza and rundown in health to regain their health if they try your tonic "Bidomak."
I have been nursing my mother at my home—she had a nervous collapse and I became ill with Influenza and with so many duties to do I could not go to bed. A friend of the family advised me to try "Bidomak." I bought a bottle and to my surprise found I could carry on my duties and not go to bed. It strengthened me and made me feel very different indeed. I am now on the second bottle and I can truthfully and sincerely state that I owe my recovery to "Bidomak."
(Signed) V. M. BUDD, J.P.

'Flu is about. If you've not got it yet you can almost certainly avoid it by taking proper precautions, because a perfectly healthy, vigorous body won't allow 'flu germs to take hold. Bidomak contains iron, lime, potash, sodium, phosphates, glycerophosphates with the addition of sucrose. It builds up the system, stimulates the appetite and so strengthens the body's immune mechanism against the onslaught of colds.
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Wash your face, neck and arms thoroughly in warm water, using a good soap. After drying, apply OATINE CREAM freely . . wait ten minutes for the soothing, penetrating oils to sink into the skin which you *think* is clean . . . wipe off the cream with a clean soft towel—and see what the OATINE Towel Test reveals! The colour of your towel will prove conclusively that soap and water cleansing is not enough. You must use OATINE CREAM to remove the tiny particles of dust which collect in the pores and cause blackheads and blemishes. Try the towel test to-night. Chemists and stores sell OATINE CREAM in 1/- tubes, and in 2/6 and 4/6 jars.

CAN MAKE *Money and* SPEND IT, TOO

The Luck of Taurians is Proverbial

By JUNE MARSDEN, President of the Astrological Research Society

All Taurian people should be well-to-do. They love comforts and luxuries and pleasures so much, and are so very generous towards others when they happen to be "in the money" themselves.

If you want to really please a Taurian, invite him to an especially good dinner (he loves his food), and then take him to a theatre. He cannot resist that combination, and if the guest be a woman add a spray of flowers and some chocolates. She'll so enjoy the evening that you'll be well repaid for the forethought.

TAURUS people are those born between April 21 and May 22. Their symbol is the bull. And, like the bull, they can be patient and stolid, or fearfully self-willed and determined. Nevertheless they are easy to manage—if in the humor. But to attempt to "manage" them when they have made up their minds to go in a different direction is to look for trouble. They can be led, but not driven.

Taurians have a very reliable money instinct. They seem to sense values and the possibilities of returns, whether in professional, business or domestic spheres. They often prove successful as brokers or operators on the Stock Exchange.

This productive element in the Taurus nature is so natural that people born under the sign can turn a sandy patch into a beautiful garden, poor soil into a flourishing farm, and a shabby house into an attractive home.

Incidentally, take the advice of Taurians as to how to make money, but not as to the spending of it, for in that sphere they are inclined to extravagance and over-generosity.

Early marriages should be avoided by Taurians for several reasons. They are inclined to be over-ardent in youth, and to be so desirous of not being left "on the shelf" that they think too much of the first love affair and too little of the future. In reality, if they wait, Taurians usually make much happier marriage partnerships.

Daily Diary

THE following information may prove interesting:

ARIES PEOPLE (March 21 to April 21): The 8th, 9th, and morning of the 10th favor you.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): This can prove a splendid week to begin new enterprises, ask favors seek promotion, make changes, and so on, especially on the 10th (after noon), 11th, and 12th. Utilise these days wisely and fully.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Live quietly on the 8th, 9th, and 10th as opposition and disappointments are possible.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Fair on the 8th and 7th, but live quietly on the 10th (p.m.), 11th, and 12th. Try to avoid losses.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): If affairs must be started, begin them on the 8th, 9th, and early 10th.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Make this week produce results. Be cautious on the 8th, 9th, and early 10th, but work hard after noon on the 10th, and all day the 11th and 12th.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): May 5 should be fair.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Attempt nothing new or important if you wish to avoid setbacks and worry. May 6 and 7 are a poor best.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): The 8th, 9th, and 10th are fair.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Work hard this week. Start new ventures, ask favors, and make changes, especially on the 10th (after noon), 11th, and 12th.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Live quietly, especially on the late 5th and all 6th and 7th of May. Guard against delays and annoyances.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Quite fair on the 6th and 7th, but be cautious in your affairs on the 8th, 9th, and morning of the 10th.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this article on astrology as a matter of interest and entertainment without endorsing it in any way.—Editor, A.W.W.]

KEPT VOW FOR 40 YEARS

(By Air Mail from our London Office.)

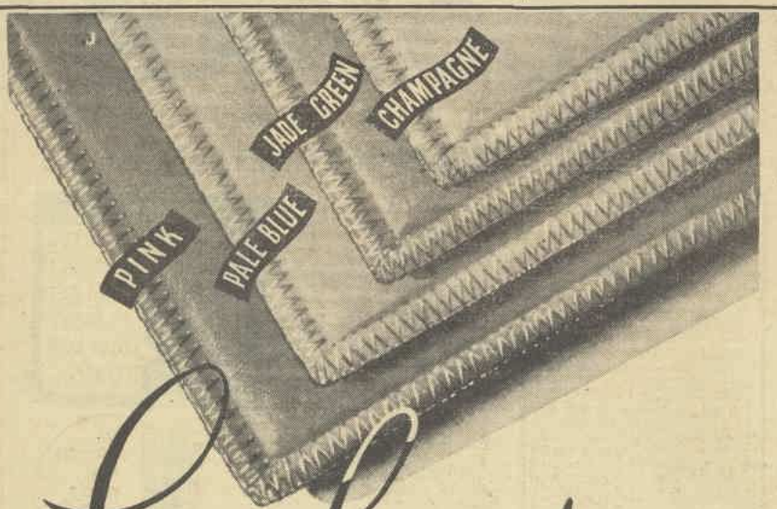
A BEAUTIFUL woman who for more than forty years had kept a vow to stay indoors—because of a shattered romance—died the other day at the age of seventy-two. She was Miss Clara Jenkins, of Carrleon, Monmouthshire.

More than forty years ago she fell in love. Her parents interfered. Miss Jenkins made a vow always to stay indoors. She kept it until death.

She never saw motor cars, aeroplanes or even tramcars.

Despite her vow, she was known to the children of two generations, for she kept a sweet-shop.

Towards the end she went into deeper seclusion, refusing to see anyone at all.



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Let Eagley bring its modernised colour scheme into your bedrooms—it will brighten them and bring them up-to-date!

Eagley Harmony Blankets, the finest made in Australia, are available in dainty pastel shades of pink, blue, green, and champagne—to harmonise perfectly with your bedroom furnishings.

Look for the label on every blanket before you buy—it's your guarantee of pure wool, perfect manufacture, and for 12 years of continued service and satisfaction.

Modernise and Harmonise with

EAGLEY "*Harmony*"

all pure wool BLANKETS

"*For the rest of your life*"

N 1171

(The tiny republic of Andorra in the Pyrenees is ruled by two princes drawing the above Fancy Purse.)

Can you digest that?

All in good time, no doubt, the worthy cows will have calves. And then—it's a heartless thought—but veal *is* such a delicately delicious meat! And the thing that makes roast veal, boiled veal, grilled or baked veal just perfect is a little fresh-mixed Mustard. For Mustard immensely improves all meats, hot or cold. With its clean tang, it edges your appetite and gently stimulates your digestion. Small wonder that, when the meat course comes along everyone says—

it's nicer with Mustard

—*Keen's Mustard*

ET 236

Through all the Teething years

If the blood is kept cool and pure and habits are regular, then teething need have no dangers. Wise mothers have used Steedmans, the gentle, safe laxative for over 100 years for children up to 14 years.

Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS FOR CONSTIPATION

"Hints to Mothers" Booklet posted free on request.

John Steedman and Co., Walworth Road, London, England.

DON'T NEGLECT A CUT

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Friday Night is Amami Night

There's an Amami Shampoo especially for *you*: No. 1 for Brunettes, No. 5 Blondes, No. 7 for very fair hair; and for dull hair there's a Special Henna Application to restore lost colour and brighten dull hair.

After your Shampoo use Amami Wave-Set. Six settings in the smaller sized bottle!

AMAMI SHAMPOOS & WAVE SET

GREATHEAD'S MIXTURE

GET HOLD OF THAT COLD! Don't let it get hold of you, for it may lead to a more serious illness. GREATHEAD'S MIXTURE, taken in accordance with the directions, will immediately relieve the worst of Colds and prevent further trouble.

Mixed with Honey, Children will take it Freely.

famous for over 60 years

OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES.

Too fat, and had poor skin

WHATEVER Mrs. R—— did seemed to make no difference. She remained far too fat; her complexion was really shocking — sallow, freckly, unhealthy altogether. Then one day she read of clynol berries, the one reducing remedy she hadn't tried! Goodness, the change was marvellous. In a short time the excess fat disappeared—it is, after all, a simple matter with clynol berries.

Overjoyed at her success, she set about improving her complexion; applied mercolised wax regularly for a few nights and at morning. The sallowness and freckles quickly vanished. Now her skin is fresh and smooth and lovely as a girl's.

Streaky grey hair then demanded attention. But Mrs. R—— had more sense than to dye it. Instead, she used tammalite. This lotion restored her grey hairs to their pretty, natural colour. To wash her hair this now attractive woman uses stallax granules. So quick, so pleasantly fragrant, so very cleansing. A light, downy moustache growth was easily removed with pure powdered pheminol. As a finishing touch, a light application of the delightful new Dearborn Face Powder and she was indeed a new woman. ☆☆☆

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GENUINE VINCENT'S A.P.C.

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S"

Continuing

DEAD *or* ALIVE?

From Page 5

SHE shook her head "No. He's on his island. I told you he'd bought an island to write this book on, so that he could get right away and be quiet—no dogs, no motor horns, no nieces, no anything except a bird or two. You can't get away from birds."

The professor appeared to be a washout for the moment at any rate. But Bill was not prepared to leave it at that. Even the most absent-minded professor on the most secluded island can be made to realise his responsibilities. Perseverance would probably be necessary, but perseverance was one of Bill's strong suits. The snag was that perseverance takes time, and meanwhile here was Meg looking as if she were living on buns and milk, or whatever it was that women did live on when they were hard up. Something had to be done about that here and now.

"Meg," he said abruptly, "how much money have you got? Didn't Robin leave anything? His affairs must be settled up by now."

He thought Meg looked at him oddly. Then she looked away. Then she said, "No—they're not settled."

"But the lawyers would advance you something."

She got up and went to the window. When she moved you could see how thin she was. The blue dress that had lost most of its color made her look like a ghost. Meg used to look so pretty in blue. She stood with her back to him, and the sun touched the ends of her dark hair with gold. She looked at the ugly houses opposite and felt her heart knock against her side. It would be better if Bill went away, but she couldn't make him go.

"Bill—who told you about Robin?" she said with an effort.

BILL COVERDALE watching her, was wondering if she was broken-hearted about Robin O'Hara. It didn't seem possible, but you never could tell. He answered her with a puzzled note in his voice.

"Garratt wrote and told me."

"What did Colonel Garratt say?"

Quite impossible to tell Meg what Garratt had really said. Garratt didn't mince his words, and he didn't like O'Hara. A free translation was necessary.

"He said Robin had taken on a dangerous job, and when he didn't turn up they were afraid something had happened. And then—"

"Go on."

Bill didn't go on.

"Please, Bill—I want to know what he said."

"Well, he said that a body had been found in the river, and that there wasn't any doubt—"

"And then you wrote to me. It was was a very nice letter."

"You didn't answer it," said Bill Coverdale.

"And so you wrote again!"

"And you didn't answer that."

"I don't think Robin's dead," said Meg O'Hara.

As soon as she had spoken Meg turned around. She had said it, and saying it had broken something. It had been terribly hard to say. It had taken every bit of her strength; she felt weak and shaken. She came back to the sofa and sat down on it, leaning forward with her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands.

Bill was looking at her in an incredulous manner.

"Meg, what do you mean? Garratt said there wasn't the slightest doubt."

Her mouth twitched a little. She made no reply.

"Garratt said his pocketbook was found in the river."

She said, "Yes—"

BILL got up and began to walk about the room. "But what makes you think—Garrett said—"

Meg lifted her lids as if they were heavy, looked at him for a moment, and then looked down again. It was a hurting, wounding look. It set Bill a long way off—beside Garratt, who talked about things of which he had no knowledge. Colonel Garratt, the efficient head of the Foreign Office Intelligence, might have been grimly amused. Bill Coverdale was sharply hurt, and, being hurt, he was angry. He said, with the warmth of that anger in his voice, "I'd better go—you don't want me!"

And with that Meg lifted her eyes again. The wounding look had gone. They were the eyes of a child afraid in the night. They were black with fear. If Bill went away and didn't come back the nightmare would close down again. She put out her hand as if she would hold him. But there was no need for that. The fear in her eyes wiped his anger away. He took her hand and kissed it gently.

"Meg—what's the matter?" And his voice was gentle, too.

Meg O'Hara drew a long breath. "I thought he was dead—"

"And why don't you think so now?"

She said, "I'll tell you, but you must sit down. I want to tell you, Bill."

HE had been holding her hand, and now he let it go and went back to the shabby armchair that faced the sofa. The hand he had kissed was in Meg's lap. The other hand covered it in a straining grip. She said, "I did write to you."

"I never got it."

"No—I tore it up. I wrote three letters. I tore them all up."

"Why?"

"I'm going to tell you. It isn't easy, but I can't go on—I must tell some one. It's so difficult." Her voice had an exhausted sound.

Bill held himself where he was. What had been happening while he was away? Whatever it was, he had to know.

"Meg, do tell me," he said. "What is there that's so difficult? If you mean you weren't happy with Robin, I knew that all along."

She took this with a kind of shock of relief. Then she drew a long breath and said, **"Happy?"**

So it had been as bad as that. His little Meg—his darling little Meg . . . He was physically incapable of speaking for the moment, and Meg went on, "I can't talk about it—but if I don't—you won't understand—besides, some of it must have been my fault. If I knew whether he was dead or not, it would be easier."

Bill sat there big and solid. He said in a rough, common-sense voice, "I don't see what that has to do with it. If he didn't treat you properly, he didn't."

Meg looked up for a moment.

"He didn't beat me—it wasn't anything like that. It was partly my fault. I'm stupid—it's easy to hurt me—" She stopped suddenly because she couldn't go on. By some horrible illusion it wasn't Bill sitting there with his big frame, fair hair, and rugged features, but Robin O'Hara, dark and slim, with the air of charm which had stolen her heart and the bright cruelty which had broken it. The eyes smiled behind their black lashes—beautiful grey Irish eyes, looking at her as if he loved her, while he stabbed with bitter words. He had known just how to strip her of her defences and strike suddenly and deep. He had known how to betray her lightly with a kiss. But how could she tell Bill these things? She couldn't. With an effort she controlled the trembling of her body, but her mind shrank and all her thoughts were quivering with pain.

SHE said in a small quiet voice, "No, we weren't happy. Just at first—" Just at first she had been in a fool's paradise. Just at first Robin had been the dream lover of the most beautiful dream in the world—just at first . . . She went on as soon as she could. "It's difficult. He thought Uncle Henry would give me an allowance. I can see Robin's point of view. I was living in the house — like a daughter—there was lots of money. He thought it would come to me—some of it at once, the rest later. I suppose it was natural if you didn't know Uncle Henry. When I told him Uncle Henry would leave all his money for research work, and that was all money meant to him—research—it—I think it was a most awful shock

Please turn to Page 46

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Where's her **BOY FRIEND?**

She's absolutely lovely, yet the men fight shy. "Have you danced with her?" they ask. "It's cruel that no one's ever hinted about underarm odour. It's a shame that she's never discovered Mum." Smooth in a little under each arm when you're dressing and again when you're going out in the evening. It's as easy as powdering your nose.

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NYAL FIGSEN FOR CONSTIPATION

DEAD *or* ALIVE?

Continued from Page 45

"I'D got so used to Uncle Henry's point of view that I never thought about it. I've tried awfully hard to be fair, and I think some of it was my fault because I didn't explain, and some of it was his because he took too much for granted."

Bill clenched his hands. Meg wouldn't talk if he expressed his real feelings. If she didn't talk he couldn't help her. But to sit there and hear her blame herself because O'Hara had been a disappointed fortune-hunter took every bit of his self-control.

"Go on," he said.

Meg looked down at her clasped hands. "It got worse and worse. I was stupid—I minded—too much. I hadn't anyone to talk to. Uncle Henry went off to his island. You went to South America. Then I told Robin I couldn't go on. I said I would divorce him . . ." Her voice just left off.

"When was that?" said Bill.

"This time last year, just before . . Bill, it was the day before . . ."

"How did he take it?"

"I don't know."

He laughed.

She stopped, because Robin's laughter rang in her ears. He had seemed amused, and then there had been a sudden flare of anger: "You'll do nothing of the sort! Do you hear? When I want a divorce I'll let you know!" And then he had laughed again, and tipped up her chin and kissed her with a sort of hard mockery. Then, just at the door, he had turned and flung her his farewell. "Perhaps you'll be saved the trouble," he had said, and was gone. And that was the last touch and the last word she had had from Robin O'Hara.

She left the touch alone, but she told Bill about the words, her voice halting on the syllables and ceasing when she had said "trouble." It was trouble he had brought her, and it was the last of all the words that he had had for her.

After a time she said suddenly, "Letters kept coming for him. Then Colonel Garratt rang up. I said I didn't know where he was, and he said they didn't know either. I went to see him, and he asked me if Robin had told me what he was doing. I said no, he never talked about his work. Then Colonel Garratt said Robin's job wasn't a dangerous one, but he thought he'd been working a line of his own, and that it might have taken him up against very dangerous people. He said they would make inquiries. A week later they found his pocketbook in the river. It was empty. Colonel Garratt said I ought to be prepared — they thought something had happened to Robin. In December—there was a body — they thought — was his. I thought he was dead."

"Garratt wrote to me in December."

Grim details about an unrecognisable corpse had been Garratt's idea of a Christmas letter.

"I thought he was dead," said Meg again.

"And what made you think he wasn't?"

She lifted her hand to her cheek and leaned on it. The worst part was over.

"Colonel Garratt said I ought to see a lawyer and get leave of presume death. There wasn't any will. There was a little money in the bank, and there was a packet of some sort labelled 'To be opened by my wife in case of my death.'"

Bill exclaimed.

"I think it's only papers. They wouldn't let me see it or anything. He had brought it in only the week before. The manager said he must have legal proof that Robin was dead before he could hand it over. I don't suppose it's anything that matters. It can't be money, because he was always saying how hard up he was."

IT sounded odd to Bill. But then O'Hara was just the sort of fellow to do an odd thing like that. With a frown, he said, "Did you see a lawyer?"

Meg's hand went down again. She said, "No."

"Why didn't you?"

"Because that's when I began to think Robin wasn't dead."

"Why?"

"Things began to happen."

"What things?"

"Little things — they frightened me. It's so dreadful not to be sure. It's so dreadful to think that there's someone who wants to keep you like that — not sure — never knowing."

Meg's hands were twisting in her lap, fingers interlocked and knuckles white. Bill leaned forward and put his own hand over them; a big, warm hand.

"Steady, Meg," he said. "Just go on telling me what happened."

She didn't speak at once. He took his hand away and leaned back, and, as if that had been a signal, Meg said, "The first thing was a newspaper. Someone must have put it in the letter-box. I found it on the floor when I got up."

It wasn't a paper she had ever taken, she told Bill, and was glad to have something that was easy to say. "It hadn't come through the post. I thought it had been left by mistake. It was folded inside out. I thought that was funny. Then I saw that some of the letters had lines drawn around them. I couldn't help putting the marked letters together. The first one was an I. After that A and an M, and then ALIVE."

The giddiness that had come over her then touched her now. She heard Bill say, "What paper was it?"

"The 'Daily Sketch.'"

"What did you do?"

"I went to Colonel Garratt. He said he thought it was a hoax. He said he was quite sure Robin was dead. He looked—odd. Afterwards I thought—Bill, it was rather horrid, but I thought he believed I'd done it myself."

"Why?"

"I don't know. He said he'd go into it, but I believe that's what he thought. I didn't know what to think. I couldn't believe anyone would do a thing like that—as a joke—but if it was really Robin there didn't seem to be any point in it. I mean he could have written or telephoned. The person who put the paper in at my letter-box could have put in a note. Colonel Garratt said all those things, and they were true—" She stopped suddenly. Impossible to say to Bill what had been in her mind all through, but it might have been Robin, for Robin was cruel enough to play a trick like that.

"Did you keep the paper?"

Please turn to Page 47

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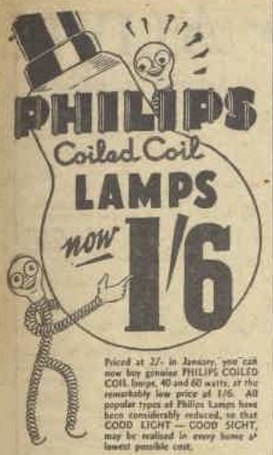

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DEAD *or* ALIVE?

Continued from Page 46

SHE nodded. "Yes — but — that was the first thing that happened. I didn't tell Colonel Garratt about the other things—I didn't tell anyone—I couldn't. I was afraid they would think I was mad."

"You had better tell me," said Bill Coverdale.

"In February I wrote to Uncle Henry. His secretary wrote back and said he wouldn't be attending to any personal letters until he had finished his book."

"Has he the same secretary? She was a Miss Wallace, wasn't she?"

"No, she got ill. It was before you went, I think. It's a new woman—sandy hair and goggles, a sort of fussy white mouse manner. I shouldn't think he'd have stood her for a month, but she seems to have dug herself in. I expect she's efficient. Her name's Cannock. Well, after that I knew Uncle Henry was a washout, so I thought I'd better see the lawyer. He was Uncle Henry's lawyer, Mr. Pincott. I rang up to make an appointment. I'd got a job then, so I was out all day. When I got home someone had been in the flat. Nothing was missing, and everything was quite tidy, but — Bill, you won't think me mad, will you?—someone had taken my scissors and a sheet of writing paper, and they'd cut the paper in strips and laid them out on the floor to form letters. They were all across the hearthrug — A-L-I-V-E, in capital letters about two inches high."

"You should have told Garratt."

"I couldn't—I was frightened. It frightened me in a queer sort of way, because how could anyone have got into the flat? It frightened me dreadfully. You see, Robin had a key and I had a key. Someone had put those letters out like that. If it wasn't Robin it was I."

"Don't talk nonsense," said Bill Coverdale.

She looked down and said in a quick, fluttering voice, "It mightn't be—nonsense. People do things—like that—and forget. I might have done it."

"I'm quite sure you didn't. Someone might have pinched Robin's key."

Meg looked up for a moment. He had a glimpse of her fear.

"It wouldn't matter to anyone except Robin whether I thought he was alive or not," she said.

Bill shook his head. "It might. You don't know what's behind all this. Well, that was in February. You said—other things. What else happened?"

"There wasn't anything else for a long time. I lost my job in July, and—I thought I had better go to see Mr. Pincott after all. But—I didn't go. I wrote and said my plans were changed."

"Why? You ought to have gone."

"I thought Robin was alive," said Meg.

"If he was alive, what was he living on?"

"I don't know. He had money. I don't know where it came from."

BILL groaned. "Go on."

"When I lost my job, I wrote to Uncle Henry again. Miss Cannock wrote back and said he sent me his love, and he was very busy and he hoped to finish the book within the year, and that then he would look forward to seeing me. I felt desperate, so I screwed myself up to go to see Mr. Pincott. I didn't make an appointment—I just thought I'd go. And then something happened. When I took the post in—the first morning delivery—there was an envelope without any address on it. It was in the letter-box with the other letters. There was a letter from you, and two bills, and this envelope. It was of the same kind of bond paper I use myself, and there wasn't anything on it, but it was sealed. I opened it, and at first I thought it was empty, and then I saw it wasn't. There was a leaf inside, a maple leaf, and there was something pricked on it—little holes pricked right through in a pattern. I held it up to the light, and it wasn't a pattern, it was letters—the same letters as before—A-L-I-V-E."

Bill sat forward with a jerk. "A leaf?"

A faint flush came into Meg's face. Her eyes were afraid. "There—you don't believe me! And you want to know why I didn't go to Colonel Garratt!"

"Meg, I didn't say——"

"No, you didn't say I was making it up!" She was angry for a moment, but she couldn't go on being angry. She had been unhappy too long.

"Oh, Bill darling, I don't blame you a bit. I couldn't believe it myself if it hadn't happened. I don't always believe it now. Sometimes I think I must have dreamed it all."

Bill hesitated, and then plunged. "Are you quite sure you didn't?"

She turned her head away.

"I—don't—know." Then all at once she turned back again. "I do know these things happened. Someone put that marked paper in at the door, and someone came in here and put those letters on the hearthrug, and someone slipped that blank envelope in among my letters. But when I'm tired, or I've been looking for a job all day, or when I wake up at about four in the morning, it's like other people talking in my head, and then I'm not sure about anything."

Bill had been wanting to put his arms round her for ten years. At this moment the longing to comfort her became almost unendurable. Yet if he was to help Meg he had to endure it. If he failed her she would have no one to help her at all.

It was a pity that feelings of such a chivalrous nature should have made him look so cross. Instead of kissing Meg he frowned at her and said in a very abrupt voice, "Have you got the envelope?"

"I didn't keep it. There wasn't anything to keep it for. It might have been one of my own envelopes—I use that sort. It might have been anybody's envelope. It didn't prove a thing."

"And the leaf?" said Bill.

MEG threw out a hand. "It shrivelled right up. What was the good of keeping it?"

It made it easier—to feel really exasperated with Meg. Bill felt genuinely exasperated. Ten thousand to one she had drawers full of hoarded rubbish. But she hadn't kept the envelope with what might or might not have been a message from Robin O'Hara!

He said in a patient voice, "I'd like to look at that 'Daily Sketch'—the one with the first message, the marked letters."

Meg grew a shade paler. "You can't. I was going to tell you—it's gone."

"You said you kept it."

"Yes. I kept it. I put it in my writing-table drawer. It's gone."

"When did it go?"

"The day I found the letters on the hearthrug I opened the drawer, and it was gone."

"You're sure? Do you mind if I have a look? Papers get caught up at the back of a drawer sometimes."

"This one didn't. But look if you like."

Bill looked very thoroughly. He took the drawer out of the table. The dozen letters he had written to Meg from Chile were there. She had kept them, even if she hadn't answered them.

There were a great many other things, like stray ends of string, old theatre programmes, bills, notes, and half-sheets of paper. "What about these bills?" he said.

Meg smiled a little bitterly. "You might as well chuck them away."

"They're not paid?"

"Darling Bill!"

He put them in a neat pile. He put everything in neat piles. Just before he pushed the drawer home he picked up one of the half-sheets of paper.

"Was this what was used for the letters?"

Meg nodded.

"Then whoever did it opened this drawer, and when it was open he saw the 'Daily Sketch' and pinched it."

"Or he might have been looking for it. If it was Robin, he would know where to look."

Bill shut the drawer with a bang. "If it was Robin, what was he playing at?"

Meg winced. She said, "I don't know. Thanks for tidying my drawer."

"Why should anyone take that paper?" said Bill.

"Perhaps someone thought it was safer not to leave it here. Perhaps Robin thought so."

"It can't be Robin!" said Bill violently.

"It might be," said Meg O'Hara.

BILL COVERDALE stretched his long legs and laid his head back against the shabby back of a large and shapeless chair. Colonel Garratt walked to the window and stood looking out with little steely eyes. His short, grizzled hair stood up all over his head like a ten-days beard. He wore, as usual, the sort of clothes that make you wonder why any tailor capable of perpetrating them should have escaped being lynched.

Please turn to Page 48

The Fiddler

They called him a genius—
The Fiddler;
But he said, "I am only
The strings
Of God's instrument: He
Playing on it.
Not I, but the fiddle
That sings." —T.S.

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Miss Maribella Rodiger—"Pond's keeps my skin free from blemishes."

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BLACKHEADS
BLEMISHES
DRYNESS
SAGGING TISSUES

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DEAD *or* ALIVE?

Continued from Page 47

FOR twenty - five years Garratt's tailor had abetted him in every kind of sartorial outrage. A mustard tweed and a pink-checked suiting are still remembered at the Foreign Office. This afternoon the crime was a purplish West of England tweed with a green line in it. The pockets bulged — Garratt's pockets always bulged. The invariable red bandanna trailed a flaming four inches or so from the most crowded pocket of all. The color scheme was completed by a tie combining a cheerful royal-blue with orange zigzags.

Garratt turned back to the room with a jerk. Bill did not say anything for about half a minute, then asked, "What about O'Hara? Did you ever find out what happened?"

Garratt frowned. "O'Hara? They got him. Dead. A year ago."

Bill pulled slowly at a spiral of horsehair, which with other stuffing was coming through the arm of the worn chair, before he said, "Is he dead? Are you sure?"

"Sure? Of course I'm sure! Why?"

"Mrs. O'Hara doesn't seem sure," said Bill slowly.

Garratt's voice became furious. "You been seeing her? What does she say?" he barked.

Bill pulled the horsehair taut. He said, "Yes, I've seen her. We've known each other a long time. She isn't sure." The horsehair broke and he shook it off on to the floor. "Look here, Garratt—what happened?"

Garratt shrugged. "Knife in the back. Sandbag." He shrugged again. "I wasn't there. They got him somehow."

"He was on a job?"

Garratt nodded.

"What job? Where?"

"What's the good of digging it up?"

"I want to know. I want to know, Garratt."

Garratt sat down on the arm of a chair, thrust his hands into his pockets and swung a restless leg. Except for the play of finger and thumb with the horsehair, Bill had not moved. His attitude was one of repose, but to those steel-pointed eyes of Garratt's the stillness of the long frame was the immobility of control and not of relaxation.

"Why?" Garratt asked.

"Because I do."

There was a short pause. Then Garratt laughed.

"All right, you can have it! It's mighty little. You know what O'Hara was like. Brilliant in spots. Erratic all the time. Close as a clam." He shrugged with the sideways jerk that was all his own. "You can't run intelligence work by rule of thumb, but O'Hara——" He shrugged again. "I can do with a man being a law to himself, but O'Hara wasn't that. He was a series of revolutionary outbreaks. Bound to come to grief sooner or later."

"What was he doing when he came to grief? How did he come to grief? And how do you know he came to grief?"

"I told you he was on a job," growled Garratt. "And if you want to know what the job was, you'll have to want, because I don't know myself. Here's the whole bag of tricks, and you can make what you like of it. The Foreign Office Intelligence don't touch crime qua crime, but when crime slops over into politics, it's our job. International crime is always on the look out for a chance to exploit international politics. That was the Vulture's stunt. We got him, but we didn't get the people who worked under him. One of them's a very clever woman, and she slipped through our hands. We got one of the men the other day, but the show's still running. O'Hara picked up the trail of the people who are running it in this country. At least that's what I think. Officially he was doing something else, but last time I saw him he dropped a hint and then shut up. Nothing more out of him beyond 'Wait and see.' But he was on to something. Something big. Bit too big. It smashed him. If he'd had the sense to tell me what he'd got on to we might have made a haul. As it was, they got him, and they got away with it."

"Mrs. O'Hara doesn't think he's dead."

GARRATT kicked the leg of his chair. "She doesn't, doesn't she?"

"She came to see you?"

"She came to see me," said Garratt. "And she told me a cock and bull story about someone having put a marked newspaper in at her letter-box—letters with ink circles round them, spelling 'I am alive,' or some flapdoodle of that sort!"

"Why should it be flapdoodle?"

"The answer to why is because," said Garratt. He laughed rudely. "My good Bill, what would be the point of O'Hara sending his wife that sort of tripe?"

Bill kept his temper. He was used to Garratt. He was a cousin in some seventeenth or eighteenth degree. He was an old friend and a good friend, but he never had any manners.

"She says that herself," he remarked.

"Then it's the first sensible thing I've ever heard her say. It was either a hoax, or she'd had a go of hysterics and done it herself."

Bill shook his head. "I don't think so. I've known Meg a long time—she's not like that. Now look here, Garratt, you won't believe what I'm going to tell you, but I'm going to say it all the same. You shan't say afterwards that you were kept in the dark."

"All right, go ahead." Colonel Garratt's little eyes were intent.

Bill told him about the letters on Meg's hearthrug—chopped up pieces of writing paper to make the word "Alive."

Garratt jingled the contents of his pocket and lifted his eyebrows. But he said nothing.

Bill told him about the blank envelope which had contained a maple leaf with the word "Alive" pricked out on it.

Garratt's eyebrows came down and he stopped jingling. He said, "The girl's batty!"

Bill merely said, "No, she isn't," and left it at that.

"All right," said Garratt, "trot out the exhibits—'Daily Sketch,' bits of notepaper, blank envelope, dead leaf. I suppose the leaf's dead if O'Hara isn't."

Bill smiled. There had been a certain amount of thin ice about. Now that Garratt had smashed it, things felt more comfortable.

"There aren't any exhibits. Meg put the 'Daily Sketch' in a drawer—her writing-table drawer—but it disappeared the day she found the letters on the hearthrug. The paper that had been used for them was in the same drawer."

"And someone broke in and burgled the leaf, I suppose!" Garratt made a face. "This what you call evidence? It's sheer lunacy!"

"O'Hara was an odd chap," said Bill slowly.

Garratt got there in a flash. "You mean he might be playing cat-and-mouse with her. What terms were they on?"

(To Be Continued)

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
HOME MAKER

May 9, 1936. A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

Always Full Of Bright Reflections

WELL-KEPT glass can do so much for your rooms. Keep it scintillatingly bright, and even on the dullest days your home will sparkle . . .

★ By OUR ★ HOME DECORATOR

"SHOW me her windows, and I'll tell you whether she's a good housekeeper or no," said a very particular old lady once to a friend when the merits of a young homekeeper came up for discussion.

To-day, with so much lovely glass and crystal in the home, there's more than windows to keep shining and bright, and your reputation as a "good" housekeeper above reproach. Consequently, a few bright ideas on the subject will be welcomed by young homekeepers.

MIRRORED GLASS is one of fashion's favorites for table decoration. Polished to perfection it reflects most charmingly in its gleaming depths the flowers, the silver, the crystal, color, light, and movement

WINDOWS, THE HIGHLIGHTS OF YOUR HOME, can be kept sparkling with little effort. Four ways of keeping them bright and shining are given in this article.

GRACIOUS! When you look around your home and note the amount of glass—windows, vases, mirrors, table and kitchen glass, lamp bases and ceiling lights, picture glass and, yes, toilet requisites—you certainly become "glass-conscious."

I have come to the conclusion, as you most likely have, that the only adequate way to cope with the cleaning and polishing problem is to have a periodical glass-cleaning day.

Of course, the table and kitchen glass, which is constantly in use, gets attention, but mirrors, windows, and all other household glass necessitate a weekly overhaul, if your rooms are to be full of bright reflections.

The lovely crystal that decorates your table and which makes the simplest meal doubly attractive will reward you with scintillating beauty if you wash it in warm, soapy water, and then rinse in clear, cold water to which a little blue has been added. It is best to drain the pieces. Do not wipe. In this way you will not smudge the glass and there will be no fluff from the towel left in the crevices.

Above: Scintillating crystal on a well-set table has a beauty and dignity all its own. Left: What more refreshing on a scorching summer's day than a long, cool drink from a clear, sparkling glass?

Right: MIRRORS can give brightness and light to your rooms, but only if they are kept clean and spotless. Nothing looks worse in a bedroom than a dull, smudgy dressing-table mirror, unless it be the full-length wardrobe mirror!

Decanters, which naturally become discolored from vinegar, wine, etc., also stained flower vases, can be cleaned by putting a tablespoon of sand inside and sluicing it about with a little water. Better still, a solution of vinegar and salt, or tea leaves and salt. Either of these two mixtures should be left in the decanter or vase for a few hours, but shaken frequently. Wash in the ordinary way as described for table glass. For very obstinate stains a repetition of the simple treatment will eventually banish them.

(Continued in Column 4.)

Gleaming Mirrors

THERE are various suggestions for cleaning mirrors; all of them worthy of your notice.

One way to clean them is first to wipe over with a damp sponge and then polish with a soft rag. Dust over with very fine whiting before the final polish.

Another method is to make a paste of whiting and methylated spirit. This should be rubbed over the glass, left on till thoroughly dry, and then polished with a soft, dry, clean cloth or chamois leather.

Never use water on a mirror if you can help it, as it is likely to run between frame and glass, with possible damage to the article.

Sparkling Windows

THE memory of the old method of cleaning windows with soapy water and cloth almost brings tears to my eyes. I can see the smudges now, that somehow would remain after expending a prodigious amount of childish elbow grease on them; well remember aching arms, a half-dislocated neck, a plethora of damp dusters, and the sharp disappointment because the job did not pay a bright dividend for enthusiasm and energy invested.

Here are some modern, easy ways of cleaning windows:

1. Add about a tablespoonful of methylated spirit to a bowl of water and wash. The addition of the spirit helps the glass to dry off and also makes polishing easier and nullifies possibility of smears.

2. Use tepid water and a little ammonia. Wring out a chamois leather or sponge in warm water and wash over the window. The corners should be carefully dried with a dry chamois leather or duster.

3. There are various cleaning powders that are quite useful. These should be applied, left to dry and then rubbed off.

4. Another method is to rub over the glass with a soft rag soaked in paraffin. Rub dry and polish with a clean duster. —E.E.G.

Clever IDEAS

GREASY TABLE TOPS: To clean grease from a white wood kitchen table, wipe up the grease and then rub the spot with lemon juice. If this is done before scrubbing, there will be no trace of the grease left.

SUN ON MIRRORS: If your mirror is placed in such a position that the sun strikes it move it. Spots and blemishes are caused by the action of the strong light on the silvering.

COOKING POTATOES: Add a teaspoonful of baking powder to old potatoes when mashing them, and beat briskly. This will make them light and creamy.

ENAMEL CLOTHES PEGS: If clothes pegs are dipped in white enamel paint and dried in the sun they can be kept perfectly clean and will not spoil the clothes.

PERFUME FOR BLOUSES: When washing blouses or handkerchiefs put a small piece of orris-root in the rinsing water. It gives a perfume of violets, which is as lasting as a sachet placed among the clothes.

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Margaret Vyner writes:

"People say I'm lucky— but I say *"Aren't we all?"*

"I couldn't tell you how much I admired the delicate complexions of English girls. Their skins were like milk and roses. I asked a lovely London debutante the secret. She just had time to whisper 'D. & R.' before one of her admirers whisked her away.

"I soon found out she meant Daggett and Ramsdell's Beauty Creations—and I've been for them ever since. They acted like magic on my skin, and then I realised why they were quite the fashionable thing in Europe and America. So when anyone says I'm lucky, I simply say, 'Aren't we all?—we can all use these marvellous aids to beauty.'"

Margaret Vyner

The ideal matt-finish powder base that's so kind to the complexion is Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream. Tenderly, but surely, it shields your skin from sun and wind and dust. The fine texture and clinging qualities of Daggett & Ramsdell's Face Powder will appeal to you. Use it regularly with Daggett & Ramsdell's Vanishing Cream, and, like Margaret Vyner, you'll be delighted with the loveliness that comes to your complexion. Why not complete your toilet with these other popular Daggett & Ramsdell's Creations — D. & R. Lipstick, 6/6; D. & R. Rouge, 6/6; D. & R. Cold Cream, 2/6. Margaret Vyner uses them all. Lucky for you—you can use them too!

Daggett & Ramsdell

Mother's Guide to Better

CONTROL *of* COLDS

For Fewer Colds . .
Vicks Va-tro-nol helps Prevent many Colds

At the first warning sneeze or nasal irritation, quick!—a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril. Specially designed for nose and throat, *where most colds start*, Va-tro-nol helps *to prevent* many colds—and to throw off head-colds in their early stages.

For Shorter Colds . .
Vicks VapoRub helps End a Cold sooner

If a cold has already developed, use Vicks VapoRub, the mother's standby in *treating* colds. Rubbed on at bedtime, its combined poultice-vapour action loosens phlegm, soothes irritation, helps break congestion. Often, by morning the worst of the cold is over.

Follow Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds

A helpful guide to *fewer* colds and *shorter* colds. Developed by Vicks Chemists and Medical Staff; tested in extensive clinics by practising physicians—further proved in everyday home use by millions. The Plan is fully explained in each package.

Over 53/26/17 Million Vick Aids Used Yearly for Better Control of Colds

BERTHA MAXWELL . . . .
DESIGNS STILL AVAILABLE

Bertha Maxwell's Designs previously featured, are always available by sending to The Australian Women's Weekly Box 2607EE, G.P.O., Sydney.

81 x 11 linen serviette in white, green, lemon, blue with hemstitched hems carrying dainty floral designs in one corner, price 1/- each. 10 x 11 oval cloth chiffon-finished serviettes, with the same designs and tiny hems, in blue, pink, flesh, yellow and green, price 1d.

White huckaback towels stamped with fruit designs, price 1/3. Hemstitched for crochet, 1/8, with hemstitched hems, 1/8.

Stamped with sweet Australian wildflower designs in white, cream, blue, pink, lemon or green linen, round and sandwich doyleys 1/- each. Blue, green, pink or primrose Cesarine, 6d. each. Hemstitched edges, 3d. extra. 12 x 12 d'oyley mats 1/- in linen, 1/9 in Cesarine.

£1 CASH PRIZE FOR YOUR IDEA!

The makers of SNIETS want to find new and original ways of using this delicious food product (pronounced Sneets). Study the recipes on the package and see if you can suggest still another way to use SNIETS. Each week the person submitting the best idea or recipe will be mailed £1. Winners will later be announced in the Women's Weekly.

You can get SNIETS at your grocers—a 1lb. package for 7½d. SNIETS adds nourishment, flavour and bulk to such every day dishes as stews, fish, meats, puddings, etc. Just mail your idea or recipe, accompanied by a top from a SNIETS package, to H. Stein, 14 St. Mary St., Camperdown.

SNIETS The Continental FOOD SENSATION

PRINCESS BETTY *Birthday Cake Competition* RESULTS

Six prizes awarded, Ten highly-commended, and Two other special prizes as well.

This week we announce the prizewinners in our Princess Betty Birthday Cake Competition in which we called for recipes for the cake most suitable for the little Princess' tenth birthday.

So many hundreds of excellent recipes were received that we felt compelled to give a second prize of 10/- and four consolation prizes at 2/6 each instead of allotting them to our usual weekly competition. Two readers divide the £1 prize (first prize in our weekly competition), their entries being judged of equal merit.

"WHAT are you making, Mummy? Trying out a 'Best Recipe'? Oh, that will be nice!"

READERS tackled the competition in many different ways, some concentrating on the theme of British Royalty and loyalty. Others remembered that she was a little child, and so would most love "surprises" (hence "Surprise" cake).

Crinoline ladies, maypoles, houses and castle, rainbow, snowmen, "hide-and-seek" cakes, etc., were there in abundance, excellent recipes, but duplicated so many times that they were early eliminated from the contest.

It needed a stroke of genius to secure first prize, and this we found in "White Rose Cake," from Mrs. McGowan, of Casino, N.S.W., to whom we give all praise for the simplicity, dignity, and suitability of her cake.

Mrs. McGowan says: "This white pound cake, which I have made successfully for my own children's birthdays, is most suitable for juvenile parties. It cuts smoothly, is not over-rich, and its height makes it an attractive centre-piece to a birthday table. In this tower-like arrangement with the White Rose—the emblem of the House of York—as the leit-motif, it would have a dignity and significance befitting the tenth birthday of Princess Elizabeth."

The Union Jack cake comes a close second, for it is easily the most novel and ingenious cake received.

WHITE ROSE CAKE

Three-quarters cup butter, 2 cups sugar, 1 cup sweet milk, 6 egg whites (stiffly-whipped), 2¼ cups flour, 2¼ teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¾ cup minced walnuts, ¾ cup candied cherries (quartered and freed of sugar), ¾ cup shredded candied pineapple, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ¼ teaspoon almond extract.

Choose three straight-sided round cake tins of graduated size, and line them with well-buttered paper. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt together three times. Cream butter, add sugar gradually, and beat until very light and fluffy. Fold in sifted flour, baking powder, and salt alternately with milk, beating with deep even strokes. Add essences, and, when mixture is velvet-smooth, fold in the stiffly-beaten egg whites.

Divide the batter into two equal parts. To one add walnuts, and turn it into the largest tin. Into two-thirds of the remaining batter stir the cherries, and place in the medium-sized tin. The candied pineapple goes into the smallest portion baked in the small tin. Bake the three portions at a heat of about 375 degrees F. until firm, and delicately browned.

The Frosting: 3 cups granulated sugar, 1 cup water, 3 egg whites (stiffly-beaten), pinch salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ½ teaspoon almond extract. Boil sugar and water until a long thread spins when dropped from a spoon. Add slowly to egg whites, which have been stiffly-whipped with the salt, and drop in the essences. Beat until of right consistency to spread. Coat the tops and sides of the three layers with a thin frosting. Place the tiers in position, and pour remainder of frosting over the whole cake quickly, smoothing it with a knife-blade.

Place cluster of white roses on the "tower"-top, and surround it with the ten candles in white rose-like holders. Transfer the cake to a large round or oval white platter and surround the base of it with white roses, whose glossy green leaves should supply the only color-accent to this simple white cake.

First Prize of £1/1/- to Mrs. P. McGowan, Hotham St., Casino, N.S.W.

UNION JACK CAKE

Ten ounces plain flour, 2oz. self-raising flour, ½lb. butter, 8oz. castor sugar, 12oz. seeded raisins, 8oz. currants, 1lb. sultanas, 2oz. crystallised cherries, 2oz. stoned dates, 2oz. sweet almonds, 4oz. mixed peel, ½ nutmeg grated, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, 5 eggs, 1 teaspoon golden syrup, 2 teaspoons boiling water.

Separate eggs. Beat yolks and sugar till light. Cream butter, add egg yolks. Sift flours, cinnamon and nutmeg, and add alternately with the cleaned fruits, chopped cherries, almonds and mixed peel. Lightly mix. Add beaten egg whites (stiff), and, lastly, with the melted golden syrup, carb. soda melted in the boiling water.

Have two tins—a deep ring tin and an oblong tin. Grease thoroughly, line thickly with greased paper (standing well above the rims). Bake carefully about three hours. Turn out to cool. When cold, take a sharp knife and even off. Set the ring cake alongside the oblong one to represent a "10". Join with almond paste.

To 8oz. sifted icing sugar add 4oz. almond meal, separate egg and beat yolk. Add 1 tablespoon water. Add to dry ingredients and make a stiff dough. Knead till smooth, roll out. Completely cover, pressing the joins neatly together. Brush over with egg white. Place in oven till dry and hard.

TO ICE.—Stand almond-iced cake on rack. Spread icing over. Lightly stir 1 egg white, add sifted icing sugar, a spoonful at a time. Beat well. Add squeeze lemon juice. Allow to set. Pipe a red line around the cake ½ inch from the edge. Decorate with 10 red, white and blue candles in holders. Set at regular intervals in the line. Place a Union Jack in the centre.

Second Prize of 10/- to A. K. Fisher, Princess Avenue, Malvern East, Vic.

WATER-LILY BIRTHDAY CAKE

One and a quarter pounds butter, 1¼ lb. sugar, 1½lb. flour, 1½lb. raisins, ½lb. chopped peel, 1½lb. sultanas, ¾lb. currants, ½lb. crystallised cherries, ½lb. blanched almonds (chopped), 1doz. eggs, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2 wineglasses sherry.

Cream butter and sugar, add and beat in eggs separately. Mix in flour, baking powder, salt and floured fruit, lastly, add sherry.

Bake six hours in slow oven. When cool ice all over with mauve icing, decorate with silver cachous and mauve water-lilies, and 10 mauve candles in pale-green holders.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. L. Fisher, Station House, The Rock, N.S.W.

FRUIT-BOWL CAKE

One cup of cold water, 4oz. butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 large tablespoon of desiccated coconut, 2 cups mixed fruit, 2oz. crystallised cherries, ½ teaspoon mixed spice.

Put in saucepan and simmer gently for five minutes. When cool beat into mixture 2½ cups of plain flour and 1 level teaspoon of carb. soda sifted together. Bake about 1½ hours.

Make a paste with ½lb. ground almonds, ½ cup sugar and well-beaten yolks of two eggs. Put this in a circle about 1½ inches in diameter round top of cake, leaving a hollow in the middle, then cover the cake with pure white icing, made with 1lb. icing sugar and enough well-beaten white of egg to make the icing spread evenly over the cake, still leaving the hollow centre. Thin down the left-over icing slightly and make it a pretty pink with a few drops of cochineal and pipe a little latticework round the sides. "Many happy returns," name and date on the circle, and pink roses with candle-holders round the edge, five white and five pink candles alternately, and fill in the hollow top with crystallised fruits.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Rebbington, 1 Arthur Street, Merrylands, N.S.W.

EVERY WEEK we receive letters from readers in appreciation of our Best Recipe Page and the help they get from other readers here. In this weekly recipe competition we award first prize of £1, second of 10/-, and four at 2/6 for the six best recipes received for that week.

BUMBLE BEE NOVELTY CAKE

Four eggs, their weight in flour, sugar, butter, 2 extra tablespoons flour, 1 level teaspoon carbonate soda, 1 rounded teaspoon cream of tartar, rind and juice of 1 orange, 3oz. blanched and chopped almonds, 3oz. candied cherries, 8 drops almond essence or extract.

Cream butter and sugar well, add eggs one at a time, beating well, then add juice and grated rind of orange, almond extract, and flour, soda and cream of tartar sifted together. Lastly add slightly browned almonds and halved cherries. Put in a tin lined with double thickness of buttered paper, and bake 2 hours in a slow oven. When cool, brush over with white of egg. Roll out and cut almond paste ½ inch smaller than top of cake. Lay it on, leaving the edge uncovered. Ice the cake all over with soft icing, decorate edge and top with pieces of candied cherries—curved like the body of a bee—and place split almonds on each side to represent white wings, and between each one place a small pink candle until ten are used.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Trenorth, 93A Lower North Road, Prospect, S.A.

SURPRISE BIRTHDAY CAKE

Beat ½lb. of butter with ½lb. of castor sugar till light and creamy. Then beat in 4 large eggs, one at a time. Now add 13oz. of self-raising flour to which has been added a pinch of salt. Add, cut very finely, ½lb. of mixed fruits of the lighter type—2oz. preserved cherries, 3oz. sultanas, 2oz. chopped almonds, 1oz. dates, 1oz. preserved pineapple. Put into a ring cake tin and bake. When cold, wash some threepences, wrap neatly in greaseproof paper, and stick in here and there in the sides of the cake. Cover the whole with pastel-pink icing.

Divide the top of the cake into ten portions radiating from the centre. Leave two opposite ones pink, ice two others yellow, two more chocolate, two white, and the two last green. Where the colors join pipe stars in white royal icing, and into each star place a silver cachous. Do this also right round the top and bottom of cake.

On the yellow icing place one or two chocolate mice made of marzipan, chocolate-coated with two silver cachous for eyes, and a tiny strip of liquorice for a tail. On the green place white rabbits made with marshmallows snipped with the scissors for ears and tail. On the chocolate make horseshoes of silver cachous. Sprinkle the white with nonpareils, and the pink lightly with white coconut. Pipe round the sides "Many Happy Returns." On each of the ten portions place a birthday candle in a rose-holder. Flowers cut from cherries and leaves cut from angelica may be added to the side decoration. Lastly, just before serving fill the centre with red jelly and whipped cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. Candler, Wylie Flats, Corner Grey and Sidon Sts., South Brisbane.

Honorable mention and congratulations to: Mrs. Honeysett, Canberra; Mrs. Fordham, Oatley, N.S.W.; Mrs. Williams, Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.; Mrs. G. Ulbrick, Burnie, Tas.; Miss Robinson, Camberwell, Vic.; Miss Warner, Auburn, N.S.W.; Mrs. Neate, Mascot, Sydney; Mrs. Anderson, Milton, Brisbane; Miss Tait, Nowra, N.S.W.; Miss Ford, Taree, N.S.W.

The two following recipes from readers divide £1, first prize, given every week in our Best Recipe competition.

MINT FINGERS

Four ounces short crust, for filling: 3oz. sultanas, 2oz. sugar, juice of half a lemon, 1 tablespoon of finely-chopped mint.

Mix finely-shredded sultanas, sugar, lemon juice, and mint well together, until mixture has appearance of thick jam. After mixing pastry, place on board and cut in half. Roll out each half as evenly as possible—about 9in. x 3in. Place one strip of pastry on dry square cake-tin, then spread sultana mixture evenly over. Place other strip on top, sandwich fashion, press edges well together, and sprinkle with ½ tablespoon cinnamon and ½ tablespoon brown sugar mixed well together. Place in hot oven for about 5 or 6 minutes. Take out and cut into finger lengths about one inch wide, without disturbing mixture, then place in oven until cooked. 25 minutes allowed for cooking. These mint fingers may be served cold at buffet supper or served hot with boiled custard as a sweet.

Special Prize of 10/- to Mrs. S. Lane, Montrose, Greenhill St., Croydon, N.S.W.

MARSHMALLOW CHERRY CAKE

Beat 4oz. butter and 3oz. castor sugar to a cream; add 2 well-beaten eggs, and beat briskly for 3 minutes. Mix 1 teaspoon baking powder with 5oz. flour, beat into butter, etc., then add 2oz. glace cherries, cut into small pieces. Add 1 tablespoon milk. Turn into tin lined with buttered paper and bake in a moderate oven 45 minutes. When cold, cover with marshmallow cream, sift icing sugar over, and decorate with glace cherries.

To make marshmallow cream, cut 4oz. marshmallows into small pieces, melt in double boiling saucepan. Take off fire and add 1 teaspoon lemon juice and sufficient icing sugar to form a thick paste.

Special Prize of 10/- to Miss Beth Haywood, 22 Cascade St., Paddington, N.S.W.

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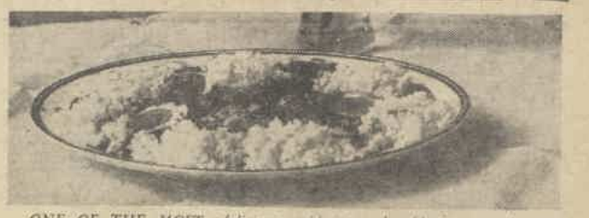
KNOW HOW *To Make Delicious* CURRIES . . .



ONE OF THE MOST delicious midwinter breakfasts—curried eggs. Bananas may be added, if liked. Saute the bananas (after cutting lengthwise) before adding to the curry sauce and hard-boiled eggs.

Before Bleak Winter Comes Earn Unstinted Praise From Your Family and Friends.

LEFT: Ingredients all in readiness for curried eggs. The rice is already cooked according to the method given at right.

Some think that a curry to be good must be "hot." Nothing of the kind. Indiscriminate use of curry powder in inexperienced hands has been responsible for many a spoilt dish—and life-long aversions.

The object of using curry, like all other spices, is to bring out the flavor of other ingredients and to blend them—not to kill them.

Cooking Rice For Curry

Wash rice in several waters. Drop into large saucepan of boiling, salted water, and boil quickly, uncovered for 13 minutes. Do not stir it. Drain in colander and pour over it hot or cold water to separate grains and remove any starch. Return to saucepan and keep in warm place till required.

By RUTH FURST

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

MEAT, both raw and cooked, fish, eggs, rabbit, vegetables, etc., can be used for a curry.

It should be carefully made, its sauce rich, well-flavored, and of the right thickness. Therefore, use only the best brand of curry. It may be expensive, but will be the cheapest in the end. And use it sparingly!

All curries contain a sweet and sour element, which are accomplished by the blending of lemon juice or vinegar with sweet chutney. An earthenware vessel is the best type to use in cooking it—preferable to enamel, iron, aluminium, or tin.

Curries are served with a border of boiled rice and garnished with lemon slices.

Remember, curry is an acquired taste, and if you introduce your family gradually to it you will have no complaints to meet.

CURRY SAUCE.

Onion, 1 apple, 1 banana, 1 dessertspoon fat, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 tablespoon curry powder, 2 cups water, stock or milk, lemon juice, salt, 2 teaspoons sugar, 1 teaspoon coconut, chutney.

Peel onion, apple, and banana. Cut into dice, banana into rounds. Melt the fat, add the prepared vegetable and fruit, and fry for a few minutes. Add flour and powder; mix in well. Add liquid. Stir till it boils and thickens. Simmer about 20 minutes. Add salt, lemon juice, coconut, sugar, and chutney. Add cooked meat. Thoroughly reheat and serve in usual way. The sauce can be strained if liked before adding the meat.

The sauce is best made with milk if fish, prawns or lobster are added to it.

CURRIED EGGS.

Four hard-boiled eggs, ½ pint curry sauce (made with milk), lemon, ½lb. boiled rice.

Make curry sauce. Shell eggs, and cut in half lengthwise. Place in sauce. Stand on warm part of stove for 15 minutes. It must not boil. Serve in border of rice on hot dish. Garnish with lemon slices, and the grated yolk of one of the eggs.

Cold, cooked meat, flaked cooked fish, shelled prawns, cubes of lobster, cooked tripe, cooked vegetables, oysters, salmon, cooked brains, sweetbread, cooked rabbit, cooked chicken may be added to a curry sauce, and when thoroughly reheated served in the usual way, garnished with lemon and grated yolk of egg. When adding oysters to the sauce see the sauce is hot, and do not heat again. If uncooked fish, meat, etc., is added to the sauce, it should simmer till tender in the sauce.

CURRIED PATTIES.

Curry sauce, ½ cup finely-chopped cold meat, little chutney, cold chopped vegetables (if liked), pastry cases.

Make curry sauce as directed, add to it meat, vegetables, and chutney, and thoroughly reheat. Have the cases cooked, fill with the curry mixture. Return to oven to heat thoroughly. Serve on plate with paper d'oyley, garnished with slices of lemon and sprigs of parsley.

CURRIED RABBIT

One rabbit, 1 onion, 1 apple, curry powder, water or stock, seasoning to taste.

Wash and joint the rabbit. Mince the onion, cut up the apple, and fry in butter. Add the joints of rabbit. Remove the rabbit and put in a saucepan, then add the curry powder to the mixture in the frying pan and fry this. Add to the rabbit, barely cover with water or stock, and cook for an hour to an hour and a half. Thicken with flour to which has been added a few drops of Parisian essence and ½ teaspoon Worcester sauce. Place on a dish and pile round carefully boiled rice. Serve with chutney.

CURRIED PATTIES are nice for buffet suppers. Put the curry and the mixture into cooked cases. Reheat and serve.

CURRIED SARDINES

One tin sardines, 1 onion, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 gill stock or water, salt and cayenne, lemon juice.

Chop onion finely and fry in the oil from sardines; pour off oil and add curry, flour, salt, and cayenne. Pour on stock or water, add lemon juice, place sardines in bottom of prepared fireproof dish, pour sauce over and sprinkle with breadcrumbs. Place in hot oven until brown. Serve with dish of boiled rice.

FRUIT CURRY

Curry sauce, any fruit cut in cubes, raisins, juice ½ lemon, boiled rice, hard-boiled egg, chopped parsley.

Make the sauce, add to it the prepared fruit, lemon, raisins, and simmer for 20 minutes. Serve on a hot dish in a border of boiled rice. Garnish with slices of egg and chopped parsley and slices of lemon. Serve very hot.

CURRIED CHOPS

Four neck chops, 1 apple, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 tablespoon flour and curry powder, salt, sugar, mustard, lemon juice, boiled rice, 2 cups water.

Melt fat in flat saucepan, fry chops till brown on both sides, lift out, add diced onion and apple. When brown, add curry, flour, and salt, then water and lemon juice. Stir till boiling. Return chops to saucepan. Simmer in the sauce till tender. Serve in usual way.

MADRAS CURRY

One lb. topside steak, apple, onion, banana, 1 tablespoon sultanas, 1oz. fat, 1oz. flour, 1oz. curry powder, 1½ cups water, lemon juice, salt, sugar, mustard, boiled rice, slices of lemon, chutney.

Make curry sauce. Add the meat, which has been cut into small pieces, and fruit. Simmer very gently till meat is tender. Add lemon juice, salt, sugar, mustard, and chutney. Serve in the usual way.

CURRIED RISSOLES

Half lb. cooked meat, chutney, 3 tablespoons cooked rice, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, stock, egg glazing, breadcrumbs, frying fat, lemon, parsley.

Place chopped meat, rice, and seasoning into a basin; add enough stock to moisten; shape into balls, using flour on the hands. Dip in egg glazing, toss in crumbs. Wet fry till a golden brown. Drain on paper. Serve on hot dish, garnish with slices of lemon and sprigs of parsley.

VEGETABLE CURRY

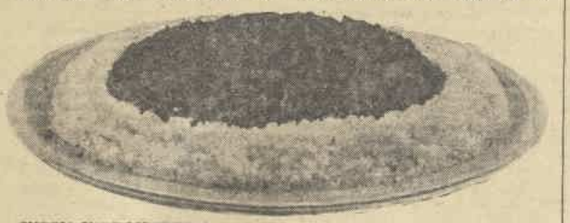
Two cups good curry sauce, cooked peas, french or haricot beans, cauliflower, potatoes, rice, lemon, parsley.

Cut cauliflower into pieces, potato into blocks, and with the other vegetables add to curry sauce. Reheat. Serve on hot dish in border of rice; garnish with slices of lemon and finely-chopped parsley or grated yolk of egg.

CURRIED MACARONI

Macaroni, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 1 tablespoon plain flour, 1 tablespoon butter, salt, cayenne, lemon juice.

Break macaroni into equal lengths. Place in large quantity of boiling water and boil for 20 minutes. Drain, return to saucepan with ½ cup water in which macaroni has been boiled. Add butter, curry powder, salt, and cayenne. Mix well. Allow to cook for 5 minutes. Serve on hot dish. Garnish with lemon.



CURRY SURROUNDED by a ring of boiled rice can be a most attractive dish. To cook rice, allow 1 cup of rice to 4 cups of rapidly-boiling water, 1 dessertspoon salt, and a slice of lemon (if liked). Do not stir. See panel on this page.

The vicious circle of CONSTIPATION

Interruption of regular habits, due to weakness of the intestinal muscles controlling elimination, is often treated by methods which do nothing to remove the cause. This only leads to further weakening and more frequent recourse to purgatives.

Break the vicious circle! It has been *proved* that BEMAX actually *rebuilds* weak intestinal muscles, because it contains vital elements that modern foodstuffs lack. BEMAX not only "breaks the vicious circle," it builds up the system to a state of good health in which energy and fitness replace debility and depression.

BEMAX is unique. Every tablespoonful contains 200 units of Vitamin B_1. No other tonic can do *all* that BEMAX does. Remember—

You're bound to benefit from

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Last night's Bourn-vita is helping her now!

Hospital Matron's happy experience

She made a 'find' that produced a remarkable change in her . .

. . this is what she wrote to Cadbury's about it!

Dear Sirs,

For some months now I have had very restless nights, only sleeping fitfully, but since I have taken Bourn-vita I have slept very much better, and I find Bourn-vita a most pleasant drink before going to bed . . . I cannot speak too highly of it!

I am, Yours truly,

E.L.P. (Assistant Matron).

A GENEROUS SAMPLE — FREE!

To enable you to prove for yourself how good Bourn-vita is, how delicious it tastes, we will send you a generous sample on receipt of name and full address and 3d. in stamps (to cover packing and postage). Mail your request to CADBURY'S, Dept. D, Claremont, Tasmania.

Read below how Bourn-vita gives this wonderful help.

YOU, TOO, like this hospital matron, can get the same help from Bourn-vita, because—more than other food-drinks—it assists and soothes digestion, you are able to sleep better, and to wake up refreshed and full of energy. Bourn-vita is also a very nourishing food-drink—a delicious combination of malt, full-cream milk, eggs and chocolate. Start taking Bourn-vita to-night and note the improvement in your energy to-morrow.

Cadbury's

OBTAINABLE AT CHEMISTS AND GROCERS
1/6 ¼lb.; **2/9** ½lb.; **4/9** 1lb.
WEIGHT GUARANTEED

BOURN-VITA

for DIGESTION, SLEEP AND ENERGY

BONNIE BABY RESCH, of Bellevue Hill, New South Wales, in a pensive mood.

FOR *Young* WIVES *and* MOTHERS

Difficulties met with when feeding baby!

By MARY TRUBY KING

Sometimes little difficulties are met with when breast-feeding baby, and mothers should have a knowledge of how to overcome them in the best and simplest way.

THERE is the baby who is obviously hungry yet fights against going to the breast. What is one to do with him? The first thing is to have his mouth thoroughly examined for thrush—adherent white patches on his tongue and cheeks.

Thrush would not occur if the mother took care to swab with boiled water before and after each feeding the portions of the breast which come in contact with baby's mouth. Between feeds they should be kept clean and dry.

Thrush causes great pain to baby when he takes his food, therefore it should be cured without delay. Procure a bottle of glycerine and borax from the chemist.

Cut some boiled linen up into strips of four inches long and one inch wide. Dip a strip into the glycerine and borax and allow baby to suck it. (Of course, holding on to the other end of the strip!)

Do this before and after each feed till baby's mouth is quite healed.

Patience Essential

SOMETIMES baby will refuse to go to the breast for no reason that one can find. One must then be very patient and firm, refusing to give food by bottle or cup and spoon, until baby takes its natural food willingly from sheer hunger.

Of course one could not do this with a child who was undernourished or ill. However, this trouble does not usually occur after the first few weeks of baby's life.

Remember that it may take even a week or more for a mother's milk to come after baby's birth. He should be put to the breasts regularly, at four-hourly intervals, to stimulate the flow of milk.

If the milk has not appeared at the end of the first 24 days, something more than boiled water will have to be given to baby.

Regulating Feeds

A LITTLE diluted humanised cow's milk should be given after baby goes to the breast. As the mother's milk supply increases, the amount of humanised milk is decreased till baby is fully on the breast.

But don't give in too soon. We have had cases in the Truby King Mothercraft Homes of full establishment of breast milk after five and even six weeks of striving.

On the other hand, there is the mother who has an over-abundance of milk and feels heavy and uncomfortable. Do not feed baby more often with the idea of relieving this or you will further increase your supply.

Nothing increases the supply of milk more quickly than baby's suction. Restrict your liquids, regulate your diet and, if baby is being fed three-hourly, put him on to four-hourly feedings, seeing that he does not partake for longer than is absolutely necessary for him to obtain the correct number of ounces in the 24 hours.

A little salts may be taken each morning for two or three days, if found necessary, and a firm binder (with straps over the shoulders) to give support and relieve discomfort should be worn.

Sun Great Healer

NURSING mothers sometimes suffer from cracked nipples, which are very painful. If the crack is bad, it is best to take baby from that breast until it is healed.

Meantime express the milk at the regular feeding times and give it to baby by bottle. Wash and dry the nipples carefully, and apply Friar's Balsam.

The sun is a wonderful healer. Find a sunny private spot and expose the breast for a few minutes to its rays.

It does not necessarily follow that because the milk "runs away" you have an extra large supply.

Bathe the breasts with hot and cold water alternately for five minutes twice daily. Try exposing them to the sun for five minutes or so daily. Avoid wearing heavy blouses.

If baby does not seem to be thriving, do not jump to the conclusion that your milk is at fault. It may be, but it is far more probable that your management of yourself and baby is at fault.

You should take every care to avoid constipation. Take an energetic walk daily in the fresh air.

Perhaps you do not drink sufficient water. Perhaps you do not study your diet. Perhaps you live in stuffy rooms. (Many people do who do not realise it.)

Perhaps you do not so order your day that you obtain the maximum amount of rest. Perhaps you worry too much.

One's emotions have a great deal to do with determining the quantity and quality of one's milk. An over-anxious mother does not make a good mother. Neither does a woman who gives way to hate or anger.

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Established 24 years.

HER JOINTS SQUEAKED LIKE NEW SHOES

Swollen With Rheumatism at Thirty

Normal After Six Months of Kruschen

She had begun to feel like an old woman—yet she was only thirty. Her joints sounded like squeaking shoes; her hands and ankles were badly swollen. Then she started taking Kruschen Salts. Read what she says after six months:—

"I feel I must let you know how Kruschen Salts has benefited me. I am thirty and suffered from rheumatoid arthritis. My hands and ankles used to be awfully swollen, and my knee joints sounded like squeaking shoes when I went upstairs. I was beginning to feel an old woman. After spending pounds on different remedies, I tried Kruschen. I take it as directed, in a tumbler of hot water. My hands and feet are normal after six months of Kruschen, and I feel different in every way. I recommend Kruschen to all I know, and cannot speak too highly of it."—(Mrs.) M.

The pains of rheumatism are caused by deposits of needle-pointed uric acid crystals in the muscles and joints. The most effective solvents of these crystal deposits are sodium and potassium. Glauber Salts contains sodium only. Epsom Salts has no solvent action at all, as it is not absorbed by the blood. Now Kruschen Salts contain both sodium and potassium. They are the *only* salts which bring a *double* action to bear in dissolving the uric acid crystals.

Then other constituent salts of Kruschen assist Nature to expel these dissolved crystals through the natural channels. Still other salts in Kruschen prevent food fermentation or decomposition taking place in the intestines, and thereby check the further formation, not only of uric acid, but of other body poisons which undermine the health.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 1/6 and 2/9 per bottle.

It's not your HEAD —it's your STOMACH

If you are a martyr to cruel headaches and nervous depression, don't be content with "first-aid" methods which, though good as emergency measures, cannot be expected to give more than temporary relief. They do not get to the *cause* of your trouble, which more often than not is stomach disorder. Any doctor will confirm this, and you can easily prove it for yourself by taking a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia. This remarkable stomach corrective goes straight to the most frequent cause of headaches, depression and general ill-health by instantly neutralising the sour stomach acids and toxins which are poisoning your system and irritating your nerves. Headaches, lassitude and low spirits vanish. You sleep well and wake fresh, eager for breakfast and in fine fettle for the day's work or pleasure. 'Bisurated' Magnesia is obtainable from all chemists — get some to-day and banish those headaches which arise from unsuspected stomach trouble.

'Bisurated' Magnesia For the Stomach

A concentrated preparation, very economical. The package bears the 'Bismag' Trade Mark. BISMAG

BABY'S HEALTH

Mother praises these powders . .

Mrs. Hart writes :—

"Your Infants' Powders proved a blessing to our baby, when cutting his teeth, as the hot climate here upsets most babies. Other powders acted too harshly on the bowels resulting in a bad form of diarrhoea; but Ashton & Parsons Infants' Powders have proved over and over again to be evenly balanced. Whenever my friends come here with a sick child out comes the little 'box of cure' as used in Royal Nurseries." A fretful, crying, feverish child is quickly soothed and enjoys food and restful sleep throughout the critical stage of acquiring little teeth when Ashton & Parsons Infants' Powders are used. Ask for them by name.

ASHTON & PARSONS INFANTS' POWDERS

Box of 20 Powders 1/6 at chemists and stores. For free sample write to Phosferine (Ashton & Parsons) Ltd., 131 Palmer Street, Sydney.

Four "VAREX" Applications . . . Heal Bad Leg

W.D.R. states that an ulcer which had given him pain for five years was completely healed after four applications of Varex. A simple, soothing, home treatment for varicose ulcers at any stage of development. No resting required. Permanent results. Write to-day for free booklet and all information to Ernest Healey, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Varex Ltd., 3rd Floor, Dymock's Building, 424N George Street, Sydney, 92N Collins Street, Melbourne.

The Constant use of the handkerchief made him less attractive . . .

That happens to any person suffering from catarrh. The first essential is to remove the secretion, clear away the inflammation, and keep the nasal passages in a state of cleanliness. To achieve this result, a prominent specialist produced a perfectly balanced formula by blending five medically recognised ingredients long used by Physicians for treating catarrh. The preparation is registered by the name Clymias, and is sold by all Chemists for 1/9, or large size 4/6. Full directions go with every bottle as well as a written guarantee.

Michel The King of Lipsticks

SUMMER *Flowers* for *Winter* DAYS

Bertha Maxwell chooses the exotic and colorful hibiscus and places it most enchantingly on a 3-piece linen set for you to work.

WINTER days are almost here again; they are not long in this lovely land, but there will be times when you will be glad to stay by the warming, cheery fire for a while; long evenings with wireless or conversation to charm the hours away in acceptable relaxation. And then . . .

What better companion for your leisure than a beautiful little piece of needlework with summer's own flowers to induce happy memories of past holidays and gardens? Here is the very set you need for winter work.

Why not make a set or two for your home, for your box, or for Christmas gift-giving?

THERE never was an easier design than this lovely hibiscus motif, the very spirit of simplicity, full of the charm of rich coloring, and with scope for good stitchery. You will notice that there is plenty of space in the centre of these mats for all kinds of bowls or dressing-table appointments, the delightful design being concentrated in the corners with a minimum of labor.

Who can resist a set for use in the first days of spring, or as a gift later in the year? The veriest novice can hope to make a handsome piece of work of such simple stitches.

These mats are ready traced for you on very good linens, and are available from the office of The Australian Women's Weekly only, at the following prices:

In white, cream, blue, primrose-yellow, pink, or green linen. The set comprises one 17 x 11-inch cloth and two 8 x 8-inch mats, with plain or spoke-stitched edges. Price, 3/6 the set.

In blue, pink, yellow, or green Cesarine, plain or spoke-stitched edges, as desired, price 3/- the set.

Every home can find a use for a set like this. The sizes are so attractive and handy, the work is so restrained and yet so jolly in its contour and coloring. Your dressing-table needs plenty of coverings to give variety—one grows so tired of seeing the same things all the year round, almost. Then there are small sideboards whose polished tops will welcome something new and full of color; and if you have a large sideboard which still looks a little bare with a three-piece set such as this, have you ever thought of making three large mats, all the same size? Just try it and see how satisfactory it can be; order the 17 x 11-inch size, three of them, and it will be roughly equal to a runner which is about 54 inches long. If this is too long, then use two of the same large size. That is one of the best features of mat-coverings for household pieces of furniture—their adaptability to differing sizes and shapes.

You may purchase the 17 x 11 size separately. Linen costs 1/9, Cesarine 1/6.

And for small traycloths and cake-mats, you will find this set exactly right, so pretty and pleasing to the eye in its balance.

Small mats may be bought separately. In linen 1/- each, Cesarine 9d.

The Colors

USE any colored linen you fancy, and let your fancy go again in the choice of colored cottons. This is an age of well-defined colors in the home, and it is not very important to have everything matching in the old way. There is a very lovely cream linen which is ideal for your needlework, and you will find it pleasant to sew and a perfect background for your stitchery.

The flowers are scarlet, old rose, pink, yellow, or buff, as you prefer. Their long centres and the ray lines on the petals are often a most lovely crimson-lake shade, so you may use that on any colored flower for contrasting effect. Then the five little stamen tops which are shown as round dots should be bright golden yellow.

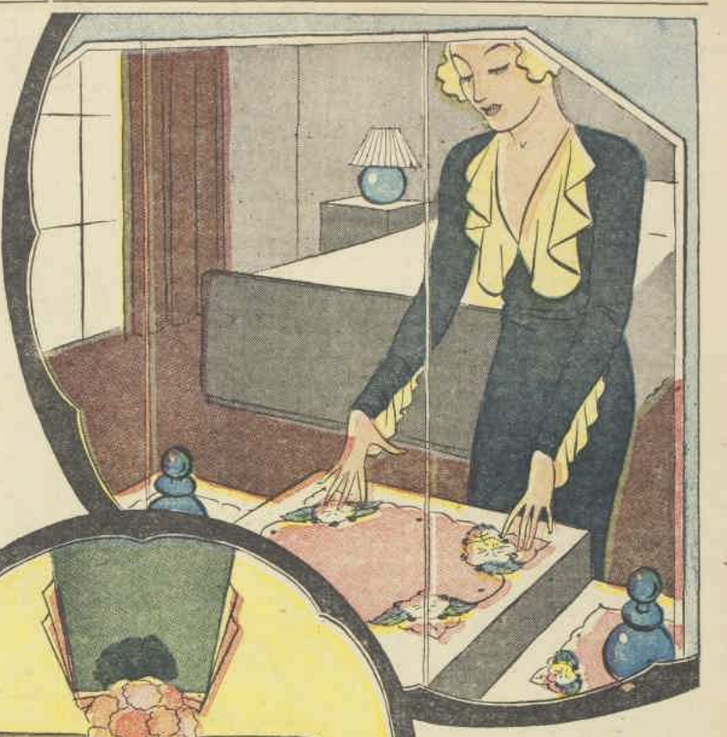
Leaves are deep green, with veins the same shade. The scallops are very simple to buttonhole over a few running threads, and their color may be the same shade as the linen, or the same green as the leaves; or again it may match the flowers, but possibly the best effect is gained by using the leaf-green.

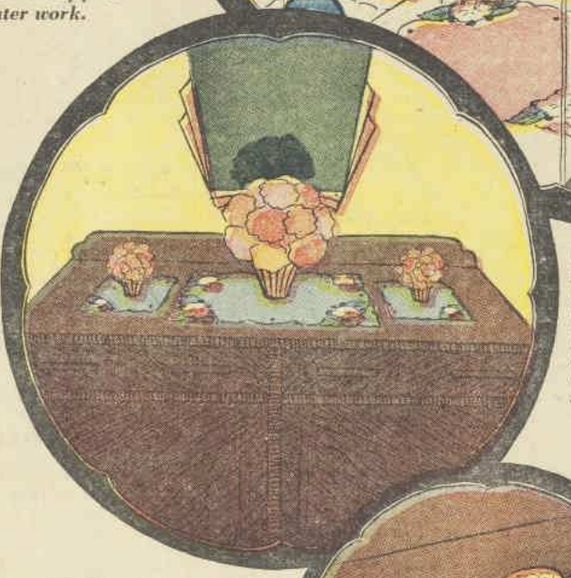
Buttonholing

THIS is the stitch which will carry the design to a lovely, rich completion; so easy to work over one or more running stitches round the leaves and flower petals. This stitch suits the tiny bits of cutwork which relieve the mass of the pattern here and there, and which are so fascinating to work.

When the leaves and flowers are buttonholed, these small, curved places are also run with a foundation thread and buttonholed; then clipped out after being pressed.

This gives a light-and-shade effect to your work with a minimum amount of trouble, but if you do not wish to include this cut appearance, just make a row of small dotted stitches over the curved lines, and you will be pleased by this novel touch to your work. Add the picots where shown.





YOUR DRESSING-TABLE needs plenty of coverings to give variety. How tired we grow of seeing the same covers decorating it week in and week out! So what about this lovely set? It costs 3/6 in linen, 3/- in Cesarine. The centre, which measures 17 x 11 inches, and the 8 x 8-inch mats, may be purchased separately at the prices quoted.

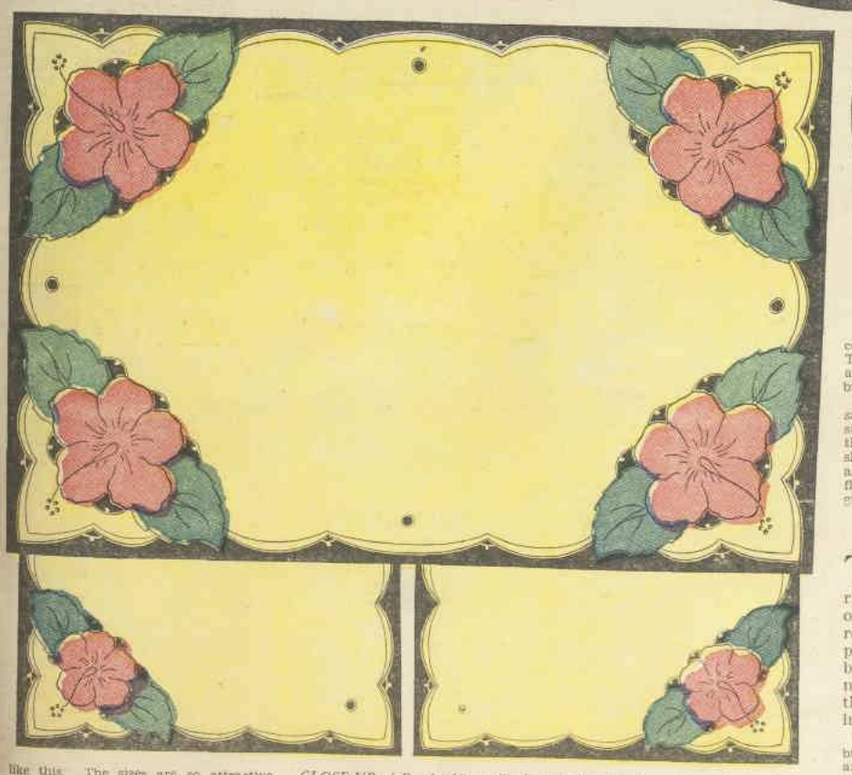
• •

SMALL sideboards with polished tops will welcome this new set. It is so pretty and so full of color. Note range of linen colors available.

• •

THIS SET may also be used at tea-time. The large mat would look sweet on a small tray; the smaller mats simply charming on cake plates.

• •



CLOSE-UP of Bertha Maxwell's beautiful design for a three-piece set featuring hibiscus flowers and leaves. It comprises one 17 x 11 inch centre, and two 8 x 8 inch mats. May we send you the set?

Perfect skin care

EVERY night give your face its "good night" massage with Charmosan Cold Cream. Rub this cream well into your face all over. It's a good idea, too, to give your neck, throat, and the exposed portion of your chest a good massaging with the cream to cleanse away dust and other beauty destroying things that lodge in the pores and on the skin.

After giving your face, neck, throat, and chest a good massage with Charmosan Cold Cream, rub it off thoroughly with your face-towel or tissue. You will find that the cream cleanses beautifully, for it goes right into the pores and out again, and removes "make-up" dust, etc., from the pores and skin in a way that soap and water can never do. Notice how supple and smooth your skin is. This nightly massaging will also keep away wrinkles, crow's feet, and other lines . . . what a blessing.

In the morning wash your face, neck, throat and chest with nice warm water and a good soap, dry well, and then apply your Creme Charmosan. Do not confuse Creme Charmosan with Charmosan Cold Cream. They are quite separate and distinct. Rub your Creme Charmosan well in wherever it is required, for its mission is to protect your skin from the ravages of the sun, dust, and winds, and to hold your powder all day. Creme Charmosan removes many faults and many signs of age from the skin, and makes it look years and years younger and prettier.

After applying your Creme Charmosan use your Charmosan face powder—the most amazing powder money can buy. It stays on hour after hour with sweet witchery, and gives instant charm to your skin. It is perfumed with the most gorgeous fragrance in the world. It is suave, chic, modern. Nothing like it. You get it in all shades and suntan. The powder of skin, youth, and charm.

Creme Charmosan Jars 2/6, tubes 1/-. Charmosan face powder 2/6 per box. Charmosan Cold Cream Jars 2/6, tubes 1/-. Sold everywhere.

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Our FASHION SERVICE *and* FREE PATTERN

EXCITING NEW DESIGNS WITH EXPERTLY-CUT, INEXPENSIVE PATTERNS!

PLEASE NOTE!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child.

INSTEAD of poring over fashion books, save on time and energy by following this page of patterns. Styles are all authentic, and the patterns are cut especially for the amateur dressmaker.

SLIMMING STYLE

WW1177.—Smart, sophisticated frock for the full figure to suit both young and old. Features smart front effect with contrast bow. Bust sizes, 36 to 46 inches. Material required for 38-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. ⅜ yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

DAINTY EVENING DRESS

WW1178.—The daintiest frock imaginable, especially if made in delicate chiffon. It has a fascinating shoulder treatment, and floating back panels, with a large soft flower at the decolletage. Bust sizes, 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 6½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SMART COSTUME

WW1179.—A trim little "in-between" costume that you will love, and will find amazingly useful. Coat has a belt of plain contrast. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

MILITARY SUIT

WW1180.—Inspired by the modern military mode, this is a most unusual suit, having frog or braid trimming across the front. Coat is beltless, fitting trimly into the waist—a very new note—and skirt is pleated. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

NEW FRONT TREATMENT

WW1181.—Semi-sports frock with an unusual front treatment that is very smart. Note the unexpected pleat in the front and the single button. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

RUSSIAN STYLE BLOUSE

WW1182.—A charming Russian blouse with full sleeves and gathered shoulders. Note the basque effect, which enables it to be worn as jumper or blouse. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FOR A WEE GIRL

WW1183.—A dear little style for a little girl aged 3 to 8 years. Circular shoulder treatment is most attractive. Material required: 1½ to 2 yards. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

WELL-CUT SKIRT

WW1184.—An attractive skirt style for one of the many you will need this winter. Stitched pockets make it suitable for sports and holiday wear. Sizes, 36 to 42-inch hip. Material required: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garments illustrated at far right, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 1d. STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Dept." to any of the following addresses. A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A charge of threepence will be made for Free Patterns over one month old:—

ADELAIDE. — The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 385A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
BRISBANE. — The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 405F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
MELBOURNE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
NEWCASTLE. — The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
SYDNEY. — The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 3907BB, G.P.O., Sydney.
TASMANIA. — The Australian Women's Weekly, c/o Andrew Mather and Co. Pty. Ltd., 106-112 Liverpool St., Hobart.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name .....

Address .....

State .....

Pattern Coupon, 5/5/36.

Our Free Pattern

THIS week we give away, absolutely free, patterns for three jumper - blouse styles and three skirts — all contained in our amazing three-in-one pattern. These are designed for a young girl aged 14 to 16 years, bust 32, hips 36.

Your daughter's winter wardrobe is here completely provided for.

No. 1 is a little jumper suit with bell sleeves. Material required: 2½ yards, 54 inches wide.

No. 2, blouse and skirt, requires 2½ yards, 54 - inch material.

No. 3, skirt, requires 2 yards, 54-inch material.

No. 4, the jumper, material required, 2½ yards, 36 inches wide.

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THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

BY EVELYN

WHY NOT *Declare* WAR *on* BLEMISHES?

They are Fatal Enemies of Skin Beauty

FACIAL beauty, as everyone agrees, starts with a good skin. No woman can be really attractive without a clear, healthy complexion, and no woman who possesses one can be called plain.

Blotches, blemishes such as pimples, rashes, as well as enlarged pores, are fatal to good looks, and liable to create within you an inferiority complex which does work havoc with a woman's happiness.

CONSISTENT care of health and skin will give you a complexion as smooth and clear as Bette Davis, lovely Warner Bros. star, pictured here.

WHAT are the fundamental causes of blemishes, such as a pimply rash associated with redness and blotches?

The answer is: (1) Wrong diet; (2) dandruff.

A balanced diet, in which fruit, salads, and vegetables figure largely, should be substituted for greasy and starchy foods. Highly-seasoned foods must be cut right off the menu. Substitute grills for fried foods. By the way, did you know that fried foods are fatal to the complexion? I heard a doctor say once that the frying-pan should be banished from the kitchen! A rather drastic and possibly ridiculous statement you'll think this. But he was not joking.

Cut down flesh food to one meal a day. Practise moderation in eating and drinking. Don't drink hot, strong tea, or strong, black coffee. Weak tea will not harm the skin, nor will weak cafe au lait—that is, coffee made on milk.

Over-indulgence in food that cannot be easily assimilated or eliminated from the system results in self-poisoning. The blood stream becomes impure, a sluggish liver will be yours—and blemishes!

The application of a calamine lotion to which sulphur has been added is soothing to a pimply and reddened skin. Your chemist should supply such a lotion for this skin affection. Facial massage will also help.

If you think the trouble is caused by dandruff, your only plan of treatment is the removal of the enemy. Consistent care will banish dandruff.

Many otherwise lovely skins are spoilt by enlarged pores. This condition can be caused in any number of ways—heavy make-up allowed to remain on the skin day and night, thus clogging the pores; grease left on the skin continually at night; constant washing of face in hot water without rinsing in very cold water; living in tropical climates minus a good astringent in the beauty kit.

Supposing your skin has succumbed to enlarged pores, give yourself the following treatment for a week and then note the improvement:

Just before you go to bed each night, wash your face with warm water, a mild soap. Wash thoroughly, please. Rinse with warm water and then apply a generous amount of good, thick skin food. Use plenty, for the skin must not be stretched in the treatment.

Now take a rubber nail-brush (purchasable at most chemists and stores) and, holding it by one end, rub the skin food in, using circular movements. Start with the chin, go over this briskly in small circles. Now out along the jaw-line, and feel the stimulating effect as the bristles massage gently, but well. Next start under the eye, gently, down past the ear, round towards the mouth, and back again, following this time the noseline.

Finish with a circular movement in the middle of the cheek, getting smaller until you are just under the cheekbone. After a minute or so you'll feel the blood tingling in your cheek.

Repeat the same treatment to the other half of the face. Then the forehead gets its share—work out towards the temples. Lastly, the nose is rubbed until it is pink.

Now soak a pad of cotton in an astringent and slap smartly over the face. A few drops of simple tincture of benzoin in half a cup of water will serve, or one made from four drops of spirits of camphor added to two teaspoonfuls of witchhazel, and beaten up with a clean match or orange-stick from your manicure set.

In the morning, pat again with the astringent and, after five minutes, rinse with plenty of cold water. Dry well.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

..BY A DOCTOR..

PATIENT: I recently consulted a doctor, who told me I was deficient in thyroid. Would you further enlighten me as to the customary symptoms of that state?

THE thyroid gland may under-secrete as well as over-secrete. In fact, there are cases where the thyroid gland itself is enlarged, but the gland cells are so squeezed and cramped in their normal activity that as a result the general system does not receive the amount of thyroid stimulation it requires.

When deficiency of thyroid exists from birth, the condition is known as "cretinism." These people have large, square-shaped heads. Usually the nose is broad and flat. The eyes are separated widely. The lips are broad, thick, and protruding.

The mouth is large. The tongue also is thick and broad. The skin of these people—and this is a prominent symptom—is decidedly dry, rough, wrinkled, often scaly.

The entire body of the cretin is dwarfish, the legs being very short and sometimes bowed. The hands and feet are short and thick.

Mental Deficiency

WITH the physical peculiarities already noted is a corresponding mental deficiency. Cretins may be of the imbecile type, or of a higher mental status, that of the moron.

When the thyroid gland becomes deficient in its secretions after adulthood is reached, the condition is known as "myxedema." This at least is a convenient way of understanding the possibilities of thyroid under-secretion.

In myxedema, the hands and skin in general become thick and dry. On the whole, the skin looks particularly whitish, and there is a tendency to scaling. Often there is itching. Absence of perspiration, even after physical exertion, is noticeable.

From a mental viewpoint, the patient is very sluggish. These persons lose their enthusiasm, their ambition, and their initiative. Sometimes even speech is slow.

They walk and move about also the way they think—indifferently and lazily.

Thyroid Treatment

THE treatment for all cases of thyroid under-secretion is, of course, thyroid extract, which is taken from sheep or hogs.

The way a cretin can often be improved with proper administration of thyroid is little short of marvellous. And the results obtained in the various myxedematous states may well gratify the cause of modern medicine.

There is a great deal yet to be learned about the thyroid gland. Nevertheless, no one should hesitate for a moment to seek medical help in a thyroid disorder.

GLAMOUR . . ALLURE . . like a halo round her head

Just "once a day" with Blue Hyacinth Cosmetics and you are youthful and lovely. Only their tremendous popularity could make their amazingly low price possible. The same quality usually costs three times as much.

Blue Hyacinth Cosmetics

POWDER . . . ROUGE . . . LIPSTICK . . . EYEBROW PENCIL . . VANISHING CREAM . . . PERFUME

6D each

At your favourite store

"Tell me doctor... You know what children are—always falling and cutting their knees and grazing their hands. I don't regard such things as trifles; I had a young brother who died of blood poisoning. Tell me, is there no efficient antiseptic I can apply at once with perfect confidence?"

"Dettol" is such an antiseptic—dangerous only to germs. It is a clean, pleasant fluid—non-poisonous and non-corrosive—highly efficient as a germ-killer. You can apply it freely (there are directions on every bottle). Remember, the smallest break in the skin is a wide-open gateway for the germs of septic infection.

Disinfect cuts and scratches at once with "Dettol." The way to prevent blood poisoning is to kill the germs that cause it.

USE "DETTOL" PROMPTLY IN TIME OF ACCIDENT.

"DETTOL" TRADE MARK

THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

YOUR CHEMIST HAS IT—IN 2/- BOTTLES

IF UNOBTAINABLE LOCALLY, SEND 2/- DIRECT AND A BOTTLE WILL BE SENT TO YOU, POST FREE.

RECKITTS (OVER SEA) LIMITED (PHARMACEUTICAL DEPT.), SYDNEY.

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Mother's Day Resolution for Children

Plan a Little Garden as a Tribute to Your Mother

—Says the OLD GARDENER

All through the year the "Old Gardener" advises "grown-ups" on garden planning, on the planting and tending of flowers and shrubs, etc. But, because next Sunday is Mother's Day, he turns to you, children, with advice and offers of help in the hope that you, too, will grow flowers.

For, he says, the flowers you have grown yourself, representing the patient service you put into a garden—no matter how tiny—will be the best gift she will receive on Mother's Day, the finest tribute to her for her loving care.

WELL, children, Mother's Day is with us again, and I take the opportunity of sending greetings to all mothers.

May their lives be full of sunshine,
 Each day bring them golden hours,
And blessings fall upon them,
 As sweet as springtime flowers.

How quickly the time flies, for it seems only yesterday that I had a chat to you all on Mother's Day, though it is really twelve months ago. Do you still remember who was the founder of the day, and how its popularity spread throughout the world? I am sure you do! But for the benefit of new readers I will tell again of the first commemoration of Mother's Day.

Story of the Founding

MOTHER'S DAY and its white carnation emblem came into being nearly thirty years ago. Miss Anna Jarvis was the founder, in 1908. The first Mother's Day service was held in a little Methodist church in Philadelphia (U.S.A.) under her auspices. Little did Miss Jarvis dream then that in years to come the whole world would be giving this tribute to mother.

Miss Jarvis and sixteen young women decorated the little church throughout with white carnations to commemorate this first Mother's Day, and on the second anniversary in 1909 over two million people throughout the United States were celebrating the day, selecting the second Sunday in May. So it has continued. And now in practically every country throughout the world special tribute to mother is paid on the second Sunday in May.

I want you all to make this day one of the brightest and best for mother. Show kindness and gratitude for what she has done for you. Make a resolution that you are going to be even more thoughtful during the coming year. Remember mother will not be with us always, and when we lose her we lose the best friend we have in the world.

Plan a Little Garden

HAVE you the garden I asked you to make last year? Are you able to go into the garden and pick an armful of flowers for your mother on her day? If you have not done so yet, why not commence right away, and make one so that throughout the year you can supply mother with all the flowers she will require for the home.

Commence at once and spend all your spare time in the garden, and you will be surprised how interesting the work will become. Exchange plants and cuttings with one another, and help your friends with their work.

Do you realise how valuable a garden is to the home? What a bright and cheerful place home is when surrounded by flowers, lawns, shrubs, and decorated with window boxes and pot plants? And I know there is not one mother who does not love a garden.

I know many boys and girls who have their own little garden plots, and are real experts in growing flowers and vegetables, and I often go along to help them. So if you are intending to commence a garden plot, and are at a loss to know how to start, just write in to me and I will write back and help you.

MAY-PLANTING

SOW seeds of antirrhinum, aquilegia, coreopsis, candytuft, carnation, eschscholtzia, godetia, larkspur (annual), linaria, linum, lupin, mignonette, nemophila, pansy, sweet pea (spring flowering), stock (ten week).

Plant the following bulbs and tubers: Ixias, lilies, montbretia, nerines, scillas, tuberose, watsonia, zephyranthes, Spanish iris.

Plant roses, carnations, shrubs, and trees.

Wear a Flower, Sunday

ON Mother's Day do not forget to wear a white flower. A white carnation is the real emblem for that day, but any white flower will do to show that you have remembered. Carnations are usually very scarce at this time of the year, so you will have to choose from those flowers which are now in season.

See that mother has a nice bunch of flowers presented to her—even if you cannot give them to her from your own garden.

And here is a little verse which I learned when a boy, and which I have never forgotten:

No friend half so near to me,
 No comrade so true;
No pal half so dear to me
 Mother as you.
No love half so sweet to me,
 No heart half so fine
As the love and the heart of you
 Mother of mine.

So, children, don't forget to wear a white flower as a fitting tribute to the best friend you will ever have in the world—your Mother!

TWO BRIGHT YOUNGSTERS with a garden plot of their own. Not a big plot, to be sure, but they love tending it, and it rewards them with countless little bunches of flowers for mother.

...to wipe away
UNWANTED HAIR

The latest discovery of science. A perfumed toilet cream which ends superfluous hair in three minutes.

Razors only make the hair grow faster. The old fashioned depilatories are evil-smelling and dangerous. This new beauty cream, called New Veet, makes the hair simply fall away. You just apply it from the tube and then wash off with water. Leaves the skin soft, smooth and white without a trace of hair. No ugly dark patch like the razor leaves because the hair is removed *below* the skin surface.

New Veet is just like a sweet scented face cream, and as easy and pleasant to use.

New Gigantic Strawberry
"HAWKESBURY"

The plants grow 18 inches high, and as far across. They bear tremendous crops of huge berries—often as large as walnuts!

Fruiting starts early, and continues later than most other varieties. The color is rich red all over, and the flavor excellent. The constitution is extremely hardy.

In the new strawberry, "Hawkesbury," we have the ideal variety for Home Gardeners, Market Growers, and for jam making or preserving. Plant now, and give them plenty of room!

PRICE: 1/6 doz., postage 9d. extra; 5/- for 50, postage 1/3 extra; 8/- per 100, postage 2/- extra. Special quotations for quantities.

SOLELY FROM
ANDERSON & CO. LTD.,
399-401 George St., and 100 Pitt St., SYDNEY.
Box 1098BB, G.P.O. Phones: BW1021-B6058.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Introducing LAURENCE GARDINER, of Manly. —Pal.

Connie's Letter

MY Dear Pals,—

The well-known Frenchman M. Coue originated the saying, "Day by day, in every way, I'm getting better and better."

That's a fine motto for you, Pals, if you'll only back it up by doing your best in all you do. By doing your best at study, by working hard at business, by practising regularly at your favorite sport, you will be able to say, "Day by day, in every way, I'm getting better and better."

The prize of 5/- for the best letter of the week goes to DAISY CATTERMOLE, Bordertown, South Australia. Her letter was neatly written, correctly punctuated and was extremely interesting.

Good-bye for one short week.

Cheerio

From your Pal,
CONNIE.

Just Chatter

MARY CUNNINGHAM, of Newport (N.S.W.), is at present visiting her aunt in Victoria; HEATHER GILLIGAN, of Springwood (N.S.W.), writes an interesting letter; PHYLLIS GIBBS, of Bundaberg (Qld.), is celebrating her fifteenth birthday next week.

BILLY DONNELLY, of Rockhampton (Qld.), has a new bicycle which he received for his fourteenth birthday; JANET CUMMINS, of Mildura (Vic.), has three dogs and two cats for her favorite pets; TED WHITE, of West End, Brisbane, celebrated his eleventh birthday recently.

MARJORIE GOODWIN, of North Lidcombe (N.S.W.), writes a delightful letter; UNA JOHNSTON, of Lithgow (N.S.W.), attends the Lithgow Intermediate High School; FRED WHITE, of Arncliffe (N.S.W.), visited his aunt in Wollongong a week ago.

NORA SIMMS, of Kogarah (N.S.W.), writes a very delightful letter; MERLE TOTENHOFER, of Tumut (N.S.W.), is another good letter-writer; ELMA GIGGINS, of West Wallsend, always reads our section; JIMMY WRIGHT, of Mildura (Vic.), has a new bicycle.

ALAN BARLING, of North Goulburn (N.S.W.), collects stamps, and has a cat for his favorite pet; KEN WOODS, of Dalby (Qld.), is another new Pal; JEAN ALEXANDER, of Currawong Court, Flat 8, 18 Clarendon Rd., Strathfield (N.S.W.), would like to correspond with a Pal in another State.

NANCY TARNOCK, of Maryville, via Newcastle (N.S.W.), is welcomed as a new Pal; BILLIE THOMPSON, of Temora (N.S.W.), is a keen cricketer; FONNIE LACKE, of Mildura (Vic.), is interested in stamp collecting; VERA SAUNDERS, of Melbourne, will be visiting her aunt in Auckland this June; TOM LEHANE, of Matraville (N.S.W.), is ten years of age.

About Competitions

EACH week Cash Prizes and Prize Cards are awarded for good entries. All work with the exception of jokes, tricks, riddles, and games must be original. Pals must be under the age of 18. For 12 Prize Cards a 10/- prize is awarded.

Address all letter and contributions to "Pal Connie, Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney."

CLEVER PAL

RUTH RYAN (Emohruo, 26 Rosedale Avenue, Manly, N.S.W.) has gained twelve Prize Cards, and by doing so wins a prize of 10/-.

My Dreams

By MARIE HAWKER.

I OFTEN dream of pirates bold
 A-sailing on the sea,
Or of fairies dancing on the grass
 A pretty sight to see.

I sometimes dream of kings and queens,
 With jewels and thrones of gold,
Of elves and pixies in the woods,
 Or stories I've been told.

But the best dream that I could have
 That would the rest outweigh,
Would be that on the Children's Page
 I'd won a prize to-day.

Prize of 5/- to MARIE HAWKER (14), The Thistles, Beach St., Cronulla, for this original verse.

THE RIDER

By GWEN FOSTER.

STANDING still and erect like carven stone in the rays of the setting sun stood the horse with its rider seated in the saddle.

The sun sinking in a pool of golden fire flecked the trees and shrubs with shafts of pale sunlight, creating a beautifully vivid scene. And as the sun finally faded from view, the darkness slowly descended.

The rider and his horse were silhouetted against the dark sky, and the rider, glancing up above, saw the pale stars shining. They gradually they deepened into a silvery hue and the moon appeared in silvery radiance casting pale moonbeams across the velvet sky.

With a sigh, the rider turned his horse homeward with the scene still in his mind.

Prize of 5/- to GWEN FOSTER, 2 Wood Street, Bexley, N.S.W.

FOR FUN & FANCY

BOB: How did you hurt your leg?
Tony: See that ladder?
Bob: Yes.
Tony: Well, I didn't.
Prize Card to JOAN BRADLEY, 9 Edward St., Georgetown, Newcastle, N.S.W.

A Scot and an Englishman entered a cafe and ordered tea. When it was served the Englishman turned to his companion.

"Now then, Jock," he said, "you be mother, and pour out the tea."

"Ay," said the Scot, "if ye'll be father and pay for it."

Prize Card to VERA BANNISTER, Box 280, Red Cliffs, Vic.

Passenger (to guard on slow train): I think I'll pick some flowers off that embankment.

Guard: But there aren't any flowers to pick.

Passenger: That's all right. I've got some seeds here!

Prize Card to AUDREY SAMS, 41 Victoria St., East Maitland.

A motorist was helping his victim, who happened to be extremely fat, to rise from the ground.

"Couldn't you have gone round me?" he growled.

"Sorry," said the motorist, airily, "I wasn't sure if I had enough petrol."

Prize Card to EDNA RALPH, 18 Dent St., Merewether, N.S.W.

VISITORS at a Scottish town were in the habit of offering two coins to the town half-wit, one coin a sixpence the other a penny. The penny was always accepted.

"Why don't you take the sixpence?" asked a visitor.

"Well, if I took sixpence they wouldn't try me again," replied the half-wit.

Prize Card to GWEN SAMS, 41 Victoria Street, East Maitland, N.S.W.

A SLIGHT MIX-UP

Pa had decided that little Johnny should learn his alphabet in a more interesting manner than hitherto, and he had invented a new system. The first lesson was to be short. It was, too.

"Now, then, Johnny," said Pa. "J stands for Johnny."

"J stands for Johnny," said the child.

"M stands for me," went on father.

"M stands for you," said Johnny.

"No, no, Y for you," explained father.

"No, J for me," exclaimed Johnny.

Then father ended the first lesson.

Prize Card to GLADYS OSTERSTOCK, Kingscote, Kangaroo Island.

"Mummy, can I please have the peach on the sideboard, coz——"

"Because what?"

"I've eaten it."

Prize Card to DEIRDRE RULE, Emu Prairie, Qld.

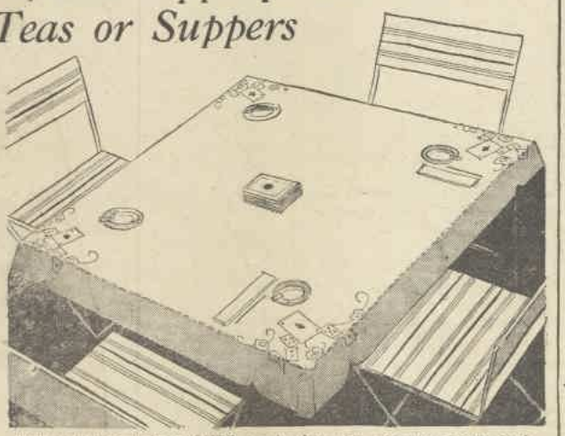
NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE

Here Is a Smart, and Appropriate Cloth . . . For Bridge Teas or Suppers

Measuring 36 x 36 inches and traced with this picturesque design, it will appeal to smart young hostesses everywhere.

Bridge teas and suppers are very important affairs. Delectable savories and sandwiches, luscious cakes, proving the skill and artistry of hostesses, are set down before appreciative guests on lovely linens — the grand finale to a pleasant game.



WHEN THE GAME IS OVER, it takes but a few moments to clear cards, pencils, and scorers away, and set a charming and unusual cloth upon the table for tea or supper—such as the one sketched above with its appropriate motifs. See article.

SHOWING CLOSE-UP of one corner of the design traced on linen or Cesarine for a bridge table tea or supper cloth.

THOSE who constantly entertain at bridge parties—and their number is legion—are always seeking novelty. And here is novelty in a tea or supper cloth accompanied by four serviettes, specially designed for our readers.

The cloth measures 36 x 36 inches, and the tea napkins 12 x 12 inches. The napkins each carry a small flower traced in one corner. In white, cream, blue, pink, yellow, or green linen, the set costs 7/6; in blue, pink, green, or yellow Cesarine, 5/-.

Here are directions for embroidering the set in color:

Satin-stitch spades and clubs in black; hearts and diamonds in turkey-red. Work the centres of the roses in yellow satin-stitch, and buttonhole the inner and outer petals in rose. Satin-stitch the leaves in green.

Stems should be stem-stitched with one strand of green and one strand of brown. Short lines joining the design are stem-stitched in black, horizontal lines in white.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING THIS DAINTY ROUND D'OYLEY

In a Fine, Exquisitely Light and Lacy Crochet Design

HERE is another splendid design for a round d'oyley for lovers of crochet, and all beautiful needlework. This time you must provide yourself with a small round of spoke-stitched linen for the centre, and then crochet in successive circles this fascinating design pictured here. Comprehensive directions are given.

Materials: Small round of linen, spoke-stitched, mercer cotton No. 70. Crochet hook No. 6.

Abbreviations: Ch. chain, d.c. double crochet, d.tr. double treble, pic. picot (1 d.c. into 5th ch. from hook); st, stitch.

1st Row: D.C. closely all round.

2nd Row: * 1 tr., 2 ch., miss 1 st., repeat from *.

3rd Row: 4 d.c. into every space.

4th Row: * 2 d.tr. into each of 4 d.c. (8 in all), 5 ch., miss 8 st., repeat from *.

5th Row: * Into each d.tr. work a d.tr., leaving the last loop of each on needle, pulling thread through all at the last st. to form a group. 5 ch. 1 d.c. into 5 ch. loop, 5 ch. Repeat from *.

6th Row: Into each 5 ch. loop, work 5 d.tr., with 5 ch. between.

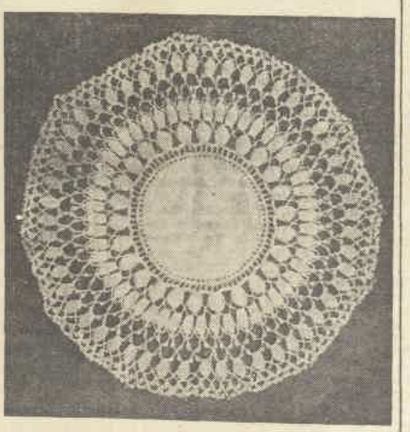
7th Row: * Into each d.tr., work d.tr., same as in the 5th Row; 5 ch., 1 d.c. into 5 ch. loop; 5 ch. Repeat from *.

8th Row: * 7 ch., 1 pic., 7 ch., 1 pic., 2 ch., 1 d.c. on either side of group in previous row. Repeat from *.

9th Row: Same as 8th Row, working the d.c. between the picots.

10th Row: * 5 d.tr. between pic. of previous row; 5 ch. Repeat from *

11th Row: Same as 7th Row



CROCHET-LOVERS will like this design. It is lacy enough to suit the most fastidious, and yet is strong enough to resist countless washings. It will iron up beautifully, and will always look dainty and charming against a light, colored, patterned, or a plain dark background.

12th Row: * 6 ch., 1 pic., 6 ch., 1 pic., 1ch., 1 d.c., into 5 ch. loop. Repeat from *.

13th Row: Same as 12th Row Working the d.c. between picots.

N WINTER

your lips need more care

How ruinous to romance that unpleasant parching and cracking of the lips which is so often caused by chill winter winds . . . by the Australian climate that is so hard on complexions! And how reassuring to know that Coty has been thorough in finding a solution.

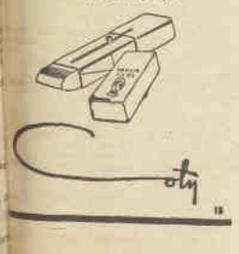
THIS YOUR PROBLEM?

A little touch of Coty Lipstick and what a difference! In this famous lipstick, Coty has created a beauty and that is as beneficial to your lips as it is beautifying.

BTLE, LASTING HUES.

So carefully selected are its ingredients that the regular use of this lipstick actually makes your lips softer and smoother; protects and beautifies—overcomes the roughness and cracking caused by wintry weather. You see the magic of Coty Lipstick the minute you apply it to your lips. Its shades are subtle, lasting, and as indelible as it is safe to make them.

There are five colors from which to choose, Vif *(Bright)*, Moyen *(Medium)*, Invisible *(Light)*, Capucine *(Orange)*, Foncé *(Dark)*; and two presentations: Rubens (gilt) 1/-; and Gitane (nickel) 4/-.



Get fit and keep fit with Eno

Waste matter which is not eliminated efficiently produces poisons in the system and often causes a host of big and little ills. Take Eno every morning; it is pleasant to take, gentle in action, and clears the system safely and thoroughly. In Winter, if preferred, Eno can be taken in water with the chill off.

STUDY THESE SYMPTOMS:	
DEPRESSION	LIVERISHNESS
SLEEPLESSNESS	LASSITUDE
INDIGESTION	IRRITABILITY
DROWSINESS	CONSTIPATION

REGULAR (HANDY) SIZE COSTS ONLY

2/3*

and double quantity 3/9

* *Eno is in fine powder form and is therefore more economical*

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

The words Eno and "Fruit Salt" are registered trade marks. Ao 74

A SURE FRIEND IN UNCERTAIN TIMES

Husband's Love was NOT ENOUGH

WHEN Mrs. Henry Hadley Castlereagh's first baby was born, she began to think more about the future than she had done before. She and her husband were devoted lovers, but she began to realise that her father was right; her husband's love and devotion were not enough. For the safety of herself and babe that love and devotion had to be substantially backed by membership in the A.M.P.

Wisely she led her husband to see the wisdom of increased assurance. The only policy he had was an A.M.P. policy for £250, which had grown, with bonuses, to £410. She persuaded him to take out another A.M.P. policy for £1,000. That was a great step towards security. When the second babe came, a further policy for £1,000, and one adequate to provide money for the children's higher education, were added. Others will be taken out as the income increases.

These A.M.P. policies have given the Castlereaghs comfort and a sense of security. Have YOU that comfort, reader? Ought YOUR assurance to be increased?

Ask the nearest A.M.P. office to send an experienced adviser to talk this matter over with you, or, if you prefer, write for a copy of "Investing in Happiness." You owe it to yourself to know how little you need invest to have the Castlereagh's sense of security against the ups and down of the world.

Write to-day.

A.M.P. SOCIETY

C. A. ELLIOTT, F.I.A., Actuary. A. W. SNEDDON, F.I.A., General Manager.

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ALMOST *Breathtaking in its* REGAL BEAUTY

This exquisite lace-patterned Dressing Gown has been created for you by "Gerda," knitting expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

IT may be truly said that no imported design could vie with this hand-knitted affair in glamor, in exquisite workmanship. And yet, surprisingly, it is the easiest possible garment to knit.

WHO can resist the allure of airy-light knitted lace, especially when combined so alluringly with georgette and swansdown? Who wants to resist when such enchanting comfort may be had at little cost, and with the minimum of effort?

YOU'LL note that the dressing-gown is lined with georgette matching exactly the "bitter-sweet" pink wool used, and trimmed with swansdown.

The lining can be cut without a pattern. Just straight lengths are used, the measurements for which are given below. The shaping of the shoulder (and waistline) is obtained by inverted tucks. This makes it possible for the most inexperienced dressmaker to obtain a perfection of finish equalling that of a professional.

Two-ply wool is used, with needles in three sizes, and the gown is shaped without any casting-off of stitches, the bugbear of most lace patterns. The shaping is obtained by changing the size of the needles. Moss-stitch is used for the borders; the ribbing is knit 1, purl 1, and the lace pattern is composed of 8 rows, which are repeated throughout the work.

Care must be taken when pressing and making up the garment, after the knitting is completed. It is advisable that the work be pinned out on the ironing-blanket to the measurements given, pressed with a hot iron over a damp cloth, and left until dry.

If a longer or shorter skirt or sleeve is required, work more or less pattern.

Knitting Directions

MATERIALS: 9½ skeins of Bitter Sweet 2-ply wool, pair each of Nos. 3, 10, and 12 needles, 3½ yards of matching georgette, 5 yards of swansdown, 4 pink pearl buttons.

Measurements: Bust 34 inches, full-length from shoulder 53 inches, sleeve 21 inches.

Abbreviations: K. knit, p. purl, tog. together, m. make, st. stitch.

Note: No tension is given, as the work is stretched out to the measurements given below.

The Pattern

ROW 1: K. 1, * m. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 2, *, repeat from * to * to last st., k. 1.

Row 2: P. 2, * p. 2 tog., m. 1, p. 2, *, repeat from * to * to end of row.

Row 3: K. 3, * m. 1., k. 2 tog., k. 2, * repeat from * to * to last 3 sts., m. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 1.

Row 4: * p. 2 tog., m. 1, p. 2, * repeat from * to * to last 2 sts., p. 2.

Row 5: K. 3, * k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 2, * repeat from * to * to last 3 sts., k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 1.

Row 6: * p. 2, m. 1, p. 2 tog., * repeat from * to * to last 2 sts., p. 2.

Row 7: K. 1, * k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 2, * repeat from * to * to last st., k. 1.

Row 8: P. 4, * m. 1, p. 2 tog., p. 2, * repeat from * to * to last 2 sts., m. 1, p. 2 tog.

The Back

WITH No. 3 needles cast on 90 sts. k. into the back of cast-on sts. loosely, then work moss st. for 1½ inches. Work pattern 24 times, change to No. 10 needles, and work 2 rows of k. 1, p. 1, rib, increasing sts. to 100 on first row by knitting twice into the first st., then every 9th. st. to end of row.

Change to No. 12 needles, and continue rib for 4 inches; return to No. 10 needles, rib 2 rows, decreasing to 90 sts. again on the last row.

Work pattern again on No. 3 needles 9 times. Change to No. 10 needles, work pattern 5 times and cast-off.

Right-Front

WITH No. 3 needles, cast on 78 sts. k. into the back of cast-on sts. loosely; moss st. for 1½ inches, then work pattern 24 times, keeping a border of 12 moss st. at right-hand end.

Change to No. 10 needles, and rib k. 1, p. 1, still keeping the moss st. border. Work 2 rows. Change to No. 12 needles and rib for 4 inches. Now work 2 rows on No. 10 needles, then pattern again on No. 3 needles 3 times, continuing, shape front by knitting 2 moss st. tog. every alternate row before starting pattern until 4 moss sts. remain.

Work pattern 9 times altogether from waist, change to No. 10 needles and rib 2 rows, ribbing all sts. After 2 rows, change to No. 12 needles, and rib for 4½ inches.

Shape shoulder as follows: Rib to within 17 sts. of the end, turn, rib to end, rib to within 34 sts. of end, turn, rib to end, rib to within 51 sts. of the end, turn, rib to end, rib 1 row and cast-off.

Repeat for left-front, making border at opposite end of needle.

Sleeves and Collar

SLEEVES BOTH ALIKE

WITH No. 3 needles cast on 74 sts. k. into the back of cast-on sts. and moss st. for 1 inch. Work pattern 14 times and cast-off.

The Collar: With No. 3 needles cast on 24 sts. knit into the back of cast-on sts., moss st. for 3 rows. Change to pattern and work 24 times, keeping a border of 6 moss st. at one end; moss st. for 3 rows and cast-off.

To Make Up

PIN each piece out on the ironing-blanket to the following measurements:

Front Skirt: Width 18 inches, length 33 inches. Back Skirt: Width 24 inches, length 33 inches. Front Bodice: Width 16 inches, length 10 inches. Back Bodice: Width 18 inches, length from back of neck 16 inches. Sleeve: Length 21 inches, width 18 inches. Collar: 34 inches long, and about 6 inches wide.

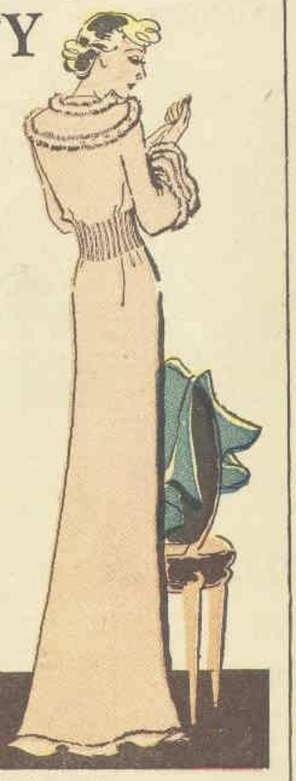
These measurements apply only to the lace pattern; the ribbing must not be pressed out in any way. Press with a hot iron over a damp cloth and leave pinned out until dry.

For the lining, cut two lengths of georgette for the fronts 18 inches wide and 1 inch shorter than the required length. Cut another piece the same length 24 inches wide. Join shoulder and side-seams with French seams, then make inverted tucks on each shoulder for required width. Make inverted tucks at waistline for required fitting.

Cut two pieces the same size as sleeve, fold each in half, pin one to either side at shoulder-seam, and sew down each side. Join sleeve and underarm seams all in one. Have lower edge of sleeves and gown round neck and down fronts picoted.

Join shoulder seams of gown, sew in sleeves the same as lining; join underarm and sleeve-seams, sew on collar, starting from where the shaping commenced, and gather the fullness at the back of neck.

Outline edge of collar and lower edge of sleeves with swansdown, then sew another length 2 inches further in. Sew 3 buttons at waist-ribbing, and 1 at collar. Make loops with wool. Insert lining, catch-stitching lightly at shoulders, waist and underarm.



GLAMOR AND luxury have been captured in this dressing-gown designed to give the maximum of beauty and chic with the minimum of work. The knitting directions are explicit, and if the brief but expert making-up directions are followed, you'll have a garment as lovely as that made by "Gerda," our knitting expert.

THIS IS THE LABEL TO look for when buying blankets. Challenge Blankets are odourless and free from filling. Woven with the longest merino wool. Made in full standard weights and sizes. Challenge Blankets do not shrink or lose weight when washed.

BC12 GUARANTEED UNCONDITIONALLY

Challenge BLANKETS

GLAMOROUS NEW COLOUR FOR YOUR LIPS . . .

gives the illusion of colour BENEATH the skin

Here's headline news for smart girls! Dr. Pacini, recognised cosmetic expert, has evolved a NEW principle of colouring for the Kissproof Lipstick. Clear, glowing shades that give the illusion of colour BENEATH the skin. This NEW Kissproof Lipstick keeps lips soft and smooth, prevents chapping and drying. Four vital shades — Natural, Theatrical, Raspberry, Orange.

KISSPROOF CREAM ROUGE is also made on Dr. Pacini's NEW colour principle. In four shades to match the lipsticks.

The NEW Kissproof LIPSTICK

BEAUTIFY YOUR EYES with Delica-Brow. Makes lashes look longer, darker; encourages that fascinating upward curl. Black, Brown or Blue. A Kissproof product.

EACH KISSPROOF BEAUTY AID COSTS BUT 1/- K2-108

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Crack' Girl Rifle Shot

THIS ATTRACTIVE LASS, Marjorie Asher, although only 17 years old, is a crack rifle shot. After receiving tuition from Lionel Bibby, an expert on the range, she joined the Yorkshire Miniature Rifle Club in Sydney and recently scored two "possibles" in one night—a fine achievement. Miss Asher has also performed well at 600 yards on the Anzac Rifle Range, besides which she is a deadly shot with the pistol.

Our Book Offers

TOKEN **BB15** — Here is Token BB15 in The Australian Women's Weekly

"BEAUTY" BOOK OFFER

CUT OUT NOW AND PASTE ON YOUR VOUCHER

TOKEN **D32** — Here is Token D32 in The Australian Women's Weekly "World's Best Mystery Stories."

CUT OUT NOW AND PASTE ON YOUR VOUCHER

TOKEN **K27** — Here is token K27 in The Australian Women's Weekly "The Treasury of Knowledge" book offer.

CUT OUT NOW AND PASTE ON YOUR VOUCHER

DO OTHER SPORTS *Interfere With Tennis?*

How Champions of All Countries Avoid Staleness

By JOAN HARTIGAN, Singles Champion of Australia

Do other sports interfere with tennis? To this question, which has been put to me several times lately, I answer definitely, "No."

Continual match play the whole year round in the one game is apt to become monotonous; monotony in its turn produces staleness, which in its turn causes the players' form to depreciate.

These are factors which are given little consideration by the public. Once a player reaches championship class he or she is expected to play in first-class form at every appearance. No allowance is made for a player's physical welfare or mental tiredness. It takes very little loss of form to become a "has been" in the public eye.

TENNIS is one of a number of games that can be played the whole year around. But players, particularly those in the higher grades or in the championship class, also turn to other sports—and rightly so—for relaxation. Without some such change they would be apt to become stale and lose their enthusiasm for the game. As a consequence their form would materially decline and they would be subject to criticism from the public and followers of the game.

Many advantages may be derived by tennis players from indulging in some other form of sport, in moderation, in between tennis fixtures. Putting aside the racquet for a couple of months with only occasional games just to keep in touch is undoubtedly of great benefit. By following this course they assist materially in the maintenance of their keenness, and are thus able to concentrate their best efforts in the matches in which they are engaged.

A Real Tonic

A CURSORY glance through the leading tennis players of the world shows their preference for other forms of sport or recreation, and these cover quite a wide field.

Fred Perry, champion of the world, is a table tennis enthusiast.

Mrs. Helen Wills-Moody is an artist.

Miss Helen Jacobs does a lot of riding.

Miss Kay Stammers is a keen swimmer.

Miss Susan Noel is the squash racquet champion of England.

Miss Louis Bickerton is a fine hockey player.

Miss Alison Hattersley plays all kinds of sport.

Harry Hopman is our squash racquet champion.

Frau Sperling is a champion runner.

Miss Thelma Coyne is contemplating playing golf, and I intend doing the same.

Personally, I feel that playing the one game the whole year round without any change must tend to make players lose enthusiasm and, as a result, there can be no doubt that they cannot give of their best in the various tournaments.

And, looking at tennis purely as a game, and not as a business, I cannot help feeling that one would get a great deal more enjoyment out of the game if from time to time other games were indulged in. But in saying this I wish it to be borne in mind that games should be selected that will not interfere with one's stroke production in tennis. In fact, I think it would prove a decided tonic, and would, I am sure, enable the player to keep his or her form at a higher standard for many more years than would otherwise be the case.

Making Golfing Harder

GOLFERS will be interested in the fact that the committee of the Royal and Ancient Club of St. Andrews is holding an inquiry into the practicability of limiting the number of clubs carried by players.

This news should be received with joy by all players. St. Andrews is evidently worried over the game becoming too easy for the good golfer, and is bent on bringing it back to the stage when championships were won by men using only half a dozen clubs.

MRS. G. G. FERGUSON, who has been selected as chaperon of the Olympic Games team which leaves for Germany on May 13. She will be in charge of Misses Clare Dennis, Kitty Mackay, Evelyn de Lacy, Doris Carter and Pat Norton.

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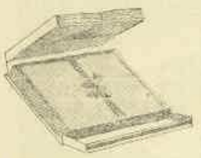

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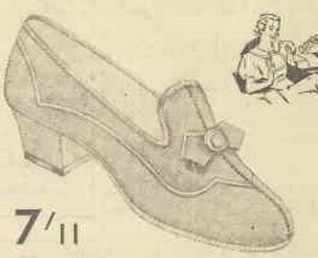

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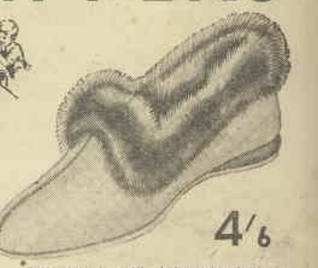

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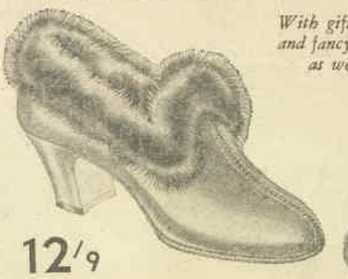

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THE SJAMBOK

By JANE ENGLAND

CHAPTER 1

OLD MAN BRUCE "on the jag" again!

Davida, jogging home through the warm afternoon, shook her head resentfully. That mean that when she got home Alice would be in tears, Charles sulky and sardonic, and Old Man Bruce, her father-in-law, sleeping it off. Very tiresome, thought Davida, who strove after a philosophic detachment towards life.

The veldt was golden, the dry grass rustled and waved under the sun. Like riding ruthlessly through a wheatfield, thought Davida—funny feeling. And all the world hazy with heat—even the Sylvester homestead was softened and less ugly in the distance—and there was Mrs Sylvester peering out of the verandah, and turning over her shoulder to call to someone inside to come and look at Old Man Bruce's daughter-in-law riding past. One should not be irritated by these things, one should not even be upset at hearing a strange young man say in Thorogood's store that Old Man Bruce was "on the jag" again. One should not . . . but, in spite of one's philosophic detachment, one was. Mrs. Sylvester was a cat, an untidy silly cat . . . and the young man talked too much!

Davida dug her heels irritably into her horse's flanks and moved more rapidly away from Mrs. Sylvester's proximity.

She wished she hadn't been to the store. After all, if one didn't hear things said, one could pretend one didn't know about them, could pretend to oneself that Old Man Bruce was not the subject of conversation up and down the district, that everybody was not aware of his "jags."

Charles would be furious. When she thought of Charles, her dark brows almost met across her forehead . . . she wore a puzzled, whimsical expression. Charles was . . . well, Charles was . . . difficult. What a thing a war was! It made one marry recklessly! Really, one ought to look into people's family tree before one married them, or at least insist on seeing all their family!

Her horse shied and she gave up thinking about Charles.

She began to wonder instead whether the wheat "lands" were ploughed. She hadn't been down for some time. They ought to be nearly finished, but she had an idea that the Old Man had taken the driver and oxen for something else. Should she go down and look?

She glanced up at the sun . . . no, she'd better not. It was getting late, and Alice would be wanting her. Poor Alice . . . wanting to marry Archie Mayne, and Archie's family thinking of Old Man Bruce. So stupid! As if it affected anyone else what the Old Man did. It affected the people who had to live with him . . . if Archie had any sense he would marry Alice out of hand and take her away.

She was in the home viei. It was lovely like a park dotted with mimosa trees. It stretched away to that dark, brooding line of bush that lost itself against the blue of the sky. The Shorthorn herd was grazing there . . . it was like a big estate in England, only there were no railings round the clumps of trees.

There was Alice on the stoep, staring out, her shoulders drooping, a hand shading her eyes, looking for Archie, half-afraid he would come now that the Old Man had a "jag" on.

Davida sighed. Her brows met again over her short, straight nose, and a flush came under her skin. She was very young, only twenty, and dark, with hair that fell in loose waves around her small face; her skin was usually cream-colored, but the African sun had burnt it a pale gold color; her wide, grey eyes were full of dreams. She had a curiously aloof air, as if people and things could not really touch her. Her eyes laughed easily. . . .

Now they were thoughtful . . . Poor Alice!

ALICE was tearful. Her brown eyes swollen and red-rimmed; her soft lips bitten and rough from the pressing of a wet handkerchief.

She was ready to weep again at the sight of Davida; tears flooded into her eyes.

"Too bad," said Davida briefly. "I heard at the store . . . accidentally; people don't go out of their way to tell you these glad tidings . . . where's Charles?"

"He went off," she muttered, "down to the 'lands' . . . he was furious."

"Too bad," said Davida again.

She glanced round the verandah. The two basket-chairs were overturned, and bits of broken glass winked and glittered in the sunshine. A hat, evidently flung from one side to the other, lay dented and dusty against the wall.

She shrugged her shoulders, and picked up one of the chairs, then, thoughtfully, the other. She looked at the broken glass and made a face.

Everything was very quiet, drowsily quiet.

Except for an occasional half-sob from Alice, there was no sound——

"I'm not going to pick up the glass," said Davida dreamily, "the 'boy' can do it."

"It's a shame," said Alice chokingly, "even the 'boys' know . . ."

"Oh," said Davida, "anyone might have broken a glass and I've picked up the chairs."

"Go and look at the sitting-room," retorted Alice, "and . . . and Archie is coming this afternoon . . ."

Suddenly, her feelings overcoming her with a fresh burst of tears, she rushed out of the verandah into her bedroom.

Davida went and looked at the sitting-room. It was completely wrecked. Even the pictures were smashed. Apparently it had been done with a chair leg that lay in a corner. A brown stain across the wall bore witness to the fact that the teapot had been thrown at it, and cups and saucers had been smashed and ground underfoot into a mess of crockery, cake, and bread and butter. A riding-boot leant drunkenly against the wall. The foot of another stuck up over the end of the sofa, where the Old Man had collapsed. His long white hair was wild and fell across his face; the white beard that gave him such an expression of culture and saintliness was tangled and stained. He breathed stertorously.

Davida walked out of the room. There was something indecent in even seeing him.

On the verandah she lit a cigarette. Her eyes were full of cold anger. She was more angry with Charles than with his father. One took these things for granted with the Old Man—apparently he could not help it. But what right had Charles to go off and leave Alice to it? Someone had to clear the room up, and he detested the "boy" doing it. Said it let them all down for the "boy" to see it. So it did . . . . In that case Charles should have stayed and got it straight himself. She supposed he was in one of his sullen, unreasonable moods. But . . . did he expect her, or Alice, to do it? He could hardly expect them to lift up his father and carry him to bed . . ."

Archie might turn up any minute. . . .

What a long way away England was . . . how safe and sane . . . full of policemen and telephones!

With little shrug of her shoulders and lifted eyebrows, she went through to the back of the house.

The kitchen was outside the house. A small white-washed hut where a piccanin sat scouring a saucepan with sand, and the houseboy, Mac, pretending to be unaware of the afternoon's happenings, was ironing his white jacket.

SHE was just going to send him to look for Charles, when Charles rode up from the "lands." He had taken off his hat and his fair hair was golden in the glow of the setting sun, his blue eyes cold and angry, with the chill bite of steel in them, his mouth set in the smile that Davida hated—an unamused smile.

He flung himself off his horse and tossed the reins to the "boy" who had appeared from behind the kitchen. He said nothing to Davida, but stood, one hand on his hip, a sjambok hanging by a thong from his wrist, frowning at the house; then he looked at the piccanin and houseboy. The piccanin scrambled to his feet.

"Humba . . . go . . . !" said Charles to him.

Pot-bellied, a ragged singlet flapping, he scuttled away towards the compound.

"And you," said Charles to the houseboy, "go to the river and fetch water."

Davida's eyes turned meditatively to the tank by the side of the house. It was still half-full, the last rain's legacy still unspent.

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The houseboy picked up a bucket and slouched resignedly away.

"Mayne been here?" inquired Charles.

Davida shook her head.

He shrugged his shoulders.

They looked at each other with a reluctant understanding, and Charles, without another word, went into the house.

ALICE appeared at supper. While the other two endeavored to carry on some sort of conversation, she remained obstinately unresponsive. It seemed as if she were determined to obtrude her unhappiness upon them, as if she thought they were unaware of it without long-drawn sighs and bitten lips to enlighten them. Davida smoked incessantly. She was half-irritated, half-sympathetic. It was unspeakably stupid of Alice, who knew perfectly well that it would only infuriate Charles. He had a streak of ill-humor that was invariably roused by her.

He began to look at her with the sardonic bleak look that was so reminiscent of his father.

Alice was small and pretty in a dark, untidy way—she had a red, pouting mouth in a small, vivid face, dark eyes that she used injudiciously (endeavoring to appease Charles by languishing at him), and a weak chin. Her perpetual mooning manner and rather spineless affair with Archie annoyed Charles. He considered that she ought to have more pride. She would try to pretend to be unaware of her father's reputation when she met other people, would talk self-consciously of him in terms of affection . . . and not even to Archie, whom she hoped to marry, would she face things squarely. If it had not been for Davida's restraining influence, and the fact that it was his father's farm, Charles would have thrown Mayne off the place in one of his sudden outbursts of temper. It hurt his own pride that Mayne should hesitate about Alice. Davida knew that half his indifference was assumed. Alice could not see it. She insisted on reproaching him with not caring.

Supper was nearly through when Alice looked at the stain on the wall and gulped.

"It was a good thing Archie didn't come," she said.

"Why?" inquired Charles dryly.

"If he'd seen father, he'd never have come again!"

Tears welled into her eyes.

"Oh, for God's sake," snapped Charles and stood up. "Davida, I'm going out . . . I'll take the gun and have a look round for those baboons by the mealies. I wish to God Mayne would have the courage of his convictions and stay away altogether. Sooner or later he will. It had much better be sooner."

"You're an ass, Alice," said Davida, "you ought to know Charles by now."

"It isn't your life being spoilt," said Alice.

She dropped into a chair in front of the log fire and gazed broodingly into the flames.

CHAPTER 2

DAVIDA got up early the next morning.

She wanted to get the small plough and the small span of oxen down to the wheat "lands." Once they were there, there was every prospect of a whole day's ploughing. And she badly wanted that ploughing done.

When she first came out to Rhodesia, she was all enthusiasm. She absorbed knowledge during the week she spent with Charles in Salisbury. Mealies were booming. They were twenty-two shillings a bag and the mealie farmers were joyous and cheerful men, their overdrafts paid off and owning cars. Nor did they greatly trouble themselves about piling up back balances against a slump. Davida talked to all and sundry, farmers and traders, Government experts. She imagined that she would take an active part in the farming and an odd remark from some man first put the idea of wheat into her head. He was a pessimist, gloomy-natured. He had no opinion of mealies or mealie farmers. Mealies, he said, would be of no value in the future, except as fodder. Davida was inclined to believe him. Charles, though not greatly interested, was quite prepared to grow wheat—"always provided the Old Man is willing!"

The Old Man had appeared indifferent or rather willing to further a whim of his daughter-in-law. But after the first flush, he seemed to repent. Although he never made any open opposition, he invariably took the oxen for something else. The ploughing proceeded by slow degrees and it was necessary to get the oxen down and started before he was about, when the odds were that he would not trouble to recall them.

There was no sign of him this morning. Charles sent off the oxen and driver and came back to have coffee with Davida before they both started for the "lands."

"What do you think," said Davida, "about having sandwiches and stuff sent down and staying there for lunch?"

"Yes—all right. I'm dipping the Shorthorns this morning, but I can get back to you there."

"Splendid—do," she said jubilantly.

Then, less cheerfully: "But what about Alice?"

"Look here," said Charles, "once and for all, we can't sacrifice everything we want to do for Alice. If she came, she'd only moan the whole time . . . in any case nothing would induce her to move from this verandah. Sister Anne isn't in it with her. She won't make any effort . . ."

"What a pity, Charles, that Alice hasn't got a crop to grow . . ."

HIS hand caught hers, and under the unwinking eye of the sun they kissed. And she laughed rather sadly . . .

Charles went off to dip the Shorthorns. He waved to her from the bend of the road and was gone, and she wondered whether he thought of her again . . . or, having finished an argument with kisses, he turned contentedly to the business of the day.

She lay under a thorn-tree, reading a book, listening to the droning cries of the driver M'Shebi. Nearly noon . . . they would stop then . . . for an hour or two. Charles would be back. The cookboy would soon arrive with lunch.

She raised herself on one elbow and looked down at the team, and then she saw the "boy" coming with the lunch. He was a tall "boy" with a scarlet cloth wound like a skirt beneath his white coat. Ebony white, and scarlet against the green of the bush, and the blue of the sky. "Very decorative," thought Davida lazily. "I will say our household is positively classy . . ."

But when the "boy" came up, he carried, with the lunch, a message.

"My dear Davida, I am afraid I must trouble you to release the oxen. The small peach orchard needs ploughing up, and I am sure you will not refuse an old man the pleasure of making a garden . . . the whims of the old were designed for the better discipline of the young, and there is still a long month in which to finish the ploughing of your land. Incidentally, I am disappointed that you have decided to lunch picnic fashion. There is an excellent lunch at home . . . One that you and Charles would appreciate. Alice, as you know, is, owing to the distempers of love, unable to appreciate decent living."

Davida flushed crimson. For a moment she stood indecisive, tearing the note into small pieces that fluttered away, dazzling in the bright sunshine. She felt sick with the consciousness of her impotence. They were his oxen . . . the old beast with his calculated unpleasantness . . . He could eat his gastronomical triumphs with the unappreciative Alice . . . and Charles, if Charles cared to go. For herself, food ordered by the Old Man and supervised by him would choke her.

She called M'Shebi and told him to go back to the homestead, and scribbled on the back of an old envelope an answer.

"Am so sorry, but cannot in any case return to lunch . . . may ride over to the Templemans'."

THE Templemans existed simply and uncomfortably in three mud huts. Lydia had not even troubled to have them whitewashed. She had the knack of remaining completely oblivious of her surroundings. Probably, thought Davida, she was under the impression that the huts were whitewashed. They stood on a slight rise in the middle of a big bare vlei. Around them was a patch of trampled reddish sand, where chickens scratched and pecked about, and two dogs lay under the shade of the drooping thatch. The vlei was scarred and slashed by Oliver Templeman's plough. Yet there was no sense of desolation. The hard, bright sunlight gave it a clear-cut brilliance, black shadows and glaring ground, but the Templemans walked about, both clad in shirts and shorts, both with their hands thrust into their pockets, both with lazy, easy strides; and when one sat with them outside their huts, one was aware only of Lydia and Oliver, and their surroundings melted into vagueness.

Lydia was leaning against one of the huts, absently polishing her nails, when Davida came into sight. She was not young . . . her lazy, graceful figure gave the impression of youth, her short curling hair and her graceless smile . . . but there were fine lines round her dark eyes, her dark hair was threaded with silver . . . she was so like a gipsy that one missed the red handkerchief and the gay scarf. . .

"Oliver's down at the dip," she called, "but he'll be back for 'scoff', bacon and potatoes!"

She walked by the side of Davida's horse to the stable that hid behind the huts, a stable that was as well built as the huts were badly built. And as they strolled back she called to the cookboy to fry more potatoes.

"I thought you might be over," she said, "the Old Man rode past yesterday, like the old devil he is, singing at the top of his voice and rocking about in the saddle. He had a bottle of brandy with him, too. He threw it at the herd boy in passing . . . it hit him, too, and he's not working to-day. However, he's quite resigned about it, regarding the old devil as mad."

They went into the cool, dark interior of the dining-hut, where the light filtered in through green mosquito netting nailed over holes in the wall. A patch of sunlight fell in an oblong across the trampled mud floor from the open door.

Lydia sat on the table. Davida sat in a rookie-chair by the patch of sunlight.

"D'you think he went anywhere near the Maynes?" she asked Lydia.

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"Sure to, he was heading that way. Personally, I think he goes that way on purpose . . . as a way of showing his affection for Alice. Cheer up, my dear, one day he'll fall off his horse, comfort yourself with that."

"You're a wicked woman, Lydia . . . but remember the saying about drunkards and children."

Lydia carelessly shooed out a too-inquisitive chicken, and a large grey dog sauntered in and laid his head on Davida's knee. She patted him absently.

"I envy you, Lydia," she said, "not that I could live in quite the same magnificent disregard of the material comforts . . . but I could dispense with a lot of them . . . and still more could I dispense with the atmosphere of uneasy comfort in which we live. If it were not for Charles, I should fling a plate at the Old Man any day."

"Throw it," advised Lydia, "then Charles would have to do something."

Davida laughed.

"I said," she observed, "but imagination baulks at the reality!"

Lydia slid off the table and her eyes shone. The steady thud of galloping hoofs sounded. Oliver on the way. With a slight regret Davida thought that the arrival of Charles would not so illuminate her own face . . . not that she did not love him, but somehow . . . somehow . . . Charles himself would not encourage that sort of thing. There was an ever-shining romance about Lydia and Oliver . . .

Lydia had gone.

The hut seemed to have lost something . . . vitality perhaps. The dog also had vanished. Davida heard Oliver arrive, and Lydia's voice, clear and enthusiastic . . .

There was nothing in the hut but the rookie-chair, and an old soap box, not even disguised with cretonne. Rumor, ever busy in the district, hinted that the Templemans were on their last legs, that they couldn't survive another season. Oliver had missed the mealie boom. He had been trying to grow some sort of hemp. Davida wondered, with her eyebrows drawn together, whether Lydia was quite so oblivious as she seemed, whether it was not mere indifference but sheer necessity that caused the casual discomfort. She thought of asking Charles . . . but he didn't like the Templemans.

"Hullo," said Oliver, stooping in the low doorway and peering into the green gloom.

HE was very tall and thin, with a dark face and nut-brown eyes. A network of fine wrinkles surrounded his eyes from staring out over the sunlit, glaring grass. His voice was as gentle as his smile.

Lydia followed him, and he slipped his arm round her shoulder, his eyes looked down at her with an affection that was less irradiated than hers. There was a dispirited droop about his shoulders. Davida sighed. She felt a grey mist between her and the sun, as if some indefinable unhappiness threatened these two, who were so happy together. She stood up as if it were some physical discomfort that she could shake off. Ridiculous! She must be getting nervy.

"Does that wretched cattle inspector bother Charles?" asked Oliver. "He's been round this morning going through my twenty cows with a magnifying glass . . . he nearly sobbed aloud when he didn't find a tick. I somehow don't think he likes me."

Davida saw Lydia's eyes darken. "He's never forgiven you for giving that evidence when he tried to run old Barneveldt for moving cattle without permission," she said, and stretched out a protecting arm towards him. "Do be careful, he's a vindictive brute."

Oliver laughed.

"My dear, what can he do?"

Lydia turned to Davida with a sudden anxiety in her face.

"You know he often forgets to dip . . . I remind him, and off he goes to do it and forgets what he went for. He'll be fined one day."

Again that unease fell upon Davida. Lydia's face was strained, her eyes more earnest than usual. Davida looked at them worriedly, her own face pale in the aqueous light, her eyes shadowed.

"Lydia," she said, "you don't let Barry worry you?"

She saw Barry in her mind's eye, a small, shrivelled man, dried up by the African sun, with small, bright eyes, angry eyes. But what harm could he do the Templemans? Unless—unless a fine would really break them. Life was sickening. Here were the only two people she really cared about besides Charles, and she couldn't help them if the pinch came, just because she had to live according to the whims of a drunken old reprobate and because Charles acquiesced in it. But she must be getting nervy . . . so long as Lydia prompted Oliver about the dipping, Barry couldn't manufacture ticks on the cattle. Lydia couldn't really be seriously worried. But the uneasy feeling persisted. There was something in Lydia's eyes . . . worry . . . something lacking in her manner. To-day . . . she looked older . . .

Oliver dispelled the gloom.

"SHE worries about me quite unnecessarily. I've dipped every week regularly. I've stocked up her larder with enough dried buck to keep her for a year . . . I've been thoroughly practical and exemplary."

And Lydia laughed.

"I shot most of the buck myself. Oliver will let a dugker sit under his nose and not notice it."

"Well, anyway," protested Oliver, "I'm noticing now how extremely hungry I am."

They sat, after lunch, over coffee and cigarettes, until Davida said she must go. Oliver went round to the stable to get her horse, and as she and Lydia stood outside the hut, his half-finished ploughed lands lay in front of them. There was no sign of a driver, only a piccanin squatted on his haunches by the oxen. They were outspanned, grazing on the dry grass by the side of the "lands." Oliver came back with the horse.

"Sixty acres under mealies this year," he said.

Davida nodded. She was sure mealies would be down this year, and Oliver had never grown a decent crop yet, so Charles said; couldn't buy decent seed or something.

"Why don't you grow some wheat?" she asked casually.

Lydia's graceless smile broke out.

"For heaven's sake, Davida, don't urge him on to more experiments—he'll go bankrupt."

And as Davida swung into the saddle and then sat looking down at them, she smiled back. There was something about them . . . something eternally young. Lydia with her fine recklessness, Oliver with his gentle smile . . .

She waved her riding-crop at them and cantered away.

CHAPTER 3

ARCHIE MAYNE rode up to the Bruce homestead with a slightly ashamed air. The quiet, white house, the garden that ran down to the clipped hedge, the lawn of carefully-mowed grass and its rose-trees that had grown into large, fragrant bushes, Old Man Bruce clipping the myrobalan hedge, his white hair shining in the sunlight, his beard trimmed and brushed, his tall figure immaculate in white duck, his cultured, genial appearance, seemed to dismiss as wild impossibilities the events of the last few years. Almost Archie felt that he himself had been raving drunk and imagined he had seen a dishevelled, disreputable, foul-mouthed, white-haired sot raving past the window of his house yesterday. Almost he doubted the evidence of his own pleasant blue eyes.

The Old Man nodded patronisingly as the boy rode past. Archie presumed that he did not remember the events of the day before, which relieved his own embarrassment.

A flicker of white on the verandah made him uncomfortably aware that Alice had been waiting there and had now gone indoors, to appear, when he arrived, looking surprised. He hoped fervently that Davida was somewhere about. Nowadays he found himself always hoping that Davida would be there and so relieve the tension of a tete-a-tete with Alice.

Nobody was on the verandah. The Old Man did not leave his clipping. Archie tethered his horse to a verandah post and hoped that that would prove an excuse for a short visit.

After a short interval Alice appeared. She walked out with an air of indifference, stopped short and widened her eyes.

"I heard someone ride up and wondered who it was . . ."

Archie flushed. He was truthful by nature and without guile. Alice's refusal to be candid and natural worried him. He did not know how to meet her. At times he felt that if only she would say: "Damn my beastly father . . . he's utterly impossible . . ." he would be able to say in return: "Yes, well let him go to blazes and you marry me." Instead, the Old Man was a forbidden topic, and yet he pervaded the conversation. Alice alluded to him with a strained gentility . . . "Father is not very well to-day." Her eyes would drop and she would sigh.

"Who did you expect?" he asked, and inwardly reviled his weakness. He ought to call her bluff.

Alice smiled mysteriously.

"There are other people in the district."

"Oliver Templeman, or young Barneveldt?" inquired Archie with youthful sarcasm, "or Mr. Sylvester?"

Alice bit her lip and flounced. Then, though she had made up her mind not to mention it: "Why didn't you come yesterday?" she asked abruptly.

He looked at his toes. "Well, as a matter of fact, one of the dairy cows was sick."

He felt her looking at him with the anxious, reproachful glance that embarrassed him.

"Oh . . ." she sighed, wistful and maddening.

"Where's Davida?" he asked.

"I don't know. She went off somewhere. You know Davida, how mysterious she is—always riding round on her own. In any case, why do you want to know?"

"I don't know. I like Davida—she's amusing."

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Alice clasped her hands agitatedly.

"You always want someone else here now . . . you never want to be alone with me like you used to. You don't . . . like me any more."

He was sorry for her, sorry and ashamed: with a glance over his shoulder he caught hold of her and kissed her.

"Don't be silly," he mumbled, "but it's all so difficult . . . you're different, too!"

"I'm not, I'm not," she wailed. "Archie, Archie, I'm so miserable, say you love me."

"You know I do . . ."

He kissed her again and let her go. And all the time, in his mind, were fragments of sentences. His mother . . . "A most unfortunate entanglement . . . she's not the sort of girl to make anyone happy . . now Davida . . ."

And, damn it all, Alice made it seem more and more true. It seemed impossible that he ever could have loved her . . . ever ridden miles just in the hope of seeing her.

He kissed her again weakly.

She broke away.

"Dad's coming!"

THE OLD MAN was advancing towards the house. He stopped at intervals to look at a rose bush, bending over it with an air of intent affection, and all the time Archie felt convinced that he could see all that was going on, had been aware of both of them even when he was clipping the hedge.

"I ought to be getting back," he said hastily.

Her reproachful resignation maddened him, even while it weakened his determination. He was the victim of his conscience. He preferred to avoid decisions. He was drifting steadily away from Alice towards his family's ideas, he no longer wanted to see her, and his conscience forced him to continue seeing her.

The Old Man reached the verandah and stood looking at them with an amiable smile.

Archie was miserably conscious that he looked hangdog.

"Well, Mayne," said the old man, "it's some time since we've seen you."

"I've been horribly busy, sir," explained Archie.

The Old Man observed his young, pink-and-white embarrassment with a pleased smile. Inwardly he considered that Alice was just what the young man deserved . . . silly young cub . . . full of conventional ideas. He might marry Alice yet, because he thought he ought to. If he was fool enough for that, he deserved Alice.

He turned his pleased smile on to Alice. "Is there no tea ready, my dear?" he inquired.

Alice blushed a bright, painful crimson. "I didn't expect anyone," she stammered.

"And yet," said the Old Man, "every day for the last week tea has been laid with meticulous care. Did you expect anyone who had the bad taste not to come?"

But Alice, in an agony of embarrassment, had gone. She remembered suddenly that there were no tea-things. Nothing except a few cracked kitchen cups and saucers. She went out to the kitchen and stood and stared at them.

On the verandah the Old Man sat down in a big wicker chair. He waved Archie to another.

"I really ought to go," said Archie.

"Nonsense, you've only been here ten minutes."

Archie, looking longingly out over the vlei, saw Davida riding home. With an inward sigh of relief he sat down.

But the Old Man had seen.

"Ah, Davida," he said, and smiled and stroked his beard.

Archie felt guiltily that his inward relief had been most glaringly apparent. He blushed.

Davida arrived at the gallop, pulled her horse almost to its haunches and flung herself off. She threw the reins to a "boy" who happened to be passing, and walked moodily towards the verandah. All the way back she had been thinking of the Templemans, and a growing resentment against Charles had attacked her.

She walked defiantly on to the verandah.

"My dear," said her father-in-law silkily, "you should have stayed at the Templemans until it was cooler . . . to ride like that in the heat of the day is good neither for you nor for the horse!"

"I quite agree," said Davida. "Hullo, Archie . . . after many years!"

"Ah!" said her father-in-law, "Mayne was just about to go, but when he saw you coming, he changed his mind and decided to stay! He tells me he has been excessively busy . . ."

Davida laughed.

"Archie is young and enthusiastic," he said, "but where's Alice . . . and where's tea?"

"I can only surmise that Alice is endeavoring to produce some tea," said the Old Man.

He had lit a cigar and was regarding the ascending blue smoke with an appreciative eye.

Davida made a face at Archie.

"I'll go and help," she said.

Archie watched her walk away with the feeling of one abandoned and without hope.

But the Old Man smiled amiably and began to discuss the rapid decline of Rhodesia. The new farmers, he said, were men without brain or initiative. They should have stayed in England and grown cabbages in allotments. They were without savor, pallid followers of the pioneers.

CHAPTER 4

DAVIDA, with Charles, rode over to the monthly farmers' meetings. Alice had listlessly refused to come; she knew that Archie never went.

They rode through the hot morning in silence. There was nothing to talk about . . . perfunctory inquiries on Davida's part about mealie "lands" . . . and from Charles nothing but perfunctory replies. The unploughed wheat "lands" were in both their minds, and to both of them, as a subject of conversation, taboo. It seemed to Davida that they were undergoing a period of endless waiting, waiting that might go on for years. Until the Old Man died, or Charles really made up his mind to leave the farm, there was nothing in sight but these strained silences.

They crossed the Sylvesters' drift and cantered on, overtaking the Sylvesters themselves in a dilapidated Cape cart. Mrs. Sylvester leant out and greeted them effusively. She was a massive, untidy woman, who, on occasions such as the farmers' meeting, habitually took leave of her senses and dressed strangely. Now she was attired in a green silk dress, much pleated and frilled, a leghorn straw hat that flapped up and down, and dirty white kid gloves. Sylvester was a tired, thin man, very red and burnt of face, with sunken grey eyes. He was very silent, vouchsafing a curt nod. He seemed more at ease with his mules than with his family, and kept up an incessant hissing and clicking, which they apparently understood since he hardly used the reins.

The Sylvester girl sat behind, her legs dangling over the back of the cart. She could not speak owing to the bumps, which obliged her to clutch the sides tightly, and left her completely breathless. She was a big girl with a clear brown skin and her father's eyes, dark grey, and a wide, passionate mouth. She had a slim, strong figure.

She gasped out sentences addressed to Charles, though she looked at Davida, who mentally paired her off with young Barneveldt. They would go well together. He was a tall, loose-limbed youth, with blue-black hair and dark, kind eyes. One could picture them farming together. Barneveldt would be at the meeting, and afterwards he would sit under the gum trees by the meeting-house and eat with the Sylvesters, staring at Eileen and munching audibly.

DAVIDA got bored and cantered ahead. She had just thought that possibly she might write home to her father and ask him he could give her enough money to buy a span of oxen and a plough. She was sure he would, if he could, but she was not sure how Charles would take it. It would be a tacit defiance. And she would have to ask the Old Man if she could keep them on the farm . . . and she would have to hire a driver and leader. She wasn't sure about it. It would be the first open difference between herself and Charles. How far would Charles back her up over the wheat if she could only think out some scheme?

She had left the mule-cart well behind, and was in the dappled shade of a narrow line of bush. The track was gashed by washaways and boulders: she slowed to a walk. It was warm and rustling in the bush, already the leaves were turning red and purple, dry and shrivelled under the hot sun. Already the tongues of fire leapt and flickered along the horizon at night, like fantastic devil-dancers, where the veldt was burning. Oliver had been burning fireguards . . . she couldn't remember whether Charles had made any or not. She hardly knew where he had been these last weeks, except for the noisy clatter of the tractor.

She came out of the bush and crossed the patch of bare, burnt earth that stretched away towards the store and the Farmers' Meeting-House. They were late. Already there were several mule carts, with the mules outspanned and hobbled, and horses kicked and stamped by the hitching rail outside the store.

The Maynes' car stood by the store, and Davida saw Archie talking to a slim, laughing girl, Miriam Davis. Her father was something or other in the Civil Service. "Heigh-ho!" thought Davida, "thank Heavens Alice is not with us!"

"Hullo," said Archie as she drew up, "I thought you never came to these affairs."

"I hardly ever do," retorted Davida, "pure chance and boredom brought me . . . but I thought you also refused to grace them with your presence."

He made a resigned gesture. "Dad wanted to make a row about something . . . someone's oxen straying across his land . . . and mother thought we had better all come, and bring Miriam to see the primitive people of the veldt. She's lived in Salisbury all her life, and doesn't know what the back-veldt is like!"

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The rattle and clatter of the Sylvesters' cart interrupted. Charles was looking morose and he hardly responded to Archie's greeting. He took Davida's horse and his own round to the shade of the gum trees.

DAVIDA went into the store. Barry, the cattle inspector, was leaning against the counter talking to Mr Mayne. "You see," Mr. Mayne was saying, "it's sheer carelessness. The fellow never looks after anything. He ought to have a herdboy, not that picanin. Next time it happens I shall put them in the pound, and he can pay to get them out."

"That's poor Oliver," thought Davida. "Disagreeable old pig, Mayne is!"

Charles put his head inside the store door.

"Coming in?" he inquired.

"I'll wait outside," said Davida.

She wandered out of the store and over to the gum trees. Mrs. Sylvester was already there with Eileen. Mrs. Mayne and Miriam had braved the meeting, presumably, for the further education of Miriam in the habits of the back-veldt. Davida pulled a book out of her pocket and assumed an air of deep absorption. By extreme strength of will she conquered her natural politeness, pretended not to see Mrs. Sylvester's nods and becks, and walked round to the other side of the trees; there she sat down, put her fingers in her ears and began to read.

Before long, however, Archie and Miriam strolled up.

"Too much atmosphere," explained Miriam.

"It is rather rich," said Davida.

They sat down and began to discuss Salisbury and dances.

"You should come in sometimes," said Miriam with the chatty condescension of the town dweller for the rustic.

Davida shrugged her shoulders.

"I'm a farmeress, intensely interested in wheat . . . and Charles has his nose glued to a tractor."

"You ought to make Archie motor you in," said Miriam; "what's the use of a rich young bachelor with a car in the district if you don't make use of him . . ."

There was in her tone a certainty that only with her approval would Archie motor anyone in.

"I thought," said Davida, "that is was his father's car."

Archie was busily filling his pipe. Obviously Miriam was blissfully unaware of Alice's existence, or at any rate her existence so far as it concerned Archie.

Davida considered what powerful motive was keeping Mrs. Mayne in the tobacco-laden atmosphere of the meeting, and decided that it was nothing but mother-love . . . in order to keep Archie away from Alice she was prepared to die of heat under the tin roof, and shudder at the noisy and natural expectorations, so that he might walk around and fall in love with Miriam. He was quite prepared to do so, there was only poor Alice to stop him doing so with a clear conscience.

"She must feel very strongly about Alice," thought Davida, "more strongly than I should have thought necessary."

Miriam was pretty and self-confident. She was pleased with her clothes, her short hair, her own conversation and Archie's company. She was the victim of no doubts as to her power of keeping him bound to her chariot wheels.

"It's all over bar the shouting," thought Davida. "Oh, damn it all! I ought to be far angrier than I am about it."

But she wasn't angry, only aware that sentiment demanded that she ought to be. A sneaking sympathy for the Maynes filled her. It was Alice herself, and not the Old Man, who had driven Archie away . . . opposition would have only made him more obstinate if Alice had not been so tiresome.

Some natives were walking along the track to the store, the women carrying babies. It was very hot and flies buzzed exasperatingly around her head. The natives squatted down philosophically outside the store to wait for Thorogood to come out and sell them beads and calico, blankets and the abominable, missionary-invented garments for the women, that the store "boy" made up on an aged sewing-machine.

Davida lit a cigarette in the vain hope that it would discourage the flies.

Archie and Miriam began to play some childish game which consisted of writing with their fingers in the sand. Whatever they wrote seemed to amuse them enormously and they giggled, with their heads close together. Davida looked out over the bare red ground that stretched away from the store, and wondered how anyone could bear to live there. The nearest trees were in the distant line of bush . . . the river flowed sluggishly between steep banks . . . the store, butchery and meeting-house, all with roofs of corrugated iron, sweltered in the heat. Old Barneveldt's waggon lumbered towards the store from the other side of the river; it clattered down the steep drift and disappeared, only the curses of the driver and the splash and commotion of the floundering oxen gave assurance that it had not been swallowed up by the earth. By and by it re-appeared and drew up by the horses and mules, drops of water glistening on the wheel spokes and axles like diamonds. Its driver threw down his whip with a swagger, and squatted down by the other natives. Pigeons walked on the roof of the store, slipping and slithering . . . and all the cloudless blue sky stared down. It seemed as if everything were standing still . . . as if it had always been just like that and would be so through all eternity. And Davida, drowsy and apathetic, did not mind much if it did, if she spent eternity drowsing under the empty sky.

The farmers came out of the meeting, exchanged a few words, saddled up, inspanned and went away, the sound of their farewells breaking the dreamlike feeling.

Charles came out with the Maynes.

Mrs. Mayne, small and slender, and gentle in manner, wearing a topee with a green veil floating around it, walked ahead of her husband and came up to Davida.

"Your husband has just said that you will both lunch with us," she said.

CHAPTER 5

THE idea then came to Davida to plough the wheat land by moonlight.

Riding lazily homewards through a glowing sunset, tired and yet full of a physical well-being, she heard, as she neared the homestead, loud outcries and the stamping and shuffling of an excited horse. Instinctively she hurried. As she came round the corner of the stable and in view of the house she had time to think how lovely an evening it was, with the shadows of the gum trees falling across the thatched house, and the golden light of the setting sun. She slipped off her horse, rather hazy, her mind still full of the beauty, of her eyes seeing, but her brain not realising, the significance of the Old Man holding in a sweating, frightened horse, while he shouted hoarsely at Alice, who stood with her back to the wall, her body pressed against it as if she wanted to melt into it and vanish entirely.

"Little wanton . . . Jezebel . . . meeting your rustic lover in the bush, hiding about behind antheaps . . ."

He urged the horse towards her, his arm raised. Alice screamed and pressed frantically against the wall.

Suddenly with a click Davida's brain came into partnership with her eyes again, and she ran forward. One or two natives were standing by, their eyes wide and their mouths set in uncertain grink. The Inkoos was undoubtedly mad . . . and it was no business of theirs what he did to the young Inkoosiguas.

The Old Man glared at Davida with suffused eyes.

"Ask her where she's been," he snarled, pointing at Alice. "Ask her how she spends her time now that Mayne's thrown her over."

DAVIDA caught hold of Alice, swung her clear of the plunging horse and, still holding her, walked with as much dignity as possible into the house. There, with the comforting click of the closing door behind her, she let go of Alice and shakily lit a cigarette.

Alice, for once too frightened to cry, remained stonily silent.

"Too bad," said Davida at last, "what had you been doing?"

Alice, whose face was a suety white, did not answer.

"You might as well tell me," said Davida reasonably, "because he'll be in in a minute!"

But at that moment the thunder of flying hoofs proclaimed the Old Man's rapid departure. Davida went to the verandah and watched him gallop down the road, rocking and swaying until she wondered, quite dispassionately, that he remained in the saddle.

"Where's Charles?" she asked.

Alice's eyes brightened into faint malice.

"At the Sylvesters'," she said in tones pregnant with meaning.

"Oh . . ." Davida's voice was reflective, her eyes unruffled.

"He's often there," added Alice, becoming more composed. "Almost as often as you used to go to the Templemans'."

Davida ignored it.

"Well," she said, "I think he ought to go after his father. This is the first time the Old Man's started off in the evening."

Color was returning to Alice's face in blotches. She was also showing signs of being about to weep. She began to heave and her mouth trembled, and then, with a few preliminary chokes, she broke into sobs.

"Oh, what is the good of crying," said Davida impatiently. "You won't tell me what it was all about."

"It wasn't anything . . . he's got a horrible mind. And he's no right to call me the things he did . . . and in front of the kaffirs."

"They don't understand his ripe old English," observed Davida dryly, and she turned to go to her own room. But her conscience (the possession of which she very much resented) began to work, and she turned back. She could not help feeling some sort of responsibility for Alice, since Alice lived in the same house and was, when all was said and done, a miserable object. And though at intervals Davida argued calmly and reasonably to herself that really it was absurd, she could not be expected to look after Alice, pity and

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her tiresome conscience always defeated her. She wondered now whether her own preoccupation had anything to do with this business. If she did not take some notice of Alice, nobody else would . . . certainly not Charles.

"Look here, Alice," she said, "what have you been doing? You might as well tell me . . . I shall hear it from Charles or your father."

But Alice merely sobbed more convulsively and rushed away to her bedroom. And there she would remain, Davida knew, until someone (and it would not be her brother or her father) went through the tiring business of persuading her to come out and be sensible.

For the moment, at any rate, there was nothing to be done. Alice must weep alone, if weep she would . . . For the moment even ploughing seemed futile . . . the vast, silent land was desolate and frightening. The sun was almost gone, leaving jagged streaks of red in a dull, grey sky. Why weren't there any dogs about the place? Dogs were companionable things. And that was a disturbing thought! Why should she think of dogs as the only companionable things, as if, in her inmost thoughts, she did not find Charles companionable?

She stood still thinking, one hand pressed against her throat and her eyes unseeing.

CHAPTER 6

IT was half-past seven before Charles came in. Davida was still in her bedroom, sitting in front of the dressing-table and brushing her hair. She said nothing about the Sylvesters, hoping against hope that he would mention them. Eileen's face danced before her dreaming eyes. But he said nothing. He came up behind her and stood with hands resting on her shoulders, bent as if to kiss her; but she did not move and he stopped and turned away.

She put down her brush and called to him.

"I say, Charles!"

"Yes?"

He was sitting on the edge of his bed, knees apart, sjambok dangling between them.

"Your father has just driven away drunk, after threatening Alice in front of the natives."

He didn't answer.

"Charles! . . . you might say something."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"What is there to say?"

"I don't know what it was all about," she said slowly.

"Don't you?"

She looked over her shoulder and saw that he was smiling a queer, unhappy smile.

"I should imagine," he added, "that he saw her walking about like Love's young dream with Piet Barneveldt in the bush!"

"But, Charles!" she said in amazement.

"Haven't you seen that pleased 'done you this time' air that has enveloped her for the last week? And the fact that she's taken to riding out every day? I've seen her several times . . ."

"But . . ." she stood up and began to walk about the room, "why didn't you tell me?"

"I didn't think it of vast interest."

She stifled an impulse to retort: "I suppose your visits to the Sylvesters are on the same plane." Instead she said: "You should have told me. You know what an idiot Alice is . . . anything might happen. Barneveldt is quite a decent boy . . . but . . ."

Charles frowned at his sjambok.

"She wants a damn good hiding," he said briefly.

He stood up and went towards their dressing-room. "I may have to go out after dinner, so I shan't change."

Davida hesitated. Tears, to her angry surprise, were pricking the backs of her eyes. She went along to Alice's room and found her bathing her eyes with cold water and getting ready for dinner.

"Look here," she demanded, "why didn't you tell me you were friendly with Piet Barneveldt?"

The muscles of Alice's face quivered and she blushed.

"It's nobody's business," she answered. "Anyway, why should everybody make a fuss about it? It's not a crime to meet anybody out riding."

"No . . . but then, why not mention it? It looks as if you were ashamed of it."

Alice stamped pettishly.

"Oh, good Heavens! I'm not in the least interested in the idiot. But I suppose I can be polite if I meet him? In any case . . ." she swung round defiantly, "I'm engaged to Archie!"

Davida raised politely disbelieving eyebrows.

"I am," said Alice, "you needn't look like that. We're not telling anyone just now, because he's got to get round his family . . . you know, he hasn't any money if he quarrels with his family . . ."

Davida frowned slightly. Alice began to knot her handkerchief nervously.

"It is true, Davida . . . really. But please don't tell anyone. It might spoil everything, and you don't know what it means to me. I should kill myself . . . I've been so unhappy . . . please don't tell Charles—or anybody."

"But, Alice," objected Davida, "I don't think you ought to be engaged to him on such terms. It's so beastly insulting. It puts you in such a false position, and, besides, he hasn't been here for ages!"

"Yes," said Alice eagerly, "but I've been meeting him on the veldt. You know what it's like here with father. . . . Listen, I'll tell him I've told you, if only you'll promise not to say anything."

"Well, you've got to stop meeting young Barneveldt . . ." said Davida irresolutely.

"All right . . . I won't even speak to him. Honestly! Oh, Davida, you are a darling!"

She gave a gasp of relief, and to Davida's horror fell upon her and kissed her.

AFTER dinner Charles stood up, yawned, and said he supposed he'd better go and see what had happened to the Old Man. "It may take half the night," he added.

His hand rested, as if by accident, on Davida's shoulder, and she put her hand over it. He looked down at her wearily.

"By the way," he said, "did you know that they've sloshed Templeman the maximum fine for having tick-infested cattle? Barry piled it on thick about general slackness . . . menace to the district and what not. But cheer up . . . if they want any help I'll see what I can do."

"That pig, Barry," said Davida. "I ought to have been over to see Lydia, but somehow I've been so busy. I'll go to-morrow!"

Alice, who was sitting listlessly by the fire, stiffened.

"Listen!" she exclaimed.

Davida saw her face redden and then go white as paper.

"What's the matter?" said Charles.

"I heard a car."

They all listened, and they all thought the same thing. Mayne owned the only car in the district. Instinctively they braced themselves for bad news.

"Nonsense," said Charles edgily, and went out on to the verandah.

Thrusting through the night were two spears of light, turning and twisting as the car came along the uneven, winding track.

"What the devil . . .?" muttered Charles.

"I suppose there's been an accident," said Davida, and she slipped her arm through his elbow.

Alice came out behind her and stood watching the lights coming nearer. She said nothing. She felt sick with a premonition of disaster. She was sure, quite sure, that there had been no serious accident to her father. . . . He was all right. But she knew instinctively that something had happened that would be a catastrophe for her.

The car turned in the drive and drew up by the house.

Charles went towards it and Davida made a move to follow him, but Alice caught her wrist agitatedly.

"Oh, don't go," she said in a thin whisper, "don't go. . . ."

They heard Mr. Mayne's voice and Archie's lighter tenor.

"DAVIDA," called Charles, "get Mac and tell him to take a lamp along to father's room, and hot water and towels."

"All right, said Davida, and pulled her wrist away from Alice's feverish grasp. She left her standing on the verandah, one hand pressed against her heart in a kind of still despair.

Charles and Archie went past, carrying the Old Man. Mr. Mayne fussed after them. By and by, he came back and was going to the car, when Alice moved and in a stiff voice asked him to come in.

"Ah, thank you, Miss Bruce, thank you . . . but we must be getting back."

She knew by the sound of his voice that something more than an accident had happened. It was unfriendly, irritable.

In her despair, she persisted: "But Archie isn't here yet."

"Archie will be along in a moment . . . as soon as your father is settled."

She felt a kind of panic. Archie would drive away, back to his comfortable existence, back to his friends, and she would be left behind. She would never see him again . . . never, never, never!

"Oh, what happened?" she wailed.

He was in a dinner jacket. In the luminous night she could see him, stiff and magisterial, belonging to another world, the quiet, ordinary, conventional world; the world to which she longed so desperately to belong. To belong to the Maynes' world spelt safety to her. It seemed a protection against the vague fears and impulses that beset her. Charles and Davida belonged . . . life on the farm didn't make them outside it; but she was, somehow, outside. They pushed her out, coldly and politely. They didn't like her. But Archie had liked her . . . Archie . . .

Mr. Mayne fussed with his tie and coughed.

"Oh—er—your father was thrown from his horse . . . just near our house . . . nothing serious!"

She could have stamped and screamed and wept, beaten her head against a wall. What had the old beast been doing there . . . what had he said? What did she care if it were serious or not? She wished that

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he were dead . . . dead, dead, dead, and could never do her any more harm.

Mr. Mayne saw her eyes glittering and wild, and retreated nervously.

Someone came out of the Old Man's room . . . two people . . . Archie and Davida! They strolled over to the verandah, talking cheerfully.

The rim of the moon looked over the horizon and gave a pale radiance to the night.

"We've let Charles fix him up," said Davida carelessly. "It was very good of you to take all that trouble . . . and very lucky for him that he happened to be near your place . . ."

Alice gave an hysterical, sobbing laugh.

Archie did not look at her. He stood with his hands in his pockets and watched his toe drawing patterns in the sand . . . He wore dancing pumps. Alice caught her breath and became silent.

Mr. Mayne coughed again.

"Well, come along, Archie," he said, "your mother will be waiting for us!"

Davida fell into step by his side and walked towards the car.

"Archie!" said Alice urgently.

Mr. Mayne hesitated, looked over his shoulder, and walked on.

"Yes," said Archie wretchedly.

"Archie . . . what did happen?"

"Oh, he . . . he fell off just in front of the verandah."

"Did he—did he do anything—or say anything first?"

The nervous pleading in her voice embarrassed him, made him irritable.

"Yes," he said in his father's tone.

"What?" she asked unhappily.

Mr. Mayne blew the horn.

"I can't stay, Alice . . . really . . . I'll tell you some other time. I'll try and get over some day . . . Er—good-bye . . ."

He went hurriedly to the car and sat beside his father.

Davida said good-bye in her clear, cool voice.

Alice leaned against the verandah pillar. Archie would not come again! Even to her deliberately blind eyes, it was plain that everything was finished. He had fled to the car from an irksome situation with relief.

Davida came back. She took Alice's arm and pressed it. "He's an old beast, Alice . . . we'll have to do something . . . try and cheer up."

As she steered the reluctant Alice into the warmth and glow of the living-room she was thinking that just as she was on the verge of an understanding with Charles this must happen. His loyalty to his father had flared up before the smug and disapproving looks of the Maynes. And now he would hide his own humiliation behind the appearance of indifference.

NEXT morning, while Charles was down with the tractor, Davida told a pale and heavy-eyed Alice exactly what the Old Man had done at the Maynes' place.

And Alice, sitting on the verandah in the warm peace of the morning, twisting her handkerchief, saw it all too plainly. The Maynes sitting after dinner, sedate and happy, in their very English drawing-room. And through the quiet night the first sounds of the Old Man's approach. Hoarse and bawdy singing and the thud of a galloping horse. They would pretend not to hear. There had been guests there, girls from Salisbury and one or two young men in the Civil Service. The people she wanted to know and like her. And then, when it could no longer be ignored, Mr. Mayne going out with Archie, and the Old Man, dishevelled and ribald, his eyes glazed, rocking in the saddle and laughing and shouting how his daughter spent the days in the bush with a damned young Boer . . . hussing and hugging him like any housemaid. Mr. Mayne telling him in clipped and precise accents to go away and the Old Man's hiccupping laughter. Archie stepping to the horse's head, the Old Man's sjambok coming down on his arm, the rearing of the frightened animal, and the Old Man toppling into a sprawling heap on the ground.

"Well, that's the end of that," said Alice, in a voice that tried hard to be casual and debonair.

And it was the end. Archie did not come the next day, nor any other day.

The Old Man stayed in his own quarters, and Charles walked about bad-temperedly. He did some ploughing for the wheat . . . but Davida was, for the moment, too dispirited to care.

CHAPTER 7

FOR two or three days after the Maynes had brought the Old Man home, Davida was too preoccupied to think about the Templemans, and it was with a slight shock that she remembered that Oliver had been fined.

She was sitting on the verandah, turning over the pages of a book and thinking worriedly about Charles' suggestion that she should go home for a time. It was a certainty that, whatever happened, Charles would stay on the farm. And if that were so and things went on as they were at present, there seemed no alternative. One simply could not go on living in this way. The Old Man was getting worse. At times he seemed positively malign, and in time she would find it impossible to shake off the homestead atmosphere and ride off to see other people. Alice's complex would "get her" as she had pointed out to Charles the other night. And yet . . . she didn't want to go. And there was Alice! Although it was unreasonable, Alice had assumed the proportions of a responsibility.

She threw down the book and lit a cigarette. Why the devil should she let that old fiend spoil her life? Probably he would be pleased if she went. She had the idea that he wanted Charles all to himself, that she was in the way. And if she went, would she ever come back? Did one come back in such circumstances . . . didn't one drift and drift . . . and let it go?

So Davida rode off through the hot morning and felt the relief of action. Charles was not down on the mealie "lands," which lay hot and red under the clear blue sky. He might be down by the wheat. . . . Unlikely! Not worth going down to see! She decided to go straight to the Templemans' and find out exactly how things were and to tackle Charles later.

She splashed through the sluggish rivulet that meandered through the vlei and that was nothing now but a thread of brown water between banks of rutty dry mud and brown, shrivelled reeds, and went leisurely on her way. Her horse was quiet and cantered on comfortably, so that she could day-dream as she went. The yellow grass and the red track had a hypnotic effect and the horse knew his way. She came out of the bush into the Sylvesters' home vlei and ambled on. Mrs. Sylvester was sitting on the stoep and fanning herself with a paper. She waved at Davida. And then, round the corner of the house, with the Sylvester girl at his side, strolled Charles. Davida caught a glimpse of his face, saw annoyance written there, before she went on. The rest of the ride was a blur of confused emotions. She was angry and yet amused. Angry that Mrs. Sylvester should think that Charles went there without her knowledge (the old beast had looked so flustered), and amused that anyone should take the matter seriously. By the time she arrived at the Templemans' she was hot and cross.

Oliver was standing outside the living-hut, talking to Piet Barneveldt's father. The old Dutchman was sitting in a disreputable Cape cart, as patriarchal as himself, talking very earnestly.

Davida hesitated and pulled in her horse, but the old Dutchman saw her and called out: "Mrs. Bruce, please. I should like that you talk to Mr. Templeman."

Oliver turned round, his face was haggard and white.

"Whatever is it, Oliver?" said Davida.

She rode up to the side of the Cape cart. The Dutchman leaned forward.

"Mrs. Bruce, you are a friend of Mr. Templeman. I would that you would tell him to let me help him."

He was a dirty old man, stolid and bearded. He spoke bad English. He wore a battered and filthy felt hat, and his shirt proclaimed its permanent divorce from the washtub, but his blue eyes were very clear, and bright and honest.

Davida stared at Oliver.

"It's no good," he muttered, "it's awfully good of him. I don't want him to think I don't appreciate it . . . but . . . it's no good."

"See," said Barneveldt, "he helps me when that schellum Barry will have me fined or gaoled . . . I don't know what else. And now he will not take it that I pay for his fine. . . ."

"Look here," said Oliver, "I'd be damn glad to take it. But it's no good now. . . . Look here, Barneveldt . . . I'm in great trouble, it's not the fine. Be a good fellow and leave me to tell Mrs. Bruce . . . and she will come over and explain to you. I'm very grateful. . . ."

He leant up and shook the Dutchman's hand.

Old Barneveldt gathered up his reins, his eyes clouded with concern.

"Well . . . it must be as you want. . . ."

"I'll ride over to-morrow, if I may," said Davida.

"Ja—ja——"

He cracked his whip and cried hoarsely to his mules. The cart started with a rumble and clatter and jolted off, leaving behind a cloud of red dust, luminous in the sunshine.

"Oliver?" said Davida.

SHE dismounted and he took her horse and called to the cook-boy who was slouching about by the kitchen.

"What's the matter?" she said urgently, "is Lydia ill?"

He shook his head and motioned her into the hut, and in there he sat down in the rookie-chair, leaving the table to Davida, and buried his face in his hands.

He sat like that for some time, and when he looked up his brown eyes were sunken and the sun-wrinkles carved into deep lines.

"She's gone," he said.

"What . . . Lydia?"

"Yes."

He screwed up his eyes as if even the faint green light in the hut hurt them.

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"She thought," he added in a flat, hurt voice, "that it was best for me."

"But . . . she must be mad . . . Oliver, you must do something."

"It's too late . . . she managed too well. I never guessed. . . . She said she was going to Salisbury for the night, rode over to the Maynes' and got a lift in their car . . . and took the mail to the Cape. . . ."

He stared in front of him and his mouth twisted into a grimace of pain.

"She's got the money from her husband . . ." he added.

Davida listened in a stunned horror. This desertion, this intolerable betrayal . . . it couldn't be true . . . not Lydia!

"Oliver," she exclaimed, "you're crazy . . you don't know what you're saying . . ."

"Yes . . . I do," he said wearily, "she wasn't married to me."

"But she can't have gone now," said Davida unhappily, "not now . . . just at this time. I don't believe it of Lydia."

He didn't seem to hear her.

"She's on the boat by now," he said in a monotonous voice, "she went five days ago . . . I didn't know until the evening after she had gone. Mayne sent her letter just about the time I was expecting her back. There's one for you . ."

He fumbled in his pocket and produced a crumpled envelope.

DAVIDA opened it. Templeman sat with his face in his hands and didn't move while she read it.

"Davida, my dear, this is to say good-bye. I shall never see you again, and I couldn't come over and say good-bye. Look after Oliver. He'll be terribly upset and he won't know what to do, but I'm sure after a little he will understand that it is the best. Make him do what I want him to do. Without me he can do so much more . . . he can go back to England and make it up with his family. They'll be quite pleased to see him without me, and now that we're absolutely ruined I don't see what else he can do. You see, I was never married to him. I was married to a very estimable man when I was very young. He was so estimable that he squeezed all the joy out of life and left nothing but a grey rag that smelt of cooking and grease and oilcloth and the sort of smell that hangs about a gas stove. He had a religion also that he used to justify every mean little trick he played . . . but, anyway, I'm not writing this to excuse myself. Je n'en vois pas la necessite! Well, I met Oliver, and it is a miracle that I did meet him, considering the sort of people I knew and the sort of people he knew. But I met him, and when he told me he loved me, there was nothing for it but to tell him I adored him. And I went away with him. We thought, of course, that my husband would take the first opportunity of ridding himself of such a person as me . . . but no! He wrote to me unctuously. He pointed out that I had lost my immortal soul as well as my reputation, and that he, as a Christian man, was not going to allow me to get the State's condonation and live in legal sin. He said a lot more, but the gist of it was that when I repented, or when my lover tired of me (as if my sweet Oliver was a seducer!) I could come back to his house because it was only Christian that he should take me back and endeavor to save my soiled soul. And I assure you that there was a threat there to make one sketch: with what unction, what devilish pleasure he would save the soul of Oliver's discarded mistress! How sonorous are the phrases used by the unco guid to describe women who love! Well, there it is. I adore Oliver. I adore him. But he can do without me. He will find it easier after a little while. Much easier than if I had stayed. It's a fallacy that two people can live as cheaply as one. Twopence for a penny bus fare. And so I'm going back. It's the only way to make it final. I've told my husband. I've even got my fare home from him. Third, as befits a returning sinner. That settles it, you see. I've used his money, and I can never get away again. But what does it matter? I've had Oliver and happiness . . . and without Oliver it doesn't matter to me where or how I live. I shall think of the sunshine and the veldt and the long happy days and Oliver. I shall walk about and cook and wash and eat, but I shan't be living. My mind and my heart will be in Africa . . . and by and by I shall really die and find out whether the God of my husband is real . . or not. I don't believe in Him myself. It would have killed Oliver to think he had dragged me down to absolute pauperism . . . it would have killed his self-respect. . . Beg him to do what I want him to do, go back to his family. Make him do it for my sake, so that I shall really have accomplished something . . Good-bye, my dear, I should have liked to tell you, to say good-bye, but you have talked reasonably to me and . . . but really I am being, for once, the epitome of reason! Good-bye . . . and good luck . . . Lydia."

Davida slowly folded up the letter, her face was blanched and her eyes dark.

Oliver broke into her thoughts: "She knew I could never pull out of this. She saw us going on and on. I'm all right when things are fairly easy, but I don't seem to know how to stop a rot. I spent most of my money. I couldn't even tell you how it went . . . not on purple and fine linen, anyway. We thought that out here we might do something with what I had left. It sounded easy enough from the booklets. But I'm no good. When I've sold this place I'll have about fifty quid. I could get home on that, and she knew it . . . What should we have done? There are dozens of good men who have gone broke on their own farms, men who can farm, who are looking for jobs managing someone else's. We'd come to the end . . ."

"Couldn't you have come to us?" asked Davida.

He continued to stare out of the door.

"'I cannot dig . . . to beg I am ashamed'," he quoted wearily. "What damned good am I? I take her away from a miserable life and all I do is to land her penniless in the end."

HE turned round slowly.

"I didn't deserve her to stay with me . . but that wasn't why she went. She went because she wanted to save me from the final failure . . . the worst humiliation: to save me from the state that lovers get, to when they make suicide pacts. And to make it quite final, to make it impossible for her ever to return, as a barrier against her love, she went back to him. Oh, my God, Davida, you don't know what that means . . ."

"But we must get her back," cried Davida a little wildly. "I can manage to lend you some money, or Charles will. We'll do something . . . cable the boat . . . tell her to come back . . . that everything's all right. And something can be fixed up."

"We can't do anything," said Oliver dully, "she wouldn't come now . . . she wouldn't come if I had all the money in the world . . ."

"It's impossible . . . impossible," thought Davida fiercely. It was unbelievable . . . a dream. Lydia would come in a minute with her graceless smile and her dark hair wind-tossed . . . she would take a cigarette in her thin fingers and begin to laugh about Oliver's forgetfulness. She couldn't have vanished into a limbo that smelt of cooking and grease and oilcloth and gas-fires . . . that damp, indefinite smell that lurks in the passages of lodging-houses. Not Lydia . . .

"He was such a swine," said Oliver tonelessly, as if it relieved him to talk and talk, "fat, and successful in a small way. He belonged to some strange sect, and he clasped his hands across his stomach and looked holy. She married him when she was very young. Her family pushed it on; they were hard up and there were her sisters coming along . . . I tell you she had a passion for sacrifice . . ." He made a hopeless movement with his hands. "She didn't even despise me for a helpless fool . . she only loved me. . ."

HE sat down again in the rookie-chair, leaning forward, his hands clasped between his knees. "Oh, God," he muttered, "what a damn failure I am!"

Davida slid off the table and went over to him. She put one hand on his shoulder. In the fingers of her other hand the inevitable cigarette blew a thin banderole of blue smoke. Far away was the sound of a galloping horse, and she knew with a wry amusement that it was Charles. She was sure of it. When she had wanted him to come and see the Templemans, when she had felt that Lydia would have liked him to come, he had never been near the place. Now, at the wrong moment (she felt instinctively that Lydia's tale would receive no sympathy from him) he came.

"I'll sell everything," said Oliver. "I can't stay here without her . . ."

The distant hoofbeats were coming nearer. She could see Charles mentally, a little flushed, stony-eyed, angry because he had been seen at the Sylvesters'. There was something funny about Charles calling on the Sylvesters when he was supposed to be down with the tractor.

Thud! Thud! Thud! The horse was sweeping up to the hut and still Davida stood silent, her hand on Oliver's shoulder, and her cigarette melting away in the drifting burgee of smoke.

The horse stopped with a slither and clatter and the doorway was darkened by Charles, hand on hip, sjambok dangling from his wrist, smiling bleakly. Davida smiled back, a faint amusement lightening her eyes.

Oliver did not notice him. He was thinking of Lydia and the aching loneliness that encompassed him.

Davida signed to Charles to go out of the hut and followed him into the glaring sunshine.

"Lydia's gone home," she said abruptly.

"If it upsets him as much as all that," said Charles laconically, "why didn't he go with her?"

"You know they haven't a penny . . ."

"How did Lydia get home, then?"

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She hesitated: "It's a long story . . . I'll tell you some other time."

He flicked at a stone with his sjambok. "Well . . . are you going to stay here administering comfort indefinitely?"

But at that moment Oliver came out.

"Hullo, Bruce," he said.

"Hullo," said Charles briefly.

Oliver turned to Davida: "Will you tell Barneveldt something?" he asked, "anything . . . so long as the old man doesn't think I didn't appreciate his offer?"

"I will, of course," she said.

They all three stood irresolutely with nothing to say. Charles turned to his horse and looked at Davida expectantly. Oliver leant against the hut and screwed up his eyes and stared out over the baking veldt. Davida turned to him. She was hot with a feeling of helplessness and anger . . . if only she had known sooner . . . perhaps she might have been able to help. . . .

"Oliver," she said urgently, "couldn't you do something when you get to England?"

"You don't imagine I'm going to England, do you?" he asked incredulously. "Do you think I'm as low as that? . . ."

"But, Oliver . . ." she began in distress, when Charles came back with his horse. "Look here, Templeman," he said curtly, "if you want any money to get home, I could let you have it."

"No thanks," said Oliver abruptly.

Charles raised his eyebrows: "Come on, Davida, we ought to get back. Well, so long, Templeman . . . hope you fix everything up satisfactorily."

He felt raw and savage. He hated people with that easy knack of getting sympathy, people who found it easy to tell their inmost feelings; there was, to him, something almost indecent in baring one's sorrows to anyone, and he, far more than Davida, believed that one should not attempt to influence other people by playing on their sympathies. He expected Davida always to understand that when he made unpleasant remarks, it was because he was afraid of being fulsome. . . . And he was always afraid of appearing emotional. He felt that he had been perilously near effusiveness when he offered to lend Oliver his fare home.

"Oliver," said Davida, "I shall see you again . . ."

CHAPTER 3

OLIVER TEMPLEMAN went away without again seeing Davida. She rode over the following morning, but he had already gone, and the huts, which had, under Lydia's influence, been dwelling-places, were tumble-down, poverty-stricken Kaffir huts. There was nothing to show that they had ever been the habitation of white people. Oliver had taken his few sticks of furniture, his ox-waggon and departed utterly. The huts were desolate in the heartless sunshine, marooned like an old ship rotting in a hot lagoon.

Davida hobbled her horse and sat down on the ground in the shade of a hut.

Somebody was riding towards the huts. She shaded her eyes against the glare. It was Douglas Pelham and another man. Douglas had been rather a friend of the Templemans. A gay young man, more often in Salisbury than on his farm. She sat on, waiting for him to arrive. He might have news of Oliver.

Pelham arrived first, his companion trotting some distance behind.

"Hullo, hullo, hullo!"

"Hullo," said Davida.

Long ago, it seemed to her, she had talked to people like Pelham easily, had hullo'd equally redundantly. Now she felt rusticated, awkward.

"Old Oliver was off in an awful hurry," said Pelham as he dismounted. "I met him in Salisbury last night, and just as luck would have it, he wanted to sell his farm, and this fellow coming along behind me wants a farm . . . so what's easier? I brought him out early this morning."

It was to Davida a constant source of wonder the way most Rhodesians, from a perverted idea of loyalty, would allow newcomers to buy rotten farms if the owners of such farms were acquaintances, when they loudly warn newcomers against buying bad company's land. After the unfortunate buyer had bought the farm and become a farmer, he was invariably told that he ought never to have bought it, and was told with genuine sympathy. But before he bought, no voice was raised in warning. However, when he wanted to sell it, he benefited by it, she supposed.

"What's Oliver doing?" she asked absently.

"Oh, he bunked off on the mail to-day for England, home and beauty."

He looked at her with merry, slightly impertinent, dark eyes.

"You're looking rather crocked . . . you ought to come up for Show Week."

"I might bring Alice up," she said thoughtfully.

He made an impertinent face.

"Why burden yourself?"

The other man rode up, took off his hat and dismounted neatly.

"THIS is Mark Lill," said Pelham, "he's trying to get out of paying super-tax in England!"

Lill was a small, dark man with a long nose, very immaculate. He had a shy smile, his eyes were grey-blue, set wide apart and they twinkled, his mouth wide with thin lips that could close hardly and cruelly. He looked at Oliver's huts with some distaste.

"Is this where he lived?" he asked politely.

His voice was soft and precise.

"It didn't look quite like this when he lived here," said Davida.

He put down his wide-brimmed hat carefully, pulling it on as a woman does, from the back.

Pelham said: "You're not out here to make money . . . you're within reasonable motoring distance of Salisbury, and you've got a good view and a good site for a house . . ."

"Yes," objected Lill, "but could I get a house built before the rains start?"

"If it's not a mansion and you're prepared to pay Deem to get a move on!" said Pelham confidently.

Lill's long, grey-blue eyes rested on Davida and then on the dilapidated circle of huts. The hazy heat seemed to shimmer and dance round her. She looked tired, her eyes shone out of her small face and he liked the humor that lurked round her lips. He had heard a lot about the Bruces . . . Salisbury speculated on how long Davida would stand it . . . and he was invariably interested in unusual people. He looked round the veldt again. Oliver's mealie "lands," hot red gashes in the waving grass . . . the distant small kopje, grey and shimmering, the mimosa trees . . . the distant line of twisted bush. He had seen better places, among cheerful, tennis-playing farmers . . . but . . . he glanced at Davida again and screwed up his candid eyes.

"I suppose I could get some sort of a house up," he said.

Davida was wondering whether Douglas Pelham had lent Oliver money with which to go home, and if that was the reason of his anxiety to persuade Lill to buy the farm. While she thought about it, her eyes became dreamy and her lips parted slightly; she looked as if she were dreaming of far, far lands and lovely things that existed in fairy books for children, and in poetry for grown-ups.

"All right," said Lill abruptly. "I'll buy it."

"Good man," said Pelham, "you'd better get a car if you're going backwards and forwards much."

DAVIDA'S eyes became still more wistful. She was wondering whether Pelham got a commission on cars sold from any dealer in Salisbury.

Pelham glanced at her.

"Will you come in sometimes and dance if Lill and I bring a car out to fetch you?" he asked.

She laughed, knowing Pelham's invitations to be dependent on the mood of the moment and easily forgotten by him.

"If you bring a car out," she said.

And then, on a sudden impulse, she plunged . . . "Come and lunch with us," she said, "or have you lunch concealed about your persons?"

"Love to," said Pelham promptly.

Lill looked troubled.

"I should like it immensely," he began, "but I thought that we were . . ."

"Oh, the Maynes won't wait," said Pelham, "nobody expects anybody definitely on the veldt."

Davida made no protest; she felt no need to worry about the Maynes.

"In that case," said Lill, "I should love to."

She noticed his extreme neatness, both of person and manner. An odd little man, she thought. And yet something about him disturbed her, made her conscious of herself, anxious about her appearance.

The Old Man appeared to find in Lill a man after his own heart. They talked to one another to the exclusion of Davida and Pelham.

Davida wondered where Alice and Charles were, while Pelham looked round the place with his slightly impertinent, appraising glance. There was nothing, however, to criticise. In the cool verandah, with its green reed blinds, its Indian matting, its chair with green-and-white cushions, there was nothing but comfort and a pleasant ease.

Alice appeared. She strolled round the end of the verandah with an air of indifference that betrayed to Davida the fact that she had seen them coming, and had staged this apparently unconscious entrance, especially as she had changed into a white linen frock.

She looked pretty . . . cheeks flushed and eyes bright.

Her father looked at her with interest.

"Alice," he observed, "ran to change her frock when she saw you all coming!"

The flush in Alice's cheeks deepened, but the brightness went out of her eyes, she moved her shoulders sulkily and sat down with an ungraceful flop. She began to talk rather loudly about Salisbury and dancing to Pelham. She languished at him. She wanted so desperately to make an impression, any sort of impression. Although she continually reviled Pelham, she

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would have rather made an impression on him than anybody else, because he was so entirely indifferent to her. She said bitterly, at times, to Davida that she expected Pelham would soon go broke if he didn't pay more attention to his farm. It was a continual, gnawing hurt to her pride that Pelham should go to Salisbury to find amusement, ignoring completely the fact that there were girls (the plural being a concession to Eileen Sylvester, whom she really despised) in the district. She thought about him more than she cared to admit, even to herself, and sometimes lay awake at night imagining situations in which he was completely subjugated and humbled. Now she talked too much, claiming his unwilling attention, while his eyes strayed to Davida.

But Davida sat back in her chair, and smoked in silence. She was feeling exhausted, drained of all intelligence, and the effort of making conversation seemed to her frightful. The sudden vanishing of the Templemans had removed an integral part of her life, had cut away her background. Subconsciously, when they were there, they had reassured her, given her security. They had been a refuge. And now she must ride over to the Barneveldts and explain why Oliver would not accept their help. She could hardly tell them about Lydia . . . she'd have to make up a convincing story.

Pelham deliberately dragged her into the conversation.

"Don't you ever come to Salisbury?"

How irritatingly persistent he was! "No," she said briefly.

He was undeterred.

"Lill! Help me to persuade Mrs. Bruce that Salisbury is still on the map."

Lill hesitated, interrupted in his talk with the Old Man. But the Old Man himself answered: "She is so occupied in farming . . . wheat." He smiled at her placidly and kindly.

"Alack!" said Davida, equally placidly. "I have had to let the wheat give way to the garden, beauty before utility."

"Then you've no excuse," said Pelham; "Come up to the dinner-dance at Meikle's. Lill and I will fetch you by car."

Did the idiot imagine that Charles did not exist? Was his rudeness to Alice intentional . . . or merely the casual rudeness of the modern young man?

The Old Man stroked his beard and gazed upon them benevolently.

Lill, rather uncomfortable, susceptible to the darting undercurrents of meaning, to Pelham's impertinent ignoring of Alice, to Alice's quivering resentment, Davida's discomfort and the Old Man's enjoyment of the discomfort, intervened.

"Why not make up a party?" he said shyly. "Miss Bruce and Mrs. Bruce . . . and you, sir . . . and your son?"

"Oh, no . . . no. But Davida and Alice must decide for themselves," said the Old Man. Davida saw Alice clench her hands, while a wave of crimson flowed into her cheeks. Her eyes were too anxious. . . .

"I think a dance would be rather fun," said Davida.

CHAPTER 9

ALICE was in great distress about her frock for the dance. She had, she said, absolutely nothing, and her hair looked awful. She must have it done. Couldn't they go up earlier so that she could have it done? She wanted to have it shingled. She became suddenly convinced that, with her hair shingled, the world lay at her feet. But she had no really smart frock, and her hair was not shingled, and she was in an agony of apprehension. She kept up a stream of petulant complaints, and Davida, who thought she ought to be pleased and excited at the idea of the dance, became irritated and unsympathetic. She offered to lend her a frock, but Alice flounced and said she knew quite well it would be too small.

"Try banting, then," suggested Davida.

THE Old Man had spent the day in an easy chair on the verandah watching Alice's preparations with ironic interest. He stroked his beard and stared out at his garden with mild blue eyes. Anyone seeing him would have thought, how charming an old man . . . how charming a setting, for the wide verandah was barred with sunlight, but in the shadow the whitewashed walls and tubs of flowers looked cool and restful; and the Old Man, with his white hair and white drill suit, his cigar, his thin, blue-veined hand resting on his open book, gave an impression of security and pleasant peace. Davida lay in a long chair at the other end, immersed in the English papers, a glint of sunlight from a chink in the reed blinds on her hair. For all her absorbed look, she, too, was excited. It seemed to her that for months she had not talked to anyone, certainly not to Charles. For months she had said things to people and there had been no reciprocity. She missed talk . . . missed the interminable arguments that had taken place among her friends in England, and between herself and Charles before they really settled down on the farm—long, exciting discussions about God and politics and morals and the future life, and Spiritualism and Theosophy, talks that had no conclusion, in which no one ever reached a conclusion, in which there never was any conclusion to be reached, but which left one stimulated and happy. But it appeared that when one came to Rhodesia, one gave up talking! Nothing happened to stimulate any subject into a matter for discussion. Charles didn't care two hoots what the government did. He no longer appeared to take any interest in abstract subjects, and they were come to a dead end. Alice was interested in nothing except herself and her hard lot (she would talk about that for hours on end, but as a subject for discussion it palled) and had the maddening trick of the uninformed and half-educated of laughing heartily at anything she could not understand, and like them she thought that flat contradiction proved her right. The Old Man did not. He made remarks and observations of a conclusive nature. He smiled and stroked his beard and looked superior. The Templemans had talked. It was since they had gone that she felt that rot of ideas. She tried to think who else talked, who could take their place: Douglas Pelham indulged in conversational flirtation . . . presumably the Barneveldts did not talk. The Maynes had a fund of small talk, they could keep up an unflagging interchange of words, polite laughter, and when they found the small coin of social chatter running short would relapse into playing bridge. There was no one else . . . the other farmers of the district she hardly knew, but they did not look as if they talked. Perhaps among themselves they became quite animated about weevils and insect pests . . . which was more than Charles and his father did. With the usual rapidity it had got about that the Templemans had not been married. Davida had ridden over to the last farmers' meeting, and for quite half an hour after the meeting itself was over the people lingered on discussing the Templemans. People who never attended a meeting from one year's end to another were there, lured by the spicy rumors that had reached them on their outlying farms, probably through the kind offices of Barry. Facts of that kind seemed to leak out always, as if the very air would exude them. Davida heard the Maynes discussing it with the Sylvesters of all people, and reflected wearily that one thing most people had in common was a joyful and virtuous faculty for discussing moral lapses. Mr. Mayne snorted indignantly, horrified that he had harbored Lydia for a few hours in his house. Davida felt too weary, too conscious of the dreamlike quality of their sojourn, to protest. What did Lydia care, anyway, what construction was put upon her action. . . What foul tongues people had! But now that the Templemans had gone, she had been increasingly aware of an isolation . . . One lost count of the hot, empty days. She felt like a lizard basking in the sun, lying there motionless on a grey rock in the blistering heat . . . time stretched away behind her and in front of her . . . There were only two things to do in Rhodesia, work like the devil, or flirt like the devil . . . otherwise one became a vegetable slowly withering in the sun.

But Lill would talk. She was sure of that and she was aching to talk.

The Old Man stood up and walked slowly across the verandah. He stood still at the door, stroking his beard, and looking at the garden, then he went out and she saw him walk, ponderously towards the orchard, occasionally picking off a faded rose, or bending over one that he thought particularly fine. He picked two and went towards his own quarters.

Alice appeared as if by magic. She had been washing her hair.

"Does it look too awful?" she asked anxiously.

"No, it looks quite all right," said Davida.

"Do you think Mr. Lill's married?"

"Heaven only knows . . . why?"

"Oh, I don't know," she looked smug and pleased, "only I thought he looked rather interesting . . . he doesn't look married."

"You'd better ask him," said Davida and yawned.

"Oh, I couldn't do that," giggled Alice

"Why not . . . if you're interested?"

"I'm not at all interested," said Alice sulkily.

CHARLES strolled in just as Davida had finished dressing, threw his coat on the bed and stretched mightily.

"Lord, I'm tired," he said.

"What have you been doing all day?" she asked absently.

"Dipping, sweet one; a fragrant job."

She remembered, with a slight feeling of guilt, that until a few months ago she had always been down to the dip with him, and had found a sense of excited interest in the herds as they were driven up, bawling and jostling, in clouds of golden dust; and that she had felt distinctly proud of Charles, as he stood tall and strong by the dip, and dealt expertly and firmly with obstreperous oxen and the massive, bellowing bulls. Somehow she had stopped going . . . had stopped enjoying meals eaten picnic-fashion with him; somehow there had been nothing to say . . . no point in going.

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She got out her scent and sprayed her hair.

Rather aggressively, Charles went over to the washstand. "I'm filthy," he said, as if he wanted to emphasise the difference between her scented hair and himself sprayed with cattle dip.

"Oh, damn," he said, seeing that she had used the wash-hand basin. "I'll wait for a bath."

"Mac's got it ready in the bath-house," she said.

"By the way," his tone was, she thought, a shade too casual, "the Sylvester girl blew up while I was dipping and shared my lunch."

"That was nice," said Davida.

"Oh, she's not a bad child . . . she doesn't have much time out here . . . never sees anybody."

"Nor does Alice," observed Davida amiably.

"Oh, damn Alice!"

"Damn her by all means," said Davida, "but don't expect me to waste sympathy on the Sylvester girl, who isn't any worse off . . . probably better. No doubt she'll marry Piet Barneveldt in the fullness of time, and most suitably . . . but what on earth do you think is going to happen to Alice?"

"In the fullness of time she'll either marry, or go off and find her feet somewhere else . . ."

From across the vlei came the long-drawn wail of a motor horn.

"There they are," said Davida.

Alice, who had been hectically dressing for the past two hours, and who had spent the last half-hour fiddling with her hair, and alternately powdering her face and rubbing the powder off for fear of overdoing it, appeared at the door.

Charles regarded her with aversion.

"There they are," said Alice breathlessly.

Davida picked up a cloak and fan and turned to the door.

"Cheerio, Charles!" she said. "Or are you coming to see us off?"

He shook his head. "Too filthy to face two immaculate tails and white waistcoats . . . cheerio, and have a good time!"

There was no one on the verandah, not even the Old Man. There was something rather rude in this ignoring of the two arrivals, but as Davida detested apologetic explanations, she said nothing. Lill handed Alice in to the front seat next to Pelham, who was driving, and Davida into the seat next himself. She heard a muffled exclamation from Pelham that sounded rude, but Alice giggled excitedly, apparently unaware of it.

WHILE Davida was dancing with Mark Lill, he said: "What's the trouble with your sister-in-law? She's a pretty girl . . . but somehow she seems to get disliked?"

He asked in the interested voice of a scientist discussing some strange phenomena, quite impersonally.

"I don't know," said Davida, in the same impersonal tone, as if Alice were a microbe, whose strange antics she was observing through a microscope. "Sort of inferiority complex, I imagine."

"Still," said Lill, "it's too bad of Pelham. He's got no manners . . . I ought to dance with her, don't you think?"

He looked at her anxiously as if her opinion were of the greatest moment, taking it for granted that it was Davida with whom he would naturally dance, involving her in a tacit understanding. And she could not repudiate it, she did not want to. They had an instinctive accord with each other. When she looked at him critically with her eyes alone, she found him a small, neat, rather plain man with unusual eyes, but after a little she did not look at him that way; he became no longer a person, but a personality.

"I do think you ought to dance with her," she answered.

"So be it."

Really Alice was very tiresome. She was being arch and leaning against Pelham when she talked to him. She leant against him and then drew back, and then, pretending to be all unaware of it, leant against him again. And she would talk. Presently Davida, sitting silent and smoking, saw Archie dancing with Miriam Davis. He blushed and nodded awkwardly. Alice smiled at him defiantly, leant affectionately towards Pelham, and rolled her eyes at him.

Pelham stood up: "Dance this with me, Mrs. Bruce?"

Davida nodded and they went on to the crowded floor.

"I say," murmured Pelham, "can't you give that girl a hint not to behave like that? It makes me look a perfect fool!"

DAVIDA laughed ruefully. "I'll try . . . but you know, it's not altogether her fault . . . she's got an inferiority complex . . ."

"Yes," said Pelham, "but that doesn't help me. Can't you ever come up without her?"

"No, I can't," said Davida flatly.

"It seems a pity . . . when Lill gets his house built, won't you ever be able to come over without her?"

"I don't suppose so . . ."

"Gawd," he rejoined, "won't that be nice for Lill!"

"Don't be silly," she said stiffly.

"But that girl is too much. You know, seriously, she's a positive incubus. Everybody would like you to come to things, but it rather puts them off if you have to bring her with you always."

"It's remarkably kind of you to say so," said Davida. "But, firstly, you take it for granted that I am pining in desolation and longing to be invited out, which is not so; secondly, you seem to forget that she is my sister-in-law."

"Oh, I say . . ." he grinned disarmingly, "don't chew me up . . . you're looking all old-fashioned. I was really only moaning about my bad luck . . . I do want you to come and dance with me sometimes."

"Well, in any case, don't be such a pig about Alice."

"I won't," he assured her earnestly. "I'll be an angel to her. But, honestly, it's rather hard to be used as a sort of bat in the eye for Archie Mayne . . ."

"Oh, damn it," thought Davida, "there's nothing in this beastly colony that everybody doesn't know about!"

"They're engaged," added Pelham, "unofficially. Archie and Miriam, I mean. The Maynes are as pleased as punch."

"They would be," said Davida.

When they got back to the table, Archie nervously came up.

"Hullo," he said.

"Hullo," said Davida.

Alice affected to just become aware of him.

"Why . . . hullo," she said.

Archie smiled anxiously.

"It's ages since I've seen any of you," he said.

"Ages!" murmured Davida sweetly.

"Do come over and see us some time," he went on, with a noble attempt to be natural and unconscious of Alice.

Alice said, apropos of nothing: "We're having a wonderful time . . . Davida's chaperoning me."

"Er . . . splendid," said Archie weakly.

The band broke riotously into jazz, and a glint of relief flashed into Archie's set smile.

"I say," he said to Davida, "I'm afraid I can't butt in and ask you to dance . . . but I'm alone with Mir— Miss Davis, and I don't like to leave her."

"We couldn't dance, anyway," interrupted Alice. "We're in a party."

But later, while Davida was dancing with Lill, and Pelham, not so keenly aware of his obligations towards his partner as Archie, had mumbled some excuse and gone off to dance with a girl in another party, Alice sat still and looked at the shuffling crowd of dancers. She felt rather queer, detached, several things she wanted to say got a little jumbled before they reached their audience, and now she saw the swaying crowd through a sort of haze. "Smoke," she said to herself, slowly and carefully, "smoke, that's what it is." She did feel odd. She could feel her eyes turning after people rather stiffly, and the room swam mazily. She lolled back in her chair and fanned herself with a serviette.

Davida saw her with a quick discomfort.

"What's the matter with Alice?" she murmured to Lill.

He glanced at Alice and hesitated.

"I don't know . . . she looks rather . . . rather . . ."

"Tight," said Davida tersely. "We'd better go and look after her."

Alice continued to look and wave her serviette as they came up.

"S'hot!" she observed.

"Yes, it is rather," said Lill. "Let's go outside where it is cool."

She considered the suggestion with owlish gravity.

"All . . . right," she said at length, "but wheresh Douglas Pelham?"

"Oh, he'll come after us . . ." said Lill.

An obstinate look settled on her face . . . "No . . . wait for him," she said.

"Oh, my God," said Davida under her breath, "we'll never get her out!"

At that moment Alice stopped waving the serviette. She had suddenly become aware that the floor was heaving under her, leaving a dreadful sensation of nothingness when it dropped away. And then it heaved dizzily upwards . . . She went a pallid green color, and felt for the table as she staggered up.

"Feel shick," she muttered.

Davida gripped her arm.

"Come along," she said shortly.

Lill caught the other arm and they supported her down the endless room. People looked at them curiously, one or two whispered to each other.

"Pray heaven," said Davida under her breath, "she lasts till the cloakroom."

But Alice did not last.

THEY got a bedroom for her, and there, after half an hour, Davida left her asleep.

Lill was waiting in the hall.

"All right now?" he asked.

"She's asleep."

"Oh . . . well . . . Pelham has seized the opportunity to tack on to another party . . so what shall we do? Go back and dance?"

"No, thanks," said Davida.

She stood still and frowned at the door of the lounge.

"You know," she said, "it was too frightful, but the stupid little idiot has never had anything to drink before . . . if I'd

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only thought of it I'd have told her not to have anything, but she'd probably have resented it."

She gave an angry little laugh. "But really," she added, "it's rather grim."

"It's unfortunate," said Lill, "but I've known it happen before, even at Government House."

"I don't see how we're going to get her home."

"Oh, we'll wait until the rest of the people have gone, and then, if she's still asleep, we'll carry her down to the car. Don't worry . . ."

He was beautifully calm and impersonal. He made everything seem simple.

"Get a cloak," he added, "and let's go and sit on the terrace."

THEY sat for a long time on the moonlit terrace, watching the black shadows move slowly across the tiled floor. Very faint and far away was the sound of the band. They talked enthusiastically . . . starting with houses on the veldt and ending up with God and morals. They agreed that morals were the result of civilisation, of convenience, of social necessities . . . They both shrank, alarmed, from the idea of eternity. It was a satisfying orgy of talk. But Davida, who had accused Pelham of conversational flirtation, did not recognise the more finished product as such when used by Lill.

She was saying . . . "I'm not sure that a complete finish isn't a good hope . . . and then something inside me rebels blindly at the idea . . ." when Pelham's voice came from one of the french-windows opening on to the terrace.

"Lill . . . Where are you?"

"Damn," said Lill softly and unhurriedly. Davida answered.

"You're the limit, you two," observed Pelham cheerfully. He was evidently in great form. "I've been looking everywhere . . . the highways and by-ways. The dance is over . . . the last reveller has departed . . . what are we going to do now?"

"Depart also I should imagine," said Davida.

"Well . . . come downstairs and have a drink and I'll get the car."

"We are a little sensitive on the subject of drinks," said Lill.

"Oh, Gawd, yes . . . where is she?"

"In bed," said Davida briefly.

"Oh, well, come and have a drink and then we'll get her into the car. Carry her tenderly . . . something with care . . . rumti-ti-tumpty young and so fair."

"You're excessively bad form at times," said Lill in his peculiar voice, that never told whether he was being serious or not.

"I'm always bad form after a diner dansant," retorted Pelham.

They went downstairs to a lounge where most of the lights had been turned off and which had a melancholy and slightly raffish air. The chairs were all pushed back from the tables, just as they had been left by the departing dancers . . . and the big fire that had burned so cheerfully was nothing but grey embers.

A bored night porter brought whiskies and soda.

The atmosphere killed conversation.

Davida said after a few moments that she thought she had better go up and see if she could get Alice down.

"Right you be," said Pelham, "and if you want the car and help let us know."

Davida went up to Alice.

Alice was lying on the bed and moaning.

"I've got an awful headache," she groaned.

"Well, you'd better try and get down to the car, and we'll get home as quickly as possible."

"I can't get home to-night," moaned Alice.

"Don't be an idiot," said Davida, "you must go home."

Alice gave a self-pitying sob.

"It's not a bit of good weeping" said Davida, "you must go home."

"You don't know how dreadful I feel . . ."

"Well, anyway, however you feel, you're coming home. You can't drive down to-morrow dressed like that, and I'm certainly not going to face the morning dressed like this."

Alice half sat up, sank down again and pressed her hand to her head.

"I can't," she said thickly, "and in any case I can't face them."

"Oh, my God," said Davida furiously, "then what do you intend to do?"

"Tell them to go away," mumbled Alice, "and get a car from the garage."

"Oh, don't be idiotic . . . I don't suppose we could get a car at this time, anyway."

"Well, I won't go then . . ."

She turned over on her face and wept.

"Ten thousand devils," said Davida, and went downstairs again.

Lill was alone.

"Hullo," he said, "how is she?"

"She says she can't face you, and that she wants a car from a garage to drive down!"

"But, my dear child," said Lill. "I don't suppose we could get a car now . . . and, in any case, I don't like the idea of your driving down at this time with an Indian chauffeur."

"Perhaps Warwicker would drive us himself," said Davida.

THEY walked out of the hotel to avoid the studiously uninterested night porter.

"I don't know what to do," said Davida. She was feeling desperately tired.

"Well, look here . . . do you mind going up again and seeing if you can persuade her? Tell her Pelham didn't notice anything, and that she needn't bother about me. I just thought she was feeling ill . . ."

"Oh . . . I'll try."

She went upstairs again.

Alice was sitting on the edge of the bed. Her eyes were swollen and her face flushed.

"Listen," said Davida, "Pelham didn't see anything and you needn't worry about Mr. Lill . . . it won't make any difference to him . . . but if you don't damn well come home at once I'll tell your father about it."

Something flashed into Alice's eyes, a fear and yet a defiance . . . but it faded into a sick shame.

"I'll come," she said huskily, "but you'll have to lend me the scarf you're wearing. . . . I'll . . . I'll put it round my face."

"All right."

Davida took off her scarf and Alice fumbled for it and wound it round her head and across her face. When she stood up, Davida held out a hand to help her, but she pushed it away and took hold of the bedpost.

"I can walk by myself," she said sullenly, letting go of the bedpost, and walked slowly to the door and down the passage.

"And that's that," thought Davida as she walked after her.

Pelham had got the car in front of the hotel. Alice got in without a word and Davida followed her. Lill sat in front with Pelham.

The moon was high and solitary in the sky, the veldt pale and calm, and the car slipped through the night, mocking the ghosts of long-dead oxen that had plodded over the place when it was nothing but a faint track leading into the unknown.

The sun was sending heralds in rose - colored tabards into the sky when they arrived at the homestead. No one was about. The house had the withdrawn, defenceless look that houses have in the early dawn, before anyone is awake in them. It was lonely in the freshness.

Alice, still holding the scarf across her face, stood up and got out of the car, ignoring Lill's proffered help. Pelham sat still in the driver's seat. Alice walked away without looking at any of them. On the verandah she waited for Davida.

Lill took Davida's hand, and she was conscious again of that impalpable thread of understanding between them.

"I'm starting building at once," he murmured.

"Cheerio," said Pelham, and yawned mightily; "come along next time."

"Thanks," said Davida, "but there won't be a next time."

She went up the verandah steps as the car drew away, the cloak trailing in the sandy dust. No one was awake in the house except herself and Alice . . . it was so quiet that she became conscious of her heart beating. Then Alice shrugged her shoulders and stumbled wearily into the house. Davida went along to her bedroom. She felt wretchedly lonely. . . .

Charles was asleep. When people were asleep, how far away they seemed, how unaware of life! It was dreadful that her loneliness did not penetrate to Charles' consciousness. . . . He was away . . . far away.

She undressed, letting her clothes drop on to the floor, and got into her own bed . . . and suddenly she began to cry, hopelessly and helplessly . . . for no reason but the loneliness. But she had never felt lonely before . . . never before. . . .

Charles stirred and flung out an arm.

"What's the matter?" he muttered drowsily, "have a good party?"

She put her head under the bedclothes and crushed the sheet against her distorted mouth.

Charles' hand became limp and he slept again, hardly aware that he had awakened.

"Oh, damn—damn—damn——" sobbed Davida, "what a perfectly horrible party."

CHAPTER 10

DAVIDA slept on till lunch-time. She was wakened by Charles, who came and sat on the end of her bed and violently shook her foot.

"Party or no party," he said as she sleepily protested, "the Old Man thinks that lunch-time is ample for the effects to have worn off."

"Is it lunch-time?" she asked incredulously.

"It is."

She stretched, and realised that her eyes felt sore and tired.

"What a sight I must look!" she yawned.

"You look more of a wreck than a mere party should account for," Charles informed her.

She laughed: "You've got a horrible mind, Charles."

"Not at all . . . by the way, what's the matter with Alice? She's been up since breakfast, wandering about with a boiled-owl look, and quite a new brand of pose . . . tragic and still. And she stared at the Old Man with a kind of ghoulish curiosity . . . what were you up to last night?"

"I don't know. . . ."

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She got out of bed and pulled on her dressing-gown. "We didn't have a very good time," she said over her shoulder.

Charles pulled out a pipe and began to fill it. He had been trying to formulate some way of telling Davida why he stayed on with the Old Man, but the words seemed to stick just behind his teeth. She looked so small and young in her dressing-gown, with a cigarette stuck in the corner of her mouth, her grey eyes tired and sleepy . . . her short hair ruffled. . . . He wanted to kiss her . . . He wished to God Alice was out of the way . . . why didn't that fool Archie marry her and take her away? Without her the Old Man would be quite different . . . A rotten sort of marriage for her . . . If he had known how the Old Man had changed while he was away in England would he have asked Davida to marry him? . . . . Would he have had enough guts to tell her about it . . . or enough guts to have come back to the Old Man without her? All he wanted to do was to farm and scribble and have Davida . . . If he had told her about his mother and Alice in England, would she have married him? . . . Probably. But if he had added that "as a result my father occasionally gets blind drunk . . . and when he's sober Alice maddens him, and he doesn't like women"? She might have! . . . But it hadn't seemed so important in England . . . He had forgotten how on the veldt things became intensified . . . and he had not known how the Old Man had changed . . . He had not thought that old scandal could affect Davida . . . that its tentacles were so strong . . . so far-reaching. Almost, in England, when he had thought about it, he had persuaded himself that with the years it was fading . . . And he had wanted to forget it . . . He had forgotten it, too, the eternal gossip that went on . . . probably Davida had heard the story. There were plenty of chatty women to enlighten her . . . She probably wondered why he hadn't told her before . . . But the story filled him with a sick, shy misery. To tell it, even to Davida, seemed to make the very distant past into a very recent event. The Old Man had lived all his life with that story . . . the memory had bitten into his brain. He fought it with brandy, and his indomitable will that would not allow him to show for one moment, even to his son, the gnawing hurt, his lacerated pride. His reticence, his cold scorn, hooked Charles to him as no appeal could have done.

Davida put her cigarette down on the edge of the dressing-table.

"Perhaps Alice is just disappointed," she suggested.

"Perhaps," said Charles.

THE effort of recapitulating Alice's behaviour appalled her. The memory, as it grew clearer, was to repellent.

"I'm growing old, Charles," she said, "parties no longer thrill me . . . last night was dull."

"Well," he said, "what do you think of Lill? Likely to be a better neighbor than Templeman?"

She half-turned. "I was terribly fond of the Templemans . . . I miss them."

The old resentment filled her. If only she could have done something for Lydia . . . she might have still been there. If only Charles had been on his own, so that she could have asked him to help. . . .

"I know," said Charles, "but somehow I never liked him . . . weak spot somewhere . . ."

"I suppose you prefer that little reptile, Barry?"

"No . . . I dislike Barry. But, good lord, Davida, is it worth quarrelling about . . . I never objected to your spending most of your time there."

"It's not that . . . It's this . . . they were my friends . . . and I always felt that if I could have helped them they could have pulled through . . . and I couldn't help them. . . ."

"Why didn't you ask me?"

"Because you couldn't do anything without asking your father, and I didn't want their affairs discussed with him. It was horrible, not being able to do a thing just because you weren't your own master. . ."

He flushed darkly.

"Damn it . . . if it was simply a question of money, you know damn well I could have done something."

"Well, it wasn't only money. Oliver wanted a helping hand throughout . . . someone to put him in the way of making some money. . . ."

"That's the trouble . . . he never would have made any. It wouldn't have been any good helping him . . . he'd have wanted helping again in six months. And what's more, Lydia knew it. . . ."

"Whether or no," said Davida, "I couldn't even offer to help. . . ."

"What did you want to do?" he inquired, "subsidise him?"

"No . . . but I couldn't do anything."

Oh, what was the good of quarrelling over it? They were gone. Their farm was sold . . . But though they were already dreamlike, the memory of her impotence stung. The fact that Old Barneveldt had offered to do what she should have been able to do rankled.

"Oh, never mind," she said, "it doesn't matter."

ALICE looked dreadful. She was white and puffy round the eyes. She ate lunch distractedly and in the middle gave an abrupt sob which caused the Old Man to stare at her with sarcastic concern. At Davida she did not look at all.

"And what do you think of Salisbury dances?" asked the Old Man.

"Well, it's amusing," said Davida.

He grinned at her through his beard.

"You both seem to have found it exhausting," he observed.

"To those accustomed to a rural existence, anything urban is exhausting," explained Davida.

"But not, I should have thought, sufficiently exhausting to induce sobs," said the Old Man.

"One can weep from exhaustion," said Davida. "Alice got up too early."

He looked at Alice sourly.

"No one who cannot look more or less fit to be seen the following day should go to dances," he said; "to look as Alice does is as bad as a young man who cannot carry his liquor decently!"

"People in glass houses——" said Alice unexpectedly, and then blenched.

The Old Man regarded her with interest.

"Perhaps you will be good enough to explain that very cryptic remark," he said.

Alice stared sullenly at her plate.

There was a moment's silence. Charles leant back from the table and lit a cigarette. He was very white about the nostrils and his smile was a replica of the Old Man's.

"Apparently," said the Old Man, "an answer is not to be vouchsafed to us."

Alice looked at him with glittering eyes.

"You can think what you like," she said in a difficult voice, as if her tongue were stiff, "nothing you or Charles can do can hurt me, not anything. . . ."

"Indeed?" said the Old Man silkily.

"You make me tired, Alice," said Charles. "I suppose you made a fool of yourself last night!"

"For heaven's sake," said Davida nervily, "let her alone!"

"When I have heard exactly what did happen last night," said the Old Man, "Alice can come and explain her remark to me. If Davida does not choose to tell us, I have no doubt there are other sources of information."

"Hasn't Davida told you already?" said Alice rudely. "I should have thought she would have seized the first opportunity to tell her beloved Charles. . . ."

"I think you must be a little mad, Alice," said Davida.

Alice pushed her chair back from the table and gave a theatrical laugh. . . ."

"'The sins of the fathers'," she said dramatically, and walked out of the room.

"What was it," asked Charles, "an imaginary slight, or Mayne?"

DAVIDA did not answer; instead she lit a cigarette.

In the silence that followed a go-away bird called hoarsely and the cooing of a solitary dove reminded her suddenly of the scuttering, scratching noise that the pigeons at Thorogood's store made slipping down the sloping tin roof.

The Old Man stood up. His nostrils were dilated and his eyes were a deep, shining blue. She had an irrational feeling that he might commit murder, and regarded the possibility with detachment. Only, she wondered, what would Charles do?

"Perhaps your wife will tell you," he said to Charles, and went ponderously on to the verandah.

"Come on, Davida," said Charles, "she can't be allowed to get away with this sort of thing."

"I don't see why she shouldn't, if she can," retorted Davida.

"She will exceedingly regret it," said Charles, and he greatly resembled his father.

"Look here," said Davida. "I'll tell you, because you're sure to hear about it . . . but do be decent about it!"

Briefly she outlined the story.

"The little wretch . . ." said Charles grimly.

Davida flushed.

"It was an accident. She didn't realise what was happening . . . she wasn't having a very good time . . . and possibly she thought it would look silly if she didn't take anything . . . and being inexperienced . . ."

"Inexperienced be damned," said Charles furiously, "did you make an exhibition of yourself the first time you went out?"

"No . . . but . . ."

"There's no but about it . . . don't you see what people will say?"

Davida saw very clearly what they might say. It struck her as having a sort of poetic justice.

"You can hardly blame Alice if people infer it's in the family," she said tersely.

Charles went white. He thrust back his chair violently.

"She's the cause of every damn thing," he almost shouted.

"My dear Charles . . . don't exaggerate!"

It was horribly hot and still. Davida sat on because she felt that if she stood up, her knees would give way. She felt that in some obscure way the situation was funny, and that if only she could find the humor of it the whole affair would dissolve into laughter and its proper proportions. But while she was still vaguely

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groping for the obscure germ of humor Charles went out of the room after his father.

"Charles," she called urgently, "Charles . . . don't tell him just now!"

But he didn't answer, and she heard his footsteps receding down the verandah to his father's room.

She stood up with some idea of going to see Alice and standing between her and the oncoming storm, but the sound of a galloping horse caught her attention and she went instead to see who it was.

It was Barry, hatless, his face blackened and his eyes red-rimmed and sore. He flung himself off his horse and ran towards her.

"Where's Bruce?" he shouted. "He's wanted . . . badly!"

"Charles!" she called evenly.

Barry was gasping and mopping at his sore eyes with a blackened handkerchief.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"That infernal idiot, Templeman," snapped Barry, "couldn't even burn his fireguards properly . . . his whole farm's alight and it's coming this way. It's out of hand now . . . I nearly got cut off. If you don't want to be burnt out yourselves, you'd better get busy . . ."

She ran to the Old Man's room and flung open the door. Charles was leaning against the table and smoking, the Old Man was lying back in a long chair.

"Barry's here," she cried, "he says the whole of Templeman's place is alight and coming down this way."

The Old Man jumped up. Charles pushed past her on to the verandah.

"What the devil . . ." she heard him say.

The Old Man came to the door and stood looking down on her.

"We have nothing to say this time," he observed, "we haven't burnt our guards yet."

He grinned at her and went off after his son.

OVER in the direction of Oliver's farm hung great clouds of grey smoke, streaked and stained by a lurid red. They billowed up against the deep, clear blue of the sky, rolling and coiling like the crimson pall of a sacked town. It gave Davida a sick, cold feeling in the pit of her stomach. As if from a great distance she heard Charles shouting for the "boys," and as if from behind a sheet of glass watched them running down the track. Barry went after them on horseback, and a minute afterwards Charles and the Old Man rode past. She was left alone behind the pane of glass.

The grey battalions of smoke rolled perceptibly nearer and suddenly the pane of glass seemed to dissolve and there was an acrid, frightening smell in her nostrils. The streaks of red were shooting flames now, licking up through the billowing grey blanket, shooting hungry, greedy tongues towards the sky. And above the smoke were flying sparks.

"In a moment, in a moment," shrieked a panic-stricken voice inside her. "Charles and the Old Man, Barry and the 'boys' will come running back, running from the suffocating hungry blanket, blackened and panting . . ."

"And this is the end . . ." screamed the voice . . .

She ran down the verandah steps out on to the track towards the Templemans'. There was a horrible crackling in the air and waves of heat surged towards her. The bush was on fire. Her mind was working frantically as she ran. There was the little river . . . an absurd little strip of sluggish water. The fire would jump it easily. How many natives were there? They might make a stand at the river . . . it was the only place.

There they were!

It was like some fantastic frieze. The black bodies like frantic dancing figures against a wall of flame. They held heavy branches in their hands and beat frenziedly at the advance-guards of fire. And the air was full of smoke and heat, flying bits of red-hot grass . . . and an acrid, stifling smell. The fire rolled on, the dancing figures falling back before it, beating, gasping, sweat pouring off glistening ebony bodies. Charles' shirt was in ribbons, blackened and scorched. And an old man with matted, grimy hair and beard, sweated and panted and beat at the crackling, roaring wall, an old man from whose cracked lips came strange oaths and blasphemies while the others fought in silence.

She became one of the dancing figures. She soaked her coat in the little river and beat blindly in the hot breath of the furnace. She became an automaton, beating and gasping.

THEY fell back over the river and for a moment there was a breathless space, before the fire jumped, turning the listless reeds to blackened stumps.

Later, she noticed vaguely that there were more people, other blackened, panting figures, antic in a burning world. Her tongue seemed swollen, and she could hardly see. Her heart thumped with great slow beats, and she felt suffocated. Long ago her soaked coat had dried and turned into part of the consuming flame. She had picked up a branch from somewhere.

Once, close by her, someone gave a choking gasp and muttered: "It's no good . . . better bent it to Barneveldt's . . . he's got guards burnt . . ." But they went on beating furiously.

And for herself she was sure it was the end. She and Charles, the Old Man and Alice, and the other grotesque figures dancing in a world of fire would drop soon into the red-hot heart of the world and be shrivelled cinders . . . nothing more. But in the meantime she beat at the advancing end savagely and wildly, her arms moving like flails.

"God . . . oh, God . . . God . . ." someone sobbed in the smoke.

And suddenly a hoarse voice cried: "The wind's changed!"

The wall of smoke and flame checked and wavered. The great pall of smoke rolled backwards. Flying red-hot grass stung her face and hands.

She stumbled blindly forward on to the black, spark-stung waste as someone caught her off her feet and lifted her up.

When she drifted back to consciousness she was in her own bed and aware of a smarting, painful face. Alice was fumbling about the room and the curtains were drawn. The light was soft and diffused.

She sat up.

"Hadn't you better lie down?" said Alice nervously. "Do lie down!"

"Why should I," said Davida. "Where's Charles?"

"Oh, he's—he's . . . do lie down, Davida . it's bad for you . . ."

"Don't be a fool," snapped Davida, driven to temper by alarm.

"Charles is . . . well . . . he's hurt . . . I mean . . ."

Davida got out of bed, staggered slightly, pushed the solicitous Alice aside and went out of the room.

Charles was lying on the verandah. One leg was twisted ugilly and his face was white through the black streaks, his eyes red and his eyebrows singed.

"Oh, my dear, my dear," said Davida.

Charles made a feeble attempt to smile. His smile swam up to her like the smile of a man drowning in an ocean of pain.

"Don't touch him," said a hoarse voice, and she became aware of the Old Man lowering over her, his face drawn and his eyes suffused.

"But what happened?"

She dropped on her knees beside Charles.

"Oh, my dear, my dear," she whispered again.

Before her there stretched a black and agonising loneliness, the loneliness that would be hers if Charles died.

Above her head a voice said: "A tree fell on him: young Barneveldt's gone to get a doctor."

"But it will take hours to get a doctor," she cried. "Can't we do anything in the meantime?"

"Don't worry," murmured Charles.

Barry came on to the verandah, followed by Mac carrying towels and a basin. He carried a bottle of olive oil himself.

"Look here, Mrs. Bruce," he said abruptly, "I think you'd better go away. I'm going to try and set that leg."

"I'll stay," said Davida obstinately.

"Rather you went," said Charles in a painful, strangled voice.

"Go right away," said the Old Man in an authoritative yet almost sympathetic voice.

"All right," she said reluctantly.

She hated women who made things worse by inopportune displays of affection and sympathy. There were times, obviously, when however much you loved a person, that person would prefer a stranger. Especially when they were going to be hurt. It made it worse to feel that by being hurt, you were hurting someone else. In that moment she hated, and yet almost loved, Barry. Hated him because he was going to hurt Charles unspeakably, and almost loved him because of his cool competence.

Her upper lip behaved in a queer, undisciplined manner. It twitched, although the rest of her face was controlled.

"All right," she said again, and stood up.

"Barneveldt will get the doctor on the nearest phone," said Barry, in a matter-of-fact tone. "You look as if you could do with his attentions yourself."

SHE went, unconscious of her own appearance and smarting face, out at the back and down the track towards the wheat. Half-way there she sat down under a mimosa tree and put her fingers into her ears. And still, in her imagination, she could hear Charles groan, could see the little beads of sweat break out on his scorched face. She set her teeth as if she herself were suffering physical pain, and inside she felt the retching horror of steeling oneself against agony.

After what seemed like an eternity she relaxed, and tears spilled out of her, eyes running hot and stinging down her face. She had no handkerchief, and dabbed at them with the back of her hand. Then she got up and went back to the house, to be met by Barry with that maddening, artificial cheerfulness that the medical profession assume after an unpleasant and painful thing has been accomplished.

"Well, we've fixed that Mrs. Bruce."

It was probably the same manner that he wore after doctoring some wretched animal. Her dislike of him flared up again.

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"Is he all right?" she asked stiffly.

"Well, as far as we know . . . so long as there's no internal trouble. We'll have to wait for the doctor."

She went on to the verandah. Barry had certainly fixed things up. Charles' eyes looked at her from a mask of cotton wool. His hands and arms, too, were covered with cotton wool, and over his leg, straight now and bound between splints by towels, was an improvised cage of wicker. His eyes were pale and cloudy; pain seemed to have drained the color from them.

She realised that under the muffling wool, he smiled at her, and it reduced her to weak tears again.

The Old Man was sitting near, smoking as usual nonchalant as usual; but when she looked at him she saw that he seemed older and that two deep lines were engraved on either side of his nose running down to his chin. He seemed to have escaped fairly lightly. His beard was singed and his face looked sore, but underneath the soreness was a leaden pallor. His eyes seemed to look inward at some dreary thought. He did not speak to her, but after a moment she leant down and kissed the top of Charles' head.

"I'm going to wash," she said.

Everything had begun to take on the quality of a nightmare in which the dreamer knows vaguely that it is a nightmare and waits for the awakening, and yet fears (and so adds to the nightmare) that there will be no awakening, and the horror will meander into eternity. The wretched fear that there might be something more than burns and a broken leg nagged at her, and when she tried to put it aside and think reasonably, her mind roamed uneasily upon possibilities. What would she do first if anything frightful happened?

Alice was still sitting in her bedroom. She looked frightened and ashamed. She said nothing, only sat there with her hands clasped tightly together and stared at her feet.

Davida, always a respecter of other people's reticence, said nothing and went over to the wash-hand stand. She bathed her face and fumbled with shut eyes for a towel. Alice jumped up and handed it to her. Alice continued to stand by her while she patted her face with the towel and then, as she turned towards the mirror, Alice spoke in a jerky, nervous voice.

"Davida," she said, "what do they all think of me?"

DAVIDA stared at her. How excruciatingly egotistic she was! For what should anybody be thinking about her at this time?

"What on earth do you mean?" she asked.

A painful dull red crept over Alice's face.

"I mean . . . well, of course you know I mean for running away."

"Did you run away?" said Davida indifferently.

"Yes, I did," said Alice fiercely "and if you don't know it now you soon will. I—I lost my head and bolted over towards the Barneveldts."

"Oh," said Davida.

She was feeling as if her head were severed from her body and was swimming in a warm close room. From far away her brain telegraphed to her: "How like Alice to think that everybody has nothing else to do but think about her all the time, stupid! I don't suppose anyone even knows or cares what she is doing."

"And when I got there," said Alice in the tight-strained voice of confession, "and I felt safe, I felt ashamed and pretended that I'd been sent over to fetch help and they brought me back with them in the cart."

And almost immediately she began to regret her hysterical impulse to tell the truth. She thought that perhaps no one would have guessed; the whole thing might have been carried off as something rather brilliant on her part if only she hadn't given way to that weakness for sensation, that mania for focusing attention on herself at all costs. Especially since Davida was one of those clam-like people who never told anybody anything, and never indulged in reproaches. Reproaches she could have borne. They would have enabled her to justify herself with emotional excuses. But Davida sat down rather wearily on the bed and seemed not at all interested.

"I could have killed myself when I saw you all coming on to the verandah," she added huskily.

"Oh, no," said Davida, speaking in a dreamy, bored voice, "you just thought of that as being what you ought to have felt."

But Alice rose even to that.

"You're quite right," she said in broken accents; "it's quite true. I'm utterly hopeless."

"Yes," said Davida stonily, "it's unfortunate."

The thin thread of sympathy had snapped very easily.

CHAPTER 11

WITH the doctor came Mark Lill. He came in his own car so that he could make himself useful if an extra car were needed. There was something incredible in the sight of the two cars jolting through the blackened landscape, which, shorn of its enveloping tall grass, appeared strange and frightening. A little smoke still drifted over it in the evening glow, and the wind still stirred little puffs of powdered grass. It was like the hell of Davida's Bible with its flames put out, and deserted by its demon stokers. Uncanny and desolate. A waggon with sixteen oxen straining and pulling across the veldt would have been more suitable. Two cheap American cars were anachronisms in that ancient waste. There was in the strain and the pull, in the heavy breathing and sweating hides of the oxen, something akin to the soil. They had ever been, and would ever be. The cars were like shiny beetles, ludicrous, fit to make the ancient gods laugh, and yet they came on, rocketing through the drifts, skidding and slithering over the sandy track.

Ever since she had left Alice and returned to the verandah, Davida had sat by Charles, while Old Bruce smoked cigar after cigar. And the time passed like long heart-beats. Barry had gone off, promising to be back by sundown, and the sunlight had an empty quality. Davida had the impression that she was sitting in a void, cut off from the world. Nobody spoke. Charles seemed half-unconscious, and moaned at intervals. The Old Man's silence was strained and antagonistic.

Sitting there, Davida felt that her thoughts flew about inside her head like birds, swooping and soaring like them, but without their purposeful flight. The Templemans . . . Alice . . . the Old Man . . . the Maynes . . . whirled about in her head without reason or pattern. Taking it all in all, she thought, making a determined effort to reason things, it had been a pretty futile affair. Drifting on from day to day, and month to month without principle, without actually doing anything. In every way she had let things go. She had allowed herself to be involved in an uneasy alliance with Alice, had allowed Alice to color her relations with Charles. And why? She didn't like Alice. She didn't think she deserved any support. It was just that she had felt obliged to protest . . . had felt that if she did not protest she would be actually siding and abetting the Old Man. The prevailing inertia had somehow crept into her veins, and had circulated through her whole body and into her brain. The veldt was like an opiate . . . it spread a veil over one's perceptions. Nowhere else would she have consented to live in such an atmosphere, but somehow there was an inevitability about things out on the farm. And even now it was an effort to decide, if she would be allowed to decide what to do about Charles. Her will had become flabby. She had let the Templemans slide away without much effort. And now . . . she was only conscious of an aching unhappiness, a dread for Charles that was only emotional. Her mind did not enter into it. She could not tell for certain if it were real, if she loved him, or whether it were just sympathy and the sudden disruption of an ingrained habit. Charles had been part of her life, a kind of subconscious part. But for a long time there had been nothing vital between them, nothing clear-cut and certain; their minds had not met.

The afternoon had merged into the evening. The hard, metallic blue of the sky which had hung above them like a shield became softer. Smudges of orange and purple hung low when the two cars appeared. The sight of them gave her a quick stab of apprehension. She had acquiesced for so long. Would the Old Man make arrangements, send Charles to Salisbury without consulting her; send him away without her? . . .

She stood up agitatedly.

The Old Man jabbed his cigar into an ashtray and went to the verandah entrance as the two cars crunched up to the house.

DR. FEATHERSTONE got out, lifted his bag from the seat, and came towards them.

"Well, you seem to have had a pretty stiff time," he said cheerfully.

Behind him Lill stood irresolutely by his car.

Old Bruce nodded.

"Come in and look at the boy," he said.

The unfamiliar phrase stabbed at Davida. She had not thought of Charles as a boy for so long, and had never thought his father capable of regarding him as a boy. They had seemed equals . . . ageless with each other.

The doctor, a nondescript-looking man, whose hair was patchy and bleached, and whose eyes were deep-set and rather tired, walked on to the verandah. He opened his bag, and the smell of disinfectant and anaesthetic tickled Davida's nostrils and brought on the nervous memories of illnesses in houses when she was a child. That odd frightened excitement. The feeling that the doctor was a mystery man, gifted with insight into things hidden from less-favored mortals, a miracle-worker who sometimes failed.

She felt a little sick with nerves. Lill still stood outside, leaning against the car. She could not see Charles because his father stood in the way, but in any case

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she did not want to see him . . . it might interfere with the doctor's spells . . . witch doctors . . . magic . . . What was there? An eerie black "land" under an awning of blue and gold; the quietude; the aged world; and a scream cutting through the silence with a sharp, almost visible knife . . . a cheetah. Lill lit a cigarette. She wished she had one. She drew a deep breath. The doctor made a clicking noise with his tongue against his teeth. Charles gasped . . .

REALITY returned. The doctor spoke briskly with the hideous cheerfulness of his kind.

"That's all right . . we won't bother you any more until we get you into hospital!"

Her heart gave a sick thump. The doctor turned to the Old Man.

"We'd better get him straight in . . . fix up a stretcher in my car. Can't do more here than has already been done. Barry made a good job of it."

The inactivity gave place to activity.

Lill was called into consultation. He gave Davida his quiet consoling smile as he came in, and in his precise, gentle voice offered himself and all that he had.

Davida, tense and nervous, threw things into a suitcase for herself, and with exaggerated care packed a bag for Charles. At the back of her mind there was sheer funk lest the Old Man should suggest that she stayed behind, that he went instead, and that she would not have the courage to refuse.

When she came out with the suitcases Charles was already tied on to a home-made stretcher. Lill took the cases from her and put them in his own car. The doctor and the Old Man lifted the stretcher and carried Charles to the doctor's car. It took them a long time to get it in successfully, and at every jerk Davida bit her lip.

She suggested that she should go into the car and look after Charles, but the Old Man said tersely that he would do that. The doctor backed him up. "It wants someone who can hold it steady," he said.

She looked at the car. The stretcher had been lashed in with its ends resting on the hood at the back of the front seats. There was only room for one.

"We'll drive close behind," said Lill in her ear.

The Old Man climbed ponderously into the car and settled himself down. Charles made no sign or sound.

"He's given him morphia," said Lill with that queer aptness of his which seemed as if he responded to his hearer's thoughts. Davida nodded.

Suddenly, on the verandah, appeared Alice, dishevelled and owl-eyed. She had been asleep. She came running up to the car.

"Where are you going?" she cried wildly, "you can't leave me behind!"

"If you had been doing something useful instead of sleeping," said her father in a rasping voice, "no doubt you would have been aware of what was happening and ready to come. It's too late now. We can't wait."

"Go on," he said to the doctor, who had hesitated.

"Get into your car," he snapped at Lill, "and Davida, get in, too."

Alice gave a wailing cry and clutched at the car.

The Old Man knocked her hand away. "Get on," he said to the doctor, "we can't risk anything because of a lazy hysterical girl."

His voice galvanised the doctor into action. He threw in his gear, and the car moved away. Alice made another futile clutch at it, grasped it, slipped, and fell into the dust. Lill picked her up. He was quite unperturbed.

"I suppose," he said to Davida, "she will have to come with us?"

"I suppose so," she said reluctantly, "but we can't wait till she packs."

"No. . ."

Without further ado he led Alice to the car, put her firmly and politely into the back seat, and equally firmly put Davida into the seat next himself.

The car slid forward into the luminous evening. The horn of the moon rose with startling suddenness over the slight rise where the bush had been and flung a pale assegai of light over the charred veld.

"I SUPPOSE," said Mark, "that you will stay up for a time?"

Far ahead they could see the searchlight of the doctor's car as he drove along the curving track.

Davida nodded. Yes, she would stay in Salisbury, quite definitely; whatever plans her father-in-law might have, she would stay. But she wondered what the Old Man did intend to do. He would be annoyed that they had brought Alice with them. And really, she didn't deserve any consideration. But with Lill beside her Davida felt released from that uneasy feeling that an alliance existed between Alice and herself. She had always been conscious of it. It was an alliance of defence between two unfriendly nations. Neither liked nor trusted the other, but both were bound together by weakness. Whether such an alliance would have existed if Charles had not seemed bound by another uneasy alliance with his father, she did not know. Possibly not. It would have altered matters. Then it would have been as it was now with Lill: between them, she and Charles would have seen that Alice had fair play, and then not bothered themselves further. That was how she had felt this evening. She had not felt that Lill was filled with any personal interest or sympathy for Alice; he had merely done what he considered the decent thing to do. Obviously, she couldn't have been left. Nothing to get wrought up about. They just took her. There was something inexpressibly soothing about that utterly normal attitude. It put things in their true perspective at once. But when she was on the farm things got all out of proportion, things were not normal; and it was almost impossible to keep a normal outlook, to see things in their right degrees of importance. It almost degenerated into that tiresome, out-argued subject, sex antagonism; as if she and Alice were ranged against Charles and his father merely because they were males. "I," thought Davida, "find myself backing up Alice whether I approve of what she does or not, simply because the other two won't give her a chance; but in point of fact, I should feel the same if we were all of the same sex."

"You know," said Lill suddenly, "very few people in this world behave reasonably. They don't reason, they don't think about cold facts; they are swayed by their emotions, and they don't attempt to stop it. 'It's wrong,' they say, 'because I don't like it.' Or they insist that people whom they personally don't like simply cannot do anything right. They live in a sticky mass of prejudices, and some people let themselves go to such an extent that it borders on mania."

He glanced at her and smiled.

"It's no good worrying about it," he added, "the only thing to do is to ignore them, and get ahead with what you think is right."

"It all sounds so simple," she murmured.

"It is simple, really. Besides, I don't believe in even passive resistance to steam-rollers. Get out of their way, or else you'll get hurt. What I mean is, that it's no good standing in front of a steam-roller and trying to push it back, and it's no good standing in front of it thinking that it will stop and will not run over you. And people who have got to a certain stage of emotional prejudice are like steam-rollers. So step out of their way and let them roll on. And, if necessary," he added in his most precise and prim tone, "lie. Do what you think you ought to do and then keep out of the way until the storm is over. It's the only way to deal with them."

"It's much easier when you are living in a town where you can get among other people, and so keep your sense of what you ought to do intact, and not be influenced by the people with whom you live. It's very difficult when your whole world consists apparently, of two or three people with a fixed idea."

"The Maynes are very normal," he observed.

"Yes, but . . . possibly owing to the fact that I have been getting my values all wrong, I don't go and see them. Probably for what you would call an emotional reason."

"Yes . . . I do call it that. You don't do yourself any good by cutting yourself off from the Maynes. If it did do any good, then it would be different. The Maynes think they are perfectly right and justified in everything they did or did not do, and you don't make them conscience-stricken; all you do is to make them feel that it is a pity that they don't see anything of you; that they're sorry you feel like that, but that it can't be helped. And they also feel that it's rather foolish and unnecessary . . ."

Davida instinctively glanced over her shoulder.

"It's all right," said Lill composedly, "there's a glass windscreen between us. She can't hear."

His eyes were on the road ahead. The corners of his mouth were twisted into his rather impish smile.

"You know," he continued, "you claim to be a rationalist, but you're swayed by superstitions, emotional loyalties, and other unreasons!"

SHE did not answer, and they came to the river, lying like a sheet of silver under the moon. The car slid down the cutting and swished through the water, leaving it churned and muddy, with dancing ripples spreading from bank to bank.

"Loyalties are funny things," he went on meditatively, "some are evolved from social necessities. Business loyalties are protective measures grown up from small beginnings until they have become instincts. The loyalties of people in one stratum of society are protective. They achieve something and have become dignified. But other loyalties are simply emotion, sentiment. They don't bind society together, they disintegrate it. Your latest loyalty is like that. It doesn't help anyone. It isn't reasonable, since frankly you cannot say that Alice was really badly treated. It would have been sheer imbecility for the

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Mayne boy to have married her simply because he once thought himself in love with her. She killed it herself. People get what they deserve, as a general rule."

"Yes, but . . ."

"There's no 'but' about it. She is one of those people who plop into love and wallow in emotion. She doesn't reason; she simply feels that it is quite sufficient for her to be in love, and that the mere fact that she is in love is an obligation on the part of the person with whom she is in love to love her. She doesn't consider she is under any necessity to make herself interesting or amusing, or to endeavor to see any other point of view. Adversity may arouse interest and pity, and even love, but it won't hold it unless the lover feels that the adversity is quite undeserved. Once let it be felt that there is something to be said on the other side and the thin edge of the wedge of disillusionment is in."

"I know all that . . . but I felt that she never had a chance."

"Yes, you felt it. You didn't reason. She did have a chance. Archie Mayne was her chance. The more badly she was treated the more determined he would have been to marry her and give her a good time . . . If she hadn't forced it on to his notice that there might be some adequate reason for things being as they were."

"I suppose it's true," she said.

As the lights of Salisbury appeared in the distance she relapsed into silence. Mark Lill gave her confidence. His clear conception of the obvious course to pursue made it seem the easiest matter in the world to pursue it . . . when he was there and when she was away from the tangled motivation of the farm. Obviously, the natural thing was for her to stay in Salisbury while Charles was in hospital; and as the car drew nearer and nearer to Salisbury it became clearer and clearer that there could be no question about it being done. Life resolved itself into a beautiful simplicity. One did what was the right and usual thing to do.

At the hospital Davida left Alice outside in the car with Mark Lill while she went in to hear about Charles. The matter-of-fact atmosphere there hardened her sense of the simplicity of life. There, she seemed to have more place in Charles' life than she had on the farm. On the farm there had been the vagueness of Charles' own attitude, the doubt as to whether she or his father had the more right to him. At the hospital it was taken for granted that she was the most important of the two. It was to her they turned over minor questions of arrangement; it was to her they addressed their remarks. And there also the Old Man seemed to shrink, to become less ominous, less impressive. She realised for the first time how largely he had loomed over everyone at the farm. She said to herself grimly: "I'll see he never affects me in that way again . . . never again shall he affect my judgment." And again: "With Charles away from him things will be different. He affects Charles, too, clouds his outlook." She felt almost pleased as the doctor told her that he didn't think there was any trouble except with the broken leg, which would take some time to mend. That "some time" was what she wanted: she would make good use of it.

"I suppose it will be quite all right?" she asked. "I mean, there won't be any permanent effects?"

"None-o," said Dr. Weatherstone. "I don't think so. I hope not. We'll have Trevor in to-morrow to have a look at him . . . but so far as we can tell everything ought to be all right."

"I'll come and see him to-morrow morning."

"Yes, about twelve. He'll be all ready then."

She went up to see Charles then, but he was feverish and vague, his eyes a brilliant blue between their bandages, and he did not seem to recognise her. She went away with the unhappy, unsatisfactory feeling that comes when you leave someone behind, as if the time between the leave-taking and the next meeting is time lost for ever.

The Old Man was waiting for her. He seemed unperturbed about Alice, merely remarking that she had better go straight to bed when they got to the hotel, as she was not fit to be seen. Davida had been unconsciously bracing herself to meet an angry scene, and when it didn't happen she felt limp and tired. But it gave her the idea that there was a lot in what Mark Lill said. It was better to do things and take it for granted that it was all right, than to worry and talk about it. The Old Man had taken it for granted that by not arguing he had got his own way, and they had got their own way by simply taking it and not arguing. And, as is often the case when the thing is done, the Old Man did not think it worth arguing about. But a faint doubt persisted as to whether it would work out quite so well on the farm. If, for instance, she did not return the oxen when he sent for them. . . . And, moreover, she had an inkling that Old Bruce was less likely to make himself objectionable in front of people, and, further, in front of Lill, for whom, for some reason, he seemed to have a great respect. So, when they got to Meikle's, the Old Man suggested that they should have some supper, though he firmly, politely, and on perfectly sound grounds, sent Alice off to bed.

And again, in the hotel, although he remained as bulkily tall as ever, he had lost the overpowering personality that had brooded over the homestead. It was obvious, also, why he still continued to be received in Salisbury. He beamed genially on people, and his manner was charming.

At supper he was rather quiet, sarcastic about the food, and amiable to Lill. He drank brandy and soda, and occasionally stared across the room with clouded eyes.

Lill talked easily. He deferred politely to the Old Man, but kept the conversation flowing. It flowed over Davida's head, and let her think. She wanted to reassure herself about Charles. Was the doctor quite sure about things? Surely it wasn't necessary to have another man in for a broken leg!

The Old Man was drinking heavily. She had never seen him actually drink before. He rolled the brandy round his tongue, and almost one could hear him purr. But his eyes became bluer and a little wild, and his sardonic smile punctuated the conversation at inappropriate moments.

Mark was talking about religion. Davida made an effort to put Charles out of her mind.

"I suppose," Lill said thoughtfully, "we all really hope there is a future life, even if we pretend not to. And if we do hope we must hope that it is different from this life. That's where I think the Spiritualists preach such an appalling doctrine. Think of going on to a repetition of this life no more or less the same lines. Ghastly."

The Old Man's sardonic smile had widened to a square grin. His mouth looked like the slit in a pillar-box. His eyes were staring.

"My dear Mr. Lill," he said, "do not deceive yourself, or worry yourself, if by a future life you are thinking in terms of heaven and hell . . . for now we are in hell, and our only hope is oblivion."

He pushed the table violently back and stood up.

"I can assure you," he said, "I speak with complete assurance."

He walked away from them, swaying slightly like a ship in a lazy swell.

He stopped at the door, and turned to the Indian waiter. He was still grinning. "Send a bottle of Martell up to my room," he said.

Lill looked after him.

"You do have fun, Davida, darling!" he said.

There was a sympathy in the Puck-like smile that made the flippancy a solace.

CHAPTER 12

There was no question about it. Charles would be in the hospital for some time . . . probably for months. His leg was causing a lot of trouble. No one was to blame. Even if a doctor had been on the spot it would have made no difference, but there it was. It wasn't satisfactory. It might have to be re-set. It might be permanently shorter than the other. The hip might be affected.

Charles shrugged his shoulders as he lay in bed.

"No good worrying before we know for certain. Let me have a mirror, Davida. I want to see what sort of an interesting invalid I am."

The bandages were off his face.

"Lord!" he observed. "I suppose I shall be fit to look at one day."

The bright tidiness of the ward was irritating, the deftness of the nurses maddening. They buzzed about as if nothing mattered except that the patients were washed at the exact moment . . . and they chattered cheerfully as if uncertainty were nothing.

"They're all right," said Charles, when Davida expressed her irritation, "they're keeping the patients' spirits up. Not letting 'em brood."

The Old Man had returned to the farm. He went two days after their arrival in Salisbury. He came up to town every week-end, but only for the day, leaving Alice on the farm. Alice, before she went with him, had made a frantic appeal to Davida, but Davida, resolved to drop that uneasy alliance, had declined to interfere. Before Alice's genuine misery her heart had almost failed her, but when all was said and done, what excuse could be put forward against the girl going back with her father, except the one that Davida would have liked her to stay and keep her company? And that would not have stood against the rejoinder that the Old Man also wanted her. In any case, Davida felt that that was not required of her.

"Look here," said Charles, "don't you brood either."

He began to bite the edge of his sheet, a habit he had acquired since he had been in hospital.

In spite of his adjurations, his own eyes were troubled and blank. The nurse had told her that he would lie for hours at a time staring up at the ceiling, biting his sheet, and suddenly pulling it out so that his teeth clicked together.

"He wants something to interest him," she added briefly, "something to take his mind off things when you are not here. He won't read. It's a little morbid."

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Davida regarded her with a smouldering fury; she was so confoundedly brisk and professional.

"You might be a little morbid yourself if you might be going to be a . . . a . . cripple," she retorted.

"Oh, now, Mrs. Bruce, you mustn't think like that. It's exaggerating . . he'll probably only be a little lame, and after a short time with crutches he'll be able to get about with a stick."

"Oh, my God! Don't be crass," said Davida, and went out of the shadowed hall into the glaring sunshine full of sick revolt.

Now she watched him with a furrow between her eyebrows.

"I'm not brooding," she said. "I wish, though, that we could get you home. Hospitals are so very . . . well, institutional and boring."

He stopped biting the sheet, pulling it out with the little click that the nurse had mentioned.

"No thanks, old thing," he said, "I don't think I'd like the farm just now."

"Well" she said desperately, "can't I get something that will amuse you?"

His jaw tightened.

"Halma or Ludo?" he inquired, "or shall I do cross-word puzzles with the red-haired nurse?"

"The latter might pass the time," said Davida.

"Thanks, sweet one . . . but somehow I don't think it would. She has an amorous eye, and frightens me."

He looked at Davida and sighed.

"You're looking prettier than ever," he said slowly, "since you've been in town. Or is it that I notice it more because I don't see so much of you?"

THERE was a letter from Alice waiting for her at the hotel. It sprawled over six pages.

She read it in bits while she changed for dinner. She was dining with Mark Lill, and going to the theatre. A travelling company with someone quite well known in it was giving Salisbury a flying visit. It was sufficiently unusual to be exciting. But Alice's letter made her frown, and eventually sit down to read it over again. It was like the majority of her letters, wailing and reproachful.

"I suppose you're having a good time, and I'm stuck here, and father is perfectly terrible. You know he hates me. I do think you or Charles might ask him to bring me up sometimes. How is Charles, by the way? Aren't the doctors stupid, not knowing what's really the matter? But seriously, Davida, you might think of me. Sometimes I'm frightened, he's so odd. He drinks now at meal-times, and he's always sort of fuddled and queer. He looked at me the other evening after dinner with the most horrible smile, and said: "You're really remarkably like your father." Now, I'm not like him, am I? Charles is like him, but I'm not. I'm like my mother, thank goodness, though sometimes I wonder in the middle of the night whether I'm not rather like him in some ways. Oh, Davida, it's awful! Do you believe in heredity? Do you think people inherit other people's likes and dislikes? By the way, Piet Barneveldt is always coming over. Father seems to like him and he does a lot for him on the farm now that Charles is away. He says they haven't much to do on their place now. Oh, by the way, father went down to the mealies the other day, and he came back swearing horribly. He rides round the farm sometimes and harries the 'boys.' He's got quite friendly with Piet Barneveldt. I shouldn't have thought he would have had anything to do with him. He asks him to lunch. He never used to do that to Douglas Pelham or Archie Mayne . . ."

"Now, what on earth is going on down there?" thought Davida. That Alice considered it part and parcel of her father's general unpleasantness was obvious, but it seemed to Davida that there was something more than that. There was, she felt convinced, "something up." And instantly she began to worry. Although there were no reasonable grounds for her to feel any responsibility, she still felt it, much against her will, since apart from the anxiety about Charles she was enjoying herself comparatively well in Salisbury.

SHE continued dreaming. If she stayed in Salisbury she would have to get some new clothes: at last her trousseau was being worn out. Her face was thoughtful as she brushed her hair. What a nuisance about Alice! And at such a time. Really, one could not go and bother Charles about it. But reason or unreason, she could not blandly ignore her uncomfortable presentiment that things were distinctly wrong . . . almost menacing out there. She reacted violently. What sheer nonsense, sheer imagination! How could any person of sense and reason let herself be swamped by such emotional folly? But at the same time, could Piet Barneveldt, whom she really liked, be trusted to cope with the Old Man if he were really up to mischief? Far from it. Piet, who was pleasant but simple, would probably abet the old brute.

She put Alice's letter away in a drawer and went downstairs to meet Mark. She seemed to live two separate existences. During the day she went to the hospital, worried about Charles, who put up a screen of indifference between them and would not let her approach his thoughts, though their hands met and clasped in passionate sympathy; and in the evening she met Mark, with whom there were no reticences, and whose precise, clear mind seemed to be the exact balance to her own.

Mark met facts with calmness and put them in their places. His life seemed the epitome of pleasant reason. He was not blown hither and thither by chancy winds, nor would he bow down to circumstances. If Charles is really going to be lame, said Mark in effect, then something must be done about it, arrangements must be made. If he's going to be lame, it's perfectly sickening luck, but he'll probably leave the farm and take up some other interest. Didn't you say he wrote? Of course, it will take some time to readjust things, but they will be readjusted. And when he went to the hospital even Charles seemed to come under the spell; he would stop biting his sheet, and discuss literature.

When Davida got into the lounge she found Douglas Pelham sitting with Mark. Since she had been in Salisbury she had stopped finding Pelham irritating. His general impertinence was relegated to the frivolous, inoffensive plane to which it belonged, and she regarded him now as a fairly average, quite amusing individual. He was going on to a party. Pelham, like a great many other people in Salisbury and elsewhere, only found life amusing in a party. He liked to identify himself with a favored few who regarded the rest of the world as non-existent, and to talk proudly of the "Gang". They called themselves the "Gang" with a conscious humor to show that they were not to be confounded with the common meaning of gang, such as a gang of thieves or a gang of railway workers. Before they had been the "Gang" they had been the "Crowd", and before that, quite simply "Us". They went to dances together, to house-parties on farms together, and they never went out two by two . . or if they did it was because it was an "affair". And they could not conceive of any two people of opposite sex going out together unless it were an "affair." So that Pelham quite obviously regarded Mark and Davida as an "affair." He treated them to that slightly humorous man-of-the-world manner considered correct by the "Gang", who prided themselves on their broad and modern minds. They were not to blame for this apparent narrowness of vision. Their interests consisted either of back-chat and dancing, or of house-parties where they made apple-pie beds, threw cold water over each other, played hide and seek in pyjamas, and sang choruses to a ukelele. Discussion on any subject except personalities and scandal they designated inelegantly as "sloppy tripe." So that naturally, two people alone had no motive nor reason other than flirtation. They boasted one or two scions of noble families among them, and so there was no question but that their outlook on life was the correct one.

They shed the light of their approval on Mark and Davida, and would have been quite pleased to have had them as permanent adjuncts to their parties, but though Mark and Davida had attended one or two, they found them a little boring and preferred their own amusements, which consisted chiefly of arguments about religion and life; so the "Gang" bore them no ill-will but openly considered them an "affair."

"What are you two doing?" inquired Pelham. "I suppose you wouldn't like to blow along with us? We're going out to Mallin's place, taking some food and drink and coming back at dawn. He's got a leopard around that has taken two of his dogs and makes nightly meals of those goat-like objects he calls sheep. So the girls are going to cook the supper while we strong men go out and get the marauder. Betty Thames says she is coming with us, that she can hit a leopard as well as any of us."

"MUCH as I should like to indulge in such manly sport," said Lill, "we are going to the theatre."

"Oh, Lord! It's something rather high-brow, isn't it? We thought of going, but put it off too long, and couldn't get seats. Oh, well, we shall be there till dawn, so if you want a romantic moonlight drive afterwards, come along."

"You forget," said Mark amiably, "that I am approaching an austere middle-age, and am even inclined to rheumatism."

Pelham grinned impertinently.

"Middle-age may be austere when you get there," he observed, "but I haven't noticed much austerity at the moment."

"But you are quite exceptionally unobservant," said Mark serenely.

Pelham departed and they went in to dinner.

"It seems so long since I have been in a theatre," said Davida, "that I am too excited to eat."

"In this country one merely eats to live," said Mark, "so you will not feel that you have missed any very great pleasure if you do not eat."

When they returned to the hotel after the theatre they found Alice. She was sitting in a corner with Piet Barneveldt, who, when he saw them, stood up with manifest relief. He looked

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clumsy and nervous, and Davida imagined that on the rare occasions when he did come to town he went to one of the smaller hotels, or else camped just outside.

Davida tingled with apprehension. Something surely disastrous must have happened for Alice to be here with Piet. He stood now, dark and uncomfortable, and handsome.

Mark greeted them both politely, and with an admirable celerity removed Piet Barneveldt to have a drink. He went uncertainly, as if hypnotised.

"What's happened?" asked Davida when they had gone.

Alice looked thinner, and her face was as white as paper.

"I just couldn't stand it," she said simply, "not another moment."

"Yes, but nothing unusual has happened?"

"Nothing unusual," said Alice bitterly, "he's simply drunk."

"How did you get away?"

"I tell you he was drunk. And Piet at least thought it was disgusting for me to be there."

"Yes, but I suppose it wasn't Piet who suggested that you should come up?"

"Not exactly," said Alice reluctantly, "but I told him I was afraid, and he thought that if I came up to my brother it would be the best thing. You see," she added primly, "he imagines that most brothers would protect their sisters from that sort of thing."

"Yes," said Davida dryly, "of course, Charles can do a lot of protecting at the moment."

"But you're here," said Alice.

"But I don't see how I can . . . in legal parlance . . . harbor you if your father turns up to-morrow and demands that you return to him," answered Davida. She was rapidly coming to the conclusion that she had been mistaken in reading anything worse than usual in Alice's letter. Alice had apparently seized the opportunity to make a gesture as usual, and hoped to impress people with a desperation that would force them to do something. But in any case, what could be done? Charles would be the last person to attempt to back her up, and at the moment it was unfair to ask him. Davida was rather rocky on how the law stood with regard to recalcitrant daughters, even if they possessed unpleasant parents. And moreover she was still in the dark as to Charles' financial position. Her father-in-law paid the hotel bills, and she had very little ready money of her own.

ALICE suddenly dropped her attitude of silent reproach.

"I suppose you can't do anything," she said hopelessly, "and I know Charles doesn't like me. But I don't know what to do. It's more awful than you think, Davida; there's something in the air. I do honestly think he's . . . not normal."

"Everyone knows that," murmured Davida.

"I can't stay there alone."

There was a desolate note in her voice that shook Davida's resolution.

"I don't know what we can do," she said.

"Piet asked me to marry him," said Alice slowly. "It would be a way out, but I can't take it."

"It would be rather hard lines on Piet to be used as a way out."

Alice shook her head and began to pull at a piece of loose wicker on the table.

"No . . . I wouldn't do it just for that. I'm really rather fond of him. I . . . I always rather liked him. I did when there was that row about my meeting him, but . . . well, I was rather a snob . . . and it was true that I was secretly engaged to Archie. At least I thought I was, though I know now that he never meant to marry me. He only said it to keep me quiet. I am fond of Piet. I should like to marry him."

"Well, why don't you then?" asked Davida curiously.

Alice's face changed. An unaccustomed resolution came into it.

"I won't marry anyone now," she said.

"But why not?"

"I can't tell you. I can't tell anyone."

She looked at Davida sombrely.

"Aren't you glad you haven't got any children?" she said.

Davida flushed.

"Don't be impertinent," she answered.

Alice reddened and hunched herself up in her chair.

MARK came back into the room alone.

"Barneveldt has gone off to get himself a room somewhere," he told them. "He's coming round to-morrow morning to help stand the racket. He's quite aware that there will be a racket to stand."

He glanced at Davida with a queer, shy appeal, as if he begged her not to do anything rash.

"What can we do?" she asked helplessly.

"Nothing until to-morrow," he answered promptly.

"I suppose I shall have to tell Charles," said Davida.

"Yes, I think you'll have to. Something will have to be done. It can't go on, according to young Barneveldt."

"But what can be done?"

"Well, for one thing, Alice might get a job. There are lots going. Lots of people want companions out here, who will help them run their houses and children. They pay well and give them quite a good time."

"That's an idea," said Davida pensively.

Alice stirred in her chair and became less hunched.

"I could do that," she said. "I think I should rather like children."

"You see," said Mark's glance at Davida, "there's no need for extreme measures. All you want is common sense and reason."

"Suppose she doesn't get a job?" inquired Davida.

"Well, then, we might think of something else. In the meantime we had better see about getting a room and things like that."

"Did you bring any kit with you?" asked Davida.

It appeared that Alice had brought no kit. She had met Piet up the track by the drift, leaving the Old Man drinking in his own room.

"I want to talk to you after she has gone to bed," murmured Mark. "Come down again after you have settled her in."

Upstairs Alice proved unusually subdued. Instead of continuing to wail and grumble she said: "Thanks awfully. I'm afraid I'm an awful nuisance. Don't bother about anything else; I can manage."

"It's very melting, you know," said Davida to Mark when she got downstairs again. "And, by the way, do you think we are shocking the hotel staff very much, with these late sittings?"

"I gather it would take a good bit to shock the hotel staff," said Mark, "and we are very mild. But about your sister-in-law. It may be very melting, but you can't do anything."

He looked round the lounge, in which most of the lights were out.

"It's appallingly depressing," he said. "Shall I get the car and drive out to Mallin's? We can talk on the way."

But Davida thought not. She was not at all sure that there might not be some development during the night. If the Old Man found that Alice had gone he might come straight up after her.

"What exactly did Piet Barneveldt say?" she asked as they sat down.

"Well, he said that the Old Man was more than eccentric, he was pretty mad. Barneveldt stayed around doing odd jobs, chiefly on account of Alice. He seems very devoted in a strong, silent manner. The Old Man wasted a lot of good sarcasm on him, I should imagine, though it did penetrate that his remarks to Alice were not exactly complimentary. He also embroidered his hell theory, which shocked Barneveldt, who is religious, and frightened Alice. And from lunch-time onwards he got steadily drunk, and about nine o'clock he used to get his horse and ride off. Barneveldt has spent most of his nights in the romantic pursuit of watching over Alice, lying low somewhere near the house. In fact, the long and the short of it is that Barneveldt got the idea that it is not safe for Alice to be down there alone. I'm sorry to disturb Charles, but I think he'll have to be told. Barneveldt, as you may know, is not the sort of man to fancy things, nor is he likely to exaggerate."

Davida sat silent for a minute. Her eyes were shadowed and her lips set.

"Listen," she said at last. "I don't know that it will do any good telling Charles. For one thing, he'll probably pooh-pooh it . . . and for another, he's not likely to quarrel with his father on Alice's account."

Mark looked at her quickly.

"I don't think you are altogether right. You ought to know him better than I do, but it's possible that living among it you've got the wrong angle. While he was down there his father only broke out into these bouts of drinking occasionally; now he's at it all the time. While Charles was there, therefore, he was some kind of a check. That check is removed. Don't you think Charles knows quite well that he was a restraining factor in the case, and will realise better than we do exactly what's happening?"

"DO you think," said Davida suddenly, "that that is why he won't leave the farm?"

He thought for a moment. "Possibly. . ."

"Well, in that case," she said wearily, "I don't think he has any right to sacrifice Alice and myself for his father."

"He's probably not acting on reason at all, he's acting on some emotion. But I am quite certain that whatever his feelings about Alice are, he wouldn't let it go as far as risking . . . well, danger."

"I don't know," said Davida in a queer, husky voice. "I believe he'd sacrifice anyone to his father."

"But not," Mark retorted, "his father to Alice. And for his father's sake, in case the Old Man did do anything desperate, I think you'll find he'll be willing to do something about this."

They stared at each other silently.

The clock in the dim lounge ticked on. Mark stretched out both his hands and took hold of Davida's. She sat very still as he bent over them.

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"Davida," he said, without looking at her, "do you love him?"

"I don't know," she said quietly. "To-night I don't know."

His head bent lower and he kissed her hand. His lips were very dry and hot.

"Well, will you think about it, and decide whether you do or not?" he murmured.

"Yes," she answered, and suddenly it seemed as if a cold hand were laid across her heart, so that it almost stopped beating.

She looked up over her shoulder, and saw the Old Man, sjambok swinging from his wrist, grinning down at them as he grinned the night they had supper, when Charles was taken to hospital.

Mark did not see him and she could not speak. She tried to pull her hands away and her lips formed his name, but before a sound came the Old Man stretched over and took him by the back of his coat. Her scream and the hiss of the sjambok were simultaneous. The porter ran in, but the Old Man, still gripping Mark, knocked him backwards, and he staggered and fell, hitting his head against the door. And after that it was nightmare. Mark was like a limp doll, horribly shaken by a giant, while the sjambok hissed through the air and curled round his body with a ghastly soft thud. It cut Mark's collar away; his shirt-front was crumpled and bloody. He shrieked once, and the sjambok caught him across his mouth and turned it into a bleeding slit. And the Old Man's face was a livid mask, with two flaming turquoise eyes and with every hiss of the sjambok his breath came whistling through his nostrils.

She rushed forward once and the whip caught her round the shoulders; she crumpled up, gasping and sobbing.

And then there were footsteps outside, and laughter that stopped in a stifled gasp. Someone swore, and men ran forward.

Mark, a limp, sodden rag, was flung at her feet.

"You swine!" said a familiar voice.

It was Pelham, Pelham and the "Gang."

She began to sob tearlessly. Betty Thames, who had been going to shoot a leopard, flung an arm round her, an arm cool from driving through the night.

"Oh, my dear,' said Betty Thames. "My dear heart. The devil!"

THE Old Man stood grinning, swaying from toe to heel, from heel to toe.

"How do you like him now, daughter-in-law?" he inquired in a soft voice.

"Shut up," said David Pelham.

And Mallin, a tall, black-haired youth, moved forward.

"Shut up," he snarled, "or I'll plug you age or no age, you unspeakable swine."

"Oh, don't argue," said a girl's voice. "Get a doctor."

"It's all right. John has gone for one."

Davida suddenly slid into a chair and hid her face.

"Look here," said Betty Thames, "come away, come upstairs."

"I can't go," whispered Davida, "until I know how he is."

"My daughter-in-law," said the Old Man, "is coming home with me."

"That," said Pelham, "is where you are quite mistaken. You may bully one or two girls but you can't bully us, and Mrs. Bruce will do exactly what she wishes to do, and we'll see that she's allowed to do it."

The Old Man grinned at their young, set faces, but he did not move. Possibly he was aware of the curl of sick disgust on Mallin's mouth, the shocked intense enmity on Pelham's face; possibly he was sobering, for the grin gradually faded. He raised his arms stiffly above his head, and let them fall abruptly, before he walked away. He had to walk through them to get to the door, and they made way silently and saw that he was shuddering violently.

PELHAM and the doctor took Mark up to the hospital. The hotel manager and his wife had been wakened and they brought towels and hot water, but the doctor wound him in a sheet, as if it had been a shroud, and he was carried with his legs dangling horribly, out to the car, and taken away.

When he had gone the conversation, which had been carried on in whispers, broke into a spate of indignation.

The manager wanted to know what had happened. The porter wanted to tell all he knew. But Betty Thames, with the dark-browed Mallin behind her, interrupted.

"Mrs. Bruce isn't going to tell you anything to-night. She's coming back with me, and she's going to stay with me, and Dad's going to do all the questioning that's necessary to-morrow."

Davida put out a shaky hand. Through the mist of horror she had remembered Alice.

"I can't," she said, "Alice is upstairs. I can't leave her alone."

"She can come too," said Betty. "I wouldn't leave either of you here alone, nor both. Someone go and wake her up."

"And what about the rest of you sliding off?" inquired Mallin. "Pelham will be back in a few minutes and he and I comprise a fairly efficient bodyguard, if a bodyguard is needed. Though what we really want is a Lunacy Commission and a strait-jacket."

When Alice came down only Betty and Mallin were there.

"Come on," said Mallin, "let's get out of this morgue. We'll leave a message for Douglas to come on and bring us the news."

There was a sense of security in being in a private house, an instinctive feeling that people did not easily commit outrages in other people's houses, more especially when the house happened to belong to a magistrate.

"I expect you are much too nervous to go straight to bed," said Betty. "It's so futile to tell people who are all wrought up to lie down and go to sleep. As if they could. I'll make some tea and leave you to Mallie, who is really very soothing in spite of his appearance."

"Yes, sit down and have a cigarette," said Mallin. "I suppose you are bothered to death waiting for Pelham and some news."

"Do you think he's dead?" said Davida huskily. "He was so horribly quiet."

"Good Lord, no. Don't worry about that."

Alice was standing uncertainly by the door, her eyes round with alarm and interrogation.

Mallin suddenly recollected her.

"Come and sit down too," he said.

At that moment the door opened, and Mrs. Thames appeared in a blue dressing gown, with her thick grey hair hanging on either side of her face in two school-girlish plaits.

"What are you young people doing?" she began good-humoredly, when Betty's voice came from the kitchen. "You come along here, Mums, and don't bother the ladies and gentleman. They're all upset."

Davida, sitting very still and gripping the arms of her chair, hardly heard. Her ears were attuned for the sound of a car.

Mallin applied himself to giving Alice a censored version of the affair in a low voice.

"How dreadful!" said Alice in a scared voice. "Oh, how dreadful."

She glanced apprehensively over her shoulder at the window, as if she thought the Old Man might appear there silently, and be grinning at them through the curtains.

"He won't come here," said Mallin. "For one thing he doesn't know where you are, and secondly if he did, he couldn't do anything."

The sound of tyres crunching on gravel brought Davida to her feet. Mallin went to open the door. She heard the muffled murmur of conversation in the hall, and her hands clenched.

"It's all right," said Pelham, as he came into the room, "it's not as bad as it might be. He's badly knocked about, of course, but they hope he won't be badly disfigured."

Mrs. Thames came in, followed by Betty who was carrying a tray.

"My poor child," she said to Davida, "what a mercy those young people turned up when they did! Now you have some tea, and try not to think about it too much, while Betty and I fix up beds."

"I—I'm sorry to be such a nuisance," said Davida, but her lips shook so much that she could hardly form the words, and she broke down into a fit of shaken sobbing.

CHAPTER 13

DAVIDA half awoke the next morning, and lay for some time in a vague, terrifying, waking dream. She could not identify the terror, nor collect her thoughts; and though the vague terror was horrible, yet it was accompanied by a reluctance to really wake. Inwardly she crouched away from facing the day and the decision it would entail.

Betty knocked at the door and came in with the breakfast tray.

"I've got a message for you from Mark," she said; "he says, don't worry about him. Dad went round to the hospital to see him first thing this morning. He—er—couldn't talk much, but he managed to give that message."

She put the tray down on a table by the bed, and sat herself on the foot.

"Look here," she said, "can you talk about it? If you can I wish you would, because I think it would help. But if you can't, don't."

She gazed at Davida out of wide, child-like eyes, and rumpled her short, curly hair with a small brown hand.

"He . . . that old brute . . . has been round to the hospital to see your husband," she said abruptly.

"I hadn't thought of that," said Davida slowly.

She was thinking, not of the Old Man's visit, but of Charles. Of course, there was Charles to be considered.

"Dad says," continued Betty, "that you must stay with us whatever happens, until you have arranged everything properly . . . and Alice, too. By the way, a darkling Dutchman appeared here in a state of frenzy this morning, wanting to know what had happened to her. We assured him that she was quite safe and in bed, and asked him to call again later. A very fruity young man . . ." she added with an uncontrollable chuckle.

"Yes, that was Piet Barneveldt," said Davida. "But about staying with your people . . . it's most awfully good of you, but I really can't impose . . ."

"Rats! Look here, do you mind if I am altogether frank and open, etc.? There

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may be an awful shindy. You see, we don't really know what it was all about, or whether the old man is safe to be let loose, or what your husband thinks. And in any case, you'll have all sorts of things to decide, and it's much better you should be with us . . . official poish and all that bunk . . . stops scandal, etc., etc. What I mean to say is, nobody will think you were indulging in a long-drawn-out-embrace a la movies when he arrived, if mother says you weren't."

"I wasn't," said Davida with a faint smile.

"I didn't think you were," said Betty pensively. "I mean, apart from the fact that you don't look as if you did much of that, I was quite sure you wouldn't be doing it with that nosey porter snooping about.

"Have some breakfast," she added. "It will buck you up."

Davida sat up.

"You know, it's most terribly good of you all."

"Oh, pish and tush! Surely we are allowed to stick by our friends! And besides, that old brute ought to be hanged. I can't tell you how bad I feel about poor little Lill."

She got up, and poured out some coffee.

"I think I'd better go straight down to the hospital," said Davida.

But she felt her nerves quiver as she spoke. What had the Old Man said to Charles? And what sort of an attitude was he likely to adopt? For herself, she was not sure what attitude she wanted him to adopt. Did she really care very much? All she felt clearly at the moment was a piercing sympathy for Mark, and a bitter anger about her father-in-law. And Charles was mixed up with her anger. He had the making of just such another savage. She felt nothing about Charles except that he made things more difficult because he had a right to some explanation, because he thought he had claims upon her.

"Yes, I'd better go down to the hospital," she said again.

"D'you want to go alone, or would you like Dad to come with you?"

Davida's eyes darkened.

"I can go alone," she said quickly.

"WELL, the only thing is," said Betty, "that we don't know where the old beast is. He may be lurking about with a gun or something."

"I'm not nervous, really."

"Well, talk to Dad about it. Oh, by the way, we sent round to the hotel this morning and got your kit, so you will have something to rise and don."

She went off in a few minutes, leaving Davida to dress, but in a few minutes Alice appeared.

"Davida," she said anxiously, "are you going to see Charles?"

Davida nodded.

"Then . . . I just wanted to say . . . don't bother about me. Mrs. Thames thinks I shall be able to get a job, and so . . . I mean . . . I don't want you to be more bothered than you already are."

"That's rather nice of you, Alice," said Davida absently.

"Can I do anything to help you?" asked Alice earnestly. She was obviously longing to sympathise.

"Thanks, but there's really nothing. I'm going straight down to the hospital."

Alice, she supposed, couldn't help fluttering, but she meant well.

"Oh, Davida," exclaimed Alice, "I'm so sorry about everything."

"Yes, it is unfortunate," said Davida.

If only Alice didn't give her that feeling of embarrassed impatience! If only she could be like that child, Betty Thames, for instance, who could mention facts without stumbling over them, and making them appear matters of discomfort! Why couldn't Alice say: "I'm sorry about Mark Lill and you," instead of that ambiguous "everything," as if the "everything" embraced matters that were unmentionable.

"I suppose," continued Alice diffidently, "that Charles has been told . . . everything?"

"Oh, my God!" cried Davida, and she felt she could almost have screamed it. "How do I know? I haven't seen him."

Alice, with a hurt expression, backed out of the room, and Davida pulled on her hat in a frenzy of raw nerves.

MR. THAMES was worthy of his wife and daughter; a thin, short, white-haired man with friendly, shrewd eyes, and a habit of smoothing his white moustache. He was possessed of a quiet authority that made it simple and natural to agree with his suggestions. It was, found Davida, a great relief to drive with him to the hospital instead of going alone.

"You'll want to talk to your husband," he said, when they got there. "And I'll wait for your downstairs. Don't feel that you have got to hurry . . . there's no need. I've got nothing at all to do this morning."

She was edgily conscious that the nurse looked at her with curiosity as she walked down the corridor, and it sapped her confidence at every step. Her imagination raced ahead. She pictured Charles white and furious, and then broken, on the verge of a relapse. Or cold and unpleasant.

But when she got into the room he was lying propped up by pillows, eating an apple and reading a book.

He put his book down with a meticulous care that betrayed him. And his eyes had their old blank look.

"Hullo!" he said levelly.

"Has your father told you," she said steadily, "of his latest outrage?"

"He has told me quite a lot of things," said Charles. "Why don't you sit down?"

She sat down.

"Do you consider," she asked, "that because a man kissed my hand it is an excuse for nearly killing him with a sjambok?"

Her voice shook.

"I should have quite killed him," said Charles.

He looked at her with a faint fixed smile, horribly reminiscent of her father-in-law's grin.

She stood up.

"Oh," she cried, "you're unspeakable . . . you and your father . . one idea-ed savages! Do you suppose for one moment that I would carry on a love affair and still live with you."

"You were not beaten, were you?" he inquired.

She stared at him in amazement.

"You were not blamed," he added, making a contemptuous movement with his hand.

"I think you must be mad," she said.

He shook his head.

"No, I'm not mad. I'm merely a convert to my father's theory, that women are not safe unless they are kept in a harem. They will fall to any fool who flatters or sympathises. I thought you were different. Evidently I was wrong. That silver-tongued rogue found you easy game."

And as she stared at him with glowing flags of crimson on each cheek, he went on: "Weren't things bad enough without all this? Weren't we cursed with Alice, and all that she stood for, without you doing this?"

"I do not know what you are talking about," she countered coldly. "Things were certainly bad enough for me. Did you ever think what it was like there with your father . . . an evil-minded lunatic . . . with your wretched sister . . . and with you solely concerned in inheriting your father's money and lands at all costs. Did you ever think of that? And what does Alice stand for except your father's foul mind towards women, his bullying contempt for women?"

"There was one thing I had," he said, "to contradict his beliefs about women . . . and that was you."

"And you thought his beliefs worth contradicting at the cost of my happiness?"

"I thought," he said slowly, "that you understood."

"I tried to understand," she said bitterly, "but I never could."

"Then why . . ." he asked oddly, "did you stay? I was sure you understood."

"I do not understand even now."

"But, good God," he ejaculated, "couldn't you see that there was something more than the damned farm that kept me there? Do you think anyone in their sane senses would have stayed there unless there had been some excuse . . . some reason for anyone being as he was? If I sacrificed you I sacrificed myself as well . . ."

"You gave singularly little indication that you felt that way."

"Oh, my God, must everything be put down in black and white? I thought women were supposed to have some sort of intuition. There are some things that can't be said. Did you expect me to go about whining about sacrifices?"

"Then," she said gravely, "I think you expected almost more of me than was possible. You demanded a kind of sublime faith, like that demanded by God. And what faith did you have in me? Because Mark Lill kissed my hand . . ."

"I'VE told you I don't blame you."

"Even," she said furiously, "if he had been my lover, it would not have justified such savagery."

"There we differ. We agree that he was not your lover, he only hoped to be. He got what he deserved. It's finished." A sudden light came into his eyes. "Unless," he added, "you imagine that you are in love with him."

"Whether I love him or not has nothing to do with it now. Shall I tell you why I stayed on? Because I loved you. I couldn't understand, but I loved you. But now . . . I don't think I love you any more. I am almost sure I don't. I couldn't ever have loved you, I think, if you are really as you seem now . . ."

"No," he interrupted, "you couldn't have loved me if you had to sit up till three o'clock in a half-lit hotel lounge, for Lill to kiss your hands. I suppose you will say that it was merely politeness . . . a pretty attention?"

"Well," she said, "possibly, as you say, I had already stopped loving you. I don't know. Nor do I pretend that it was merely a politeness. But first, do you know why we were sitting up? It was because of Alice . . . no, don't sneer . . . who had been brought up to Salisbury by Piet Barneveldt, because he did not consider it was safe for her to be left alone with your father. No! You can listen to it all. When you were there he only made a drunken beast of

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himself occasionally, however unpleasant he may have been when he was sober. But when you were away, he made a beast of himself every day and all day . . ."

"I suppose it didn't occur to you that that was why I stayed?"

"It did occur to me last night . . . but let that pass. At any rate, he was so beastly that Piet Barneveldt brought Alice away. He is neither hysterical nor imaginative. I am quite sure he will be prepared to tell you himself what your father was like. It was because I didn't know what to do that I stayed up talking to Mark. I did not know what to do . . . whether to discount the story . . ."

"And so to comfort you he kissed your hands?"

"If you like to put it that way."

"And offered you a substitute for your present husband, who seemed more than likely to be a useless cripple?"

She swayed and recovered.

"Oh, Charles, how could you?" she whispered, and suddenly her knees failed her and she dropped by the side of his bed, her head on her arms outspread over the counterpane.

"My dear," said Charles in a thin, weary voice, "how could you?"

He put out his hand and took hers, and instinctively her fingers tightened about his.

"Oh, God! What a ghastly muddle," he said drearily.

"Davida," he said after a little, "didn't you know that I was jealous? I've always been jealous. I don't think you're jealous, so you can't know what it feels like. It is a loathsome feeling; it drives away reason and decent feeling, when it catches you by the throat. Will you, therefore, forgive the things I've said, and understand that I was beyond reason when I said them . . . and we'll discuss the rest later? There's a devil of a lot to discuss, but I feel too flopped out to talk about them now."

Her face was still hidden, and she cried a little.

"I'll forgive what you said," she answered at last, "and I'll understand. But, oh, Charles, I spoke the truth! I don't know whether I love you. I don't know anything . . ."

"Do you love him?" he asked.

"I don't know . . ."

He released her hand and sighed.

"I can't talk about it any more just now."

He was lying back with his eyes closed, biting the sheet, and after a moment or two she went away.

SHE saw Mark before she left the hospital. He was swathed in bandages, but mercifully his eyes were clear. They were like two transparent grey stones between the bandages, and tears flooded over them.

"My dear, my dear," she said, and bent and kissed the bandages over his forehead.

His eyes flickered. He became blurred before her eyes. She was afraid that she was going to cry, so with a little gesture of farewell she hurried away.

"For all your sakes," said Mr. Thames as they drove back, "I think there had better be no question of a prosecution. When I saw Lill this morning he indicated that he didn't want anything done, and it would only intensify the scandal if Bruce decided to make a defence. Better let it rest . . . the damn' scoundrel."

"How did . . . Mark . . . give you that message this morning?" she asked.

Mr. Thames looked ahead.

"He wrote it."

She nodded.

"Do you think," she asked painfully, "that his mouth will be . . . will be . . . will be horribly disfigured?"

"Well, I'm afraid it will be rather bad, but scars fade."

The hot September sunshine was dazzling on the white road. The bungalows were dusty and their gardens parched, waiting thirstily for the rains. The avenues of newly-planted trees rustled faintly in a mild breeze. Everything was bare and desolate under the staring blue sky. An odious ramshackle little town, a mocking imitation of civilisation.

"I think I shall go back to England," said Davida wearily.

"There's no hurry," said Mr. Thames. "Think things out. Think very carefully, and while you are thinking, in between whiles, try and let us amuse you."

"You know," said Davida earnestly, "you're most awfully good to me, and why should you be?"

Mr. Thames laughed.

"You're in a Colony," he said. "Colonials have a lot of faults, but they stick together and they help each other."

* CHAPTER 14

PIET BARNEVELDT and Alice were alone on the Thames' verandah when Davida came out after taking off her hat. He was just going away, stolidly, but a shade forlornly. He smiled at Davida with a friendly glint of white strong teeth.

"I am going back, Mrs. Bruce. I should like to stay in Salisbury for a little, but my father needs me."

His eyes rested stolidly on Alice, who said nothing, but looked away over the flower-filled garden.

Davida remembered Eileen Sylvester. Oh, well, it seemed that she wouldn't get him, and she would have been so much more suitable than Alice. Though if Alice stuck to her intention of not marrying him it would be unfortunate for everybody, though Eileen might get him on the rebound. And that reminded her of Charles. Perhaps Eileen was in love with Charles. It would need a general sorting out for everything to be put straight.

There was only one thing to do in the meantime, keep one's mental balance . . . not be swamped by emotion . . . that steam-roller.

"I'm afraid I never came to have coffee," she said.

"It doesn't really matter," he answered, "I never expected you would."

They stood for a moment in the silence that precedes departure, when the going guest is slightly shy, and anxious not to go too abruptly, nor yet stay too long, and hopes that the initiative will be taken from him.

Davida took it.

"Well, I expect you will be in Salisbury soon."

"I shall try," he said, and hastily shook hands.

"Good-bye, Miss Bruce, good-bye, Mrs. Bruce."

"Good-bye," said Alice.

She turned quite naturally and walked down the drive with him to the gate, where his mule-cart waited in charge of a sleepy boy.

"How's your husband?" called a clear cheerful voice.

Davida turned. Betty was leaning against the open french-windows of the drawing-room, with a lemon-squash in her hand.

"It looks innocent enough," she announced with simple pride, "but it's got gin in it. Don't tell Dad."

"Oh, Charles is fairly all right," said Davida.

"Seeing that old brute was enough to give him a relapse," said Betty. "Come in and have a pseudo-lemon-squash."

Alice was still standing out in the bright sunshine talking to Piet. He was leaning against the cart, and the thin air gave him a clear painted look, like a brilliant water-color. Piet lounging against the cart and Alice standing motionless. It seemed as if they would never move, as if that particular moment would last for ever, as if Time had ceased. Davida felt it so strongly that she found it difficult to move herself.

"Come on," said Betty, and the moment broke like the surface of a placid pool into which a stone has been thrown.

Piet stood straight, climbed into his cart, and shouted to his mules. They started forward, and the sleepy native, galvanised into action, clambered on to the back of the creaking cart. Alice waved, turned, and came back up the drive.

Davida went into the drawing-room.

Mrs. Thames appeared to feel some sort of responsibility for Alice. Davida could not have said why she knew it, for Mrs. Thames in no way openly admitted it, but something in the way she spoke to and about Alice gave that impression. She was very anxious that the girl should go to the Dicksons. "The farther she is away from the old associations, the better," she said to Davida.

"I think so, too," said Davida, marvelling that there should be found anyone willing to take Alice into their house, and to pay her for being there. But can her father object or anything? I suppose he has some legal standing?"

Mrs. Thames shook her head. "I don't think he will raise any objections," she said, "but if he does he can raise them to my husband."

And the Dicksons (Davida harbored a secret conviction that Mrs. Thames must have brow-beaten them in some way) engaged Alice as companion-nurse. They were going back to their farm on the following day, and Alice was to go with them. She did not suggest seeing Charles before she left, though she sent him her love (which Davida refrained from giving him) and said she hoped he would soon be better.

She was a little disappointed that the Thames' did not do anything after dinner, but sat quietly talking until they went to bed; so she sat in Davida's room for half an hour, and made various hints that she would very much like to know what was happening between Davida and Charles . . . but Davida turned a deaf ear, and Alice ended up with the pious hope that "everything would be all right." But for all that, she seemed less floppy, more clear-cut and less self-absorbed. She irritated Davida by kissing her good-night, but her mind was obviously on the Dicksons, and the triumphs that were to be hers in an environment where she would be appreciated.

She went off radiantly the next morning, with some new cotton frocks that Davida had lent her the money to buy, and a new hat. Nobody had any suggestions to offer as to how the rest of her clothes were to be salvaged from the farm.

IMMEDIATELY she had gone Davida set out for the hospital. She felt that the present undefined situation

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could not be allowed to continue, but she was far from knowing what she really wanted to do. Mark weighed upon her mind. She missed him appallingly, so much that she wondered if she had any right to hesitate. And in any case how could she ever make up to him for the frightful thing that had happened? She smiled rather sadly as she walked along. That was a point of view he himself would deprecate. He would insist that she could not be responsible for anything that happened to him, that it was a foolish and emotional form of argument. But after all, it was because he loved her (presumably he loved her) . . . that he was lying in hospital, possibly disfigured for life . . . and if life were run on logic and reason it would be a dreary affair, with few heroisms and no sacrifices, and nothing to lighten its grey gloom. She would not, she told herself, think of doing anything so foolish as to marry him, to compensate him if he wanted her, if she herself did not love him. But she did . . . She was happy when he was there, she missed him when he was not, and she had hundreds of things in common with him.

SHE flinched away from the thought of Charles. He was part and parcel of the emotional side of life. He, according to his own words, acted on emotional grounds. He would have quite killed Mark, without waiting to find out anything. He would, because somebody he loved wanted it, do things of which he himself did not approve. He would, because his father would go to the devil without him, ruin his own life and hers, rather than let him go. And surely it was utterly unreasonable?"

Her feeling for him . . . what was it but a queer emotional thing that bound her with ropes of unreason? Something in her ached because he was unhappy, and hurt at the thought of parting from him; but how could she stay and keep her self-respect? He would expect her to go back to the farm, to leave Mark out of all consideration, to meet his father again, and be content to return with a few breathless moments on the darkened veldt, when the moon was a pale disc in the sky, and the wind rustled through the gum trees, and Beauty for an instant unveiled her face; to be a stranger to him for days, and, for a few moments, a lover.

And yet . . . and yet, she had been happy in the solitude. She had loved the hot smell of the earth, and the wide stretch of the veldt; carelessly, mindlessly happy in the dappled bush, where the sunlight fell in showers of hot spears. Happiness had caught her by the throat when she had leaned out of her window into the cool clear night and seen the black sharp shadows of the gum trees under the moon, and smelt the scent of mimosa drifting up from the vlei. And Charles had stirred in his sleep and muttered her name. But it was a long time since he had done that.

If Mark were so scarred that people did not like to look at him, what could she do but be prepared to look at him always?

But deep down in her soul was a small, dark fear that more than the calm affection of reason was needed to face that . . . a disquieting doubt.

Dr. Featherstone was coming out of the hospital as she arrived.

"Just the person I wanted to see," he exclaimed. "I was just coming along to look you up."

"Has anything happened?" she asked quickly.

"No . . . no . . . no. It's what's going to happen I want to see you about. Trevon thinks that your husband's leg ought to be broken and re-set. There's just a chance that everything might go right. I'm afraid it's the only chance. As things are, he'd be badly crippled. It's only fair to tell you, Mrs. Bruce."

"What exactly do you mean by crippled?"

"Well, it's the hip. I'm badly worried about the hip. We could get an opinion from the Cape if you cared. What I am afraid of is that it will always drag; but if his leg is put straight it would do no more than drag; he wouldn't be helpless, he might be able to ride."

"I see," she said. "Have you said anything to him about it?"

"Yes, I thought it best to tell him, so that you can talk it over. Though really there is no question, it will have to be done."

He bustled away into his car, and Davida walked slowly into Charles's room.

"Hullo," she said.

"Hullo. They do pile Pelion on Ossa, don't they? I suppose you met Featherstone?"

"Yes, I'm terribly sorry about it."

He laughed oddly.

"Well, we'll see about things. I suppose you know that the Old Man has gone back to the farm?"

"Has he?" she said indifferently.

"He has, sweet thing. I've pointed out the error of his ways to him, and he's gone away to think it over."

"Charles!" she exclaimed. "Don't talk about it like that."

"Would it help things if I were to burst into tears? He was drunk, you know . . ." There was an appeal in his voice which she ignored.

She looked round the room.

"They say that Mark Lill may be disfigured for life," she said pointedly.

He did not seem to hear.

She repeated herself, but still he did not answer.

"I hardly think that the fact that he was drunk affects the matter," she added.

HE looked up wearily.

"Nothing really affects the matter now," he said, "except what you and I are going to do. It's a little difficult. I know I haven't a leg to stand on," he gave a short laugh. "Literally and metaphorically. I know you couldn't go down to the farm again . . . he's made it impossible. It appears more than probable that I shall be completely out of action. I certainly couldn't take on a job that entailed farming. I haven't any qualifications for office work . . . I shan't have a penny beyond my present bank balance when I break it to him that we don't intend to return . . . I might, conceivably, make some money by writing . . . journalism or something . . . but it's a precarious sort of career . . ."

If only he had not looked so ill, she told herself afterwards, if only his eyes had not been so blue and hollow, and if his hand had kept still and not strayed nervously up and down the edge of the sheet, she would have told him at once how impossible it was . . . would have told him quickly and sensibly that they had better get divorced as quickly as possible.

But as it was, she could only murmur helplessly . . . "It's impossible . . ."

"It seems so," he said.

She fumbled for words to explain that it was not on account of the financial question . . . but that she did not really love him.

"I think I ought to go to England," she said.

There was a long silence.

"Well, that settles it then," said Charles.

She felt wretchedly that she was in another false position. It looked as if now that he had no money and was lame, he was at last, and for her sake, willing to leave the Old Man, she was letting him down . . . running away when things were really difficult. It looked as if she was really in love with Mark . . . as if she had been making love that night . . . Charles thought that . . . he was bound to think it . . . She remembered Oliver and Lydia. Lydia had gone away when to stay would have meant ruin for them both, and hadn't cared what people said. But then Lydia had known that Oliver would understand . . . Charles probably wouldn't understand, and it would be no use explaining. If he thought that she was going because he would be penniless if she stayed, nothing would induce him to let her . . . and if she insisted, he would probably do something unspeakably foolish like refusing to go back to the farm anyway. Oh, what a filthy muddle . . . And there was Mark . . .

"IF you want a divorce," said Charles quietly, "I'll give it to you . . . but for God's sake don't come back and live in this country . . . It's not big enough for the three of us."

"I don't," she said desperately, "but if I was in England . . . it would give you a chance to see how things were going. You could go back to the farm . . . and write . . . It would be fairer for everyone."

"No," he said almost cheerfully. "I'm not going to sit and wait for the Old Man to die . . . we'll either stick it out together, and let him know we mean to . . . or else . . . you want Mark . . . and I'll go back to the Old Man."

"But it's not that I want Mark," she said quickly.

"Well, then, you'd better stick to me. Or don't you want either of us? If you go to England, I shall go back to the farm, because there's no reason not to . . . It wouldn't help you . . . and it would certainly finish him. And it wouldn't make any odds to me what I did."

He was almost as precise as Mark when he said it; an unnatural precision that hurt her.

"As I say," he added, "if you stay I may be a pretty useless wreck, but old Thames might raise me a job that would keep the wolf from the door. The prospect is not, I admit, enlivening."

If only, thought Davida, he wouldn't be so scrupulously fair. If only he wouldn't keep talking on such a very reasonable basis . . . She stopped herself. After all, what she had asked for was reason . . . now when she got it, she didn't like it.

She thought of Lydia again . . . and Mark.

"I must think," she said. "I can't think just now."

He picked up a book.

"Do you mind going away and thinking?" he asked, "and not coming back until you have thought? In point of fact if you think you'll go to England, I'd just as soon you didn't come back . . . just send me a note, and I'll let my lawyer do all the rest . . ."

She inquired after Mark and was told he was asleep. She left a message, and with a feeling of shamed relief hurried away.

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CHAPTER 15

SHE took a rickshaw back to the Thames' bungalow, and as the "boy" padded along in a poor imitation of the Zulu rickshaw "boy's" powerful lope, she leant back and tried to come to some sort of decision. How could she decide anything until she knew how Mark was? And yet she wanted to leave him out of it, wanted not to be influenced by any sentimental feeling of obligation towards him. She was sure he would resent any such feeling, but it would creep in and color her thoughts. And she missed Mark so terribly. She missed his quiet, reassuring attitude, the way he had of making life seem simple. Mark always held that there was always one plainly right course to take in any matter if you only looked at things logically. But how in the name of heaven could you entirely ignore the point of view of other people?

She was interrupted in her thoughts by the sudden stopping of the rickshaw, and looked up to see the Old Man standing by its side. For a moment the only sound was the heavy panting of the rickshaw "boy," and then the Old Man, with a smile excruciating in its attempt to be natural, said: "I must talk to you about several things."

Davida glanced up and down the road. In the distance was a white man walking away from them . . . two natives were dawdling by on the other side of the road . . . and otherwise the road stretched away emptily, dusty and glaring between infrequent bungalows, its recently planned flamboyant trees listless and regular under the cloudless blue sky.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but I have nothing to say to you about anything."

He drew in his breath with a hissing sound, and made an obvious effort to control himself.

"Nevertheless," he answered, "it is necessary to speak to you."

She longed desperately for the reassuring sight of a policeman.

"I see no necessity," she said, and signalled to the "boy" to go on.

He picked up the rickshaw shafts .

"No!" said the Old Man to him, and he promptly put them down again.

She was seized with a sense of helplessness. She knew he did not mind a scene, that he could outdo her in argument, since he would be quite unscrupulous in what he said, he might be abusive, and she could not stand and shout abuse back at him, nor could she bear to do the only thing left, and scream in the hope that someone would come out of the nearest bungalow.

She compromised.

"You had better come to the Thames' house," she suggested.

He appeared to consider that, his eyes blue and bleak and fanatic, and again he hissed. He seemed to Davida infinitely more dangerous than he had ever been, for he was quite sober.

"I shall come straight there," he said, and stood back from the rickshaw. "Go on!" he told the "boy."

Charles had undoubtedly believed he was speaking the truth when he said that the Old Man had gone back to the farm. One thing about Charles—he never lied and he never laid traps. Then what in the name of heaven was the Old Man doing prowling about the roads on foot, lying in wait for her? For usually Charles and his father understood one another, and if the Old Man had agreed to go back to the farm and had told Charles so, it was almost certain that he had changed his mind after leaving Charles.

She hoped devoutly that there would be large quantities of Thames' about the bungalow.

She paid the rickshaw "boy" hurriedly overtipping him, and hurried into the bungalow. She felt that the Old Man, following her, was like the approaching doom.

There was nobody in. She felt frightened as if the Old Man could take her away against her will, could spirit her away somewhere and keep her hidden. The same irrational sort of panic that had sometimes attacked her on the farm. Still, if he attempted anything she would not hesitate to scream the place down, and there were people in the next bungalow. There was also Mr. Thames' old groom, a tall, stately native, a Matabele, very reliable and loyal, and not easily frightened like the Mashona. He would probably come to her assistance.

She took off her hat and went into the drawing-room. When, a short time afterwards, he was shown in by the houseboy, she saw with relief that he looked fairly normal, and that his manner was quiet.

HE looked at her curiously, as if he were, for the first time, taking in her appearance. Then he sat down and lit a cigar.

"I cannot imagine," she said, "what you want to talk to me about."

He waved away a cloud of smoke that hung like a curtain between them.

"Firstly," he said amiably, "I should be greatly obliged if you would tell me where my daughter is."

"I suggest you ask Mr. Thames," she answered.

He gave a short laugh. "I cannot see why I should apply to Thames for news of my daughter, but let it pass. I shall not receive her in my house again . . . she left it with her lover, he can be responsible for her."

"In that case," responded Davida, "I can't see why you should want to know where she is, though you know quite well why she left the farm, and that the construction you are putting upon her actions is quite wrong."

He put his hand to his beard and hissed again. "That's a new habit," thought Davida irrelevantly.

"I am well aware," he continued, "that you and other people have taken it upon yourselves to object to my treatment of my daughter . . . and so presumably encouraged her to rebellion. Since she chose to do it, she can now stand by it. There is, however, another matter . . ." He waved away another cloud of smoke. "I understand from Charles that you do not intend to return to the farm?"

"I do not," she said.

She lit a cigarette and stood up nervously.

"And that in that case," continued the Old Man, "my son also intends not to return. You are possibly aware that he has no money of his own?"

"So I believe," she said.

"And that should he not return, I shall neither give him a penny, nor leave him anything in my will?"

"He told me so," she answered.

"I presume that you have also considered that he will have no means of earning his living, he will be a cripple?"

Tears stung the backs of her eyes, and she could not answer.

"Have you considered how he is going to keep you and himself?"

"I have thought," she said unsteadily, "and since I don't see how he can do it, I am going back to England . . ."

"In the same kindly way as the irregular Mrs. Templeman went back to England when she saw no prospect of Templeman keeping her any longer?"

"In very much the same way," she said.

He leant back and stroked his beard thoughtfully.

"But do not imagine," he observed, "that you will be provided with the excuse that you leave your husband for his good: you cannot have your lover and your reputation for self-sacrifice. If you go back to England, I shall not have Charles back on the farm, nor shall I give him any money. I do not approve of separations. You and Charles can come back to the farm, and I will build another bungalow where I shall live. I shall not ask or expect you to see me (I understand that I am the obstacle to your return), otherwise things will be as they were before, except that we shall not have the pleasure of Alice's company. Therefore, my dear daughter-in-law, if you leave Charles and go to England, it will be because you want your lover, and in order to get him you will let everything and everybody suffer."

He stood up and jammed out his cigar in an ash-tray.

"If he had thrown you out and divorced you, I would have welcomed him back . . . but apparently you are necessary to the fool's happiness . . . he even contemplates allowing you to divorce him!"

He stopped for a moment and she saw in his eyes his bitter love—his fanatical determination to get for Charles happiness at all costs. She saw also, only too plainly, the web that was spun about her. And already in imagination, she felt the hot, fetid breath of scandal on her cheek, felt the scampering, rat-like words fouling her life. For whatever she did now would be misconstrued. If she went back to Charles, it would be because she was afraid to do otherwise . . . if she went back to her father . . . it would be because she had been Mark's lover. But she stood very straight in front of the fireplace. Never had she looked so ardent, so elusive, as if his words that should have enmeshed here were mere futilities.

She said: "But you forget that I can live with Charles without returning to your farm. He would still be happy."

"Would he?"

He looked at her with a strange prophetic smile.

"There is no happiness to be built out of the ruins of someone else's life," he said slowly, "no matter how right and reasonable your action may seem to you . . . or how sure you may be that they were deserving of no consideration . . ."

He went slowly out of the room.

She heard his footsteps on the verandah and then going slowly and wearily down the drive, heavy, slow footsteps.

SHE wished desperately for Mark. He, she knew, would sift the tangled emotions—would put his finger unerringly on the false quantity that she knew was there somewhere. Out of her chaotic life he would conjure reason. She longed for his quiet precision—his clear, impersonal view. But Mark, she remembered, could no longer be impersonal. Mark now added to the chaos. She wanted him in no close personal relationship to herself, but as a friend, an ally, a guide . . . in fact, as a touchstone of right and wrong. She had, she thought, no other

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touchstone—nothing—no rule, no principle. She was like a boat cut from its moorings, drifting on the wide sea.

When the Thames' came back to lunch, Pelham came with them. He had been to the hospital to see Mark.

"He's bucking up," he announced, "and they think he's got quite a good chance of coming off lighter than they thought at first. And, by the way, Davida, just as I was coming away, down came your revered father-in-law, frothing like a lunatic. He bounced on to a horse and went hell-for-leather down the road. I besought the nearest nurse to rush to Charles and see that all was well, and waited trembling to hear the result. She came back and said that Mr. Bruce was quite all right . . . in fact, I should imagine he's been giving his worthy parent what for!"

"Good for him," said Betty.

"Oh, and by the way," added Pelham, "you know Lill never finished the negotiations for Oliver's place . . . he was boggling over one or two minor details . . . well, now he's not going to buy it after all. I rather think he's going straight back to England as soon as he's better."

"Poor man," said Mrs. Thames, "I can quite imagine he's had enough of this country."

Davida said nothing. She went abruptly out of the room. She simply could not bear to discuss it.

She went and sat on her bed. She felt numb. She didn't want to see Charles, or Mark, or anybody. She wanted to be alone, to live alone and not be buffeted about among all these conflicting emotions and desires. Supposing Mark wanted her to go away with him? She thought of his dark, precise face and shivered. She thought of his careful manner, his fussiness, the way he put his hat on and straightened his tie. But why think of all that when she liked him so much, when they were such good friends, understood each other so well? And he was kind and gentle . . . How could she ever again face life with the Old Man in his private hell . . .

"If I leave Charles," she said to herself, "it will be for Mark . . . so that at least someone is happy . . ."

She sat for a long time and, by and by, her head drooped and she fell asleep huddled up on her bed.

CHARLES lay patiently while a tall, thin man, excitedly ushered in by Doctor Featherstone, did something very painful to his hip. He clenched his fists and thought of Davida. He thought of her so hard that he could almost see her in front of him. He supposed she'd go away with that fellow Lill . . . She'd go out of pity . . . out of pity. Well, he didn't want her to stay with him out of pity! But he knew, and the knowledge forced tears into his eyes, that he did want her, he wanted her to stay with him, no matter for what reason. But he'd be damned if he'd tell her so . . . No, really he didn't want her to stay with him out of pity . . . he'd see it in her eyes, in her manner every moment of the day and it would drive him mad. No, he'd stay by himself, he'd go back to the farm and drink level with the Old Man. Memory unrolled itself like a film before his eyes . . .

The tall, thin man gave a particularly painful prod, something clicked, and he stood up.

"That's all right," he said.

"Nothing to worry about now," he said. "Just fix that leg and he'll walk as well as ever," he said.

"In fact," said Charles, breaking in rudely on his short, staccato sentences, "everything is quite too beautiful!"

Doctor Featherstone was grieved.

"I really think," he said, "that considering Mr. Rivers is on a holiday, and came specially to see what he could do for you, that you might at least be polite!"

"Quite right, I might," said Charles. "I apologise."

The tall, thin man grinned cheerfully.

"Don't bother . . . I probably gave you a bad time."

He went away with Doctor Featherstone who kept muttering angrily: "Celebrated man . . . great osteopath . . . extraordinarily rude."

"That," said Charles to the nurse who lingered behind to tidy the room, "is the whole point about great men. They're not touchy. Give me some note-paper, will you? I want to send a note to my wife."

"I don't know," said the nurse dubiously, "that it can go to-night, it's getting late."

"Funny time for that fellow to come," said Charles.

"He came," said the nurse reprovingly, "at this time because he was just going away on a shooting trip and wasn't coming back to Salisbury at all. He's leaving to-morrow. Doctor Featherstone only heard he was here by chance."

"Well, look here, ring up Betty Thames and ask her to come and fetch a note for my wife."

The nurse looked even more dubious.

"Do what I tell you," said Charles unpleasantly, "do you think I don't know what I'm talking about?"

She gave him the notepaper in a disapproving silence and went away.

He cautiously moved his leg. It moved quite easily. He did it again . . . splendid. Although a short time ago he had told himself that he didn't care whether he could walk or not, now a flood of excitement poured over him.

He settled down to write to Davida.

CHAPTER 16

"IF there's any answer," said Betty, handing over Charles' letter, "I'll buzz up to the hospital with it after dinner."

She settled down on Davida's bed.

"Did you ever know," she asked, "that mother looked after Alice for the first six months of her life? Alice's life, I mean!"

"Did she?" said Davida absently.

"Yes . . . don't be polite . . . read your letter!"

Davida ripped the envelope. There was only a brief note to the effect that all was well, Charles' leg was better. He thought he'd let them do the re-breaking later . . . And a postscript . . . "Talk things over with the Thames' . . ."

She glanced at Betty, who was smoking peacefully.

"What were you saying about Alice?" she asked.

"Hinting gently," said Betty, "to find out if you knew the sad story of her life . . . if you don't I should imagine that you and she are about the only people in Rhodesia who don't!"

Davida shook her head . . . "No, I don't know anything except that she considers herself a misunderstood angel."

Betty clasped her knees and rested her chin on them. .

"I'll tell you coldly and calmly while you get ready for dinner," she said. "But to start off with, she isn't the Old Man's daughter!"

"What!"

Betty became serious.

"She's not. That's what's been all the trouble. Dad knew the Old Man when he was young . . . he knew Charles's mother, too. She was very pretty and amusing . . . all the men adored her. They raved about her. You can imagine how it was in the early days when you could count the white women out here on the fingers of one hand. And the Old Man when he was young was rather like Charles, only grimmer, Mother says. About the only soft spot he had was Charles and his wife. Charles was quite small, as you no doubt imagine, twenty-five years ago. But his mother was rather silly, very fluttery and young, and not a bit suited to the country, and he, the Old Man, had no money and was determined to make some and take her home. He left her in Salisbury while he went down into the country and built a house and got things started. He'd have done a lot better if he'd taken her with him and made her live with him in a mud hut. But she was so horrified at the idea and laid it on thick about taking Charles down there . . . and so down he went and worked like a nigger, while she flirted with all and sundry. Mother says that no one really took it seriously. They thought she was just young and pretty and rather silly, though they all thought it was rather a dangerous game to play with a husband like that. Still, it was nobody's business . .

"AND then one night the storm burst. He came back unexpectedly, rode in to see her. And he found some man or other in her bedroom. He took a sjambok to him and threw him out into the road—bang over the balcony he threw him and luckily it was low and he only broke a collarbone or something. Then the Old Man brought her along to Dad's bungalow. She was quite hysterical, screaming and weeping, and he was grim and steely.

"'Keep her,' he said, 'while I go and get a mule-cart.'

"'You can't get one at this time of night,' said Dad to him.

"'I'll get one,' he said, 'if I have to wake up every man in town.' And sure enough in an hour he was back with a mule-cart.

"'Come on,' he said to his wife, 'bring the boy and get in!' She cried and implored, but he didn't take any notice.

"'What are you going to do?' Mother asked him. She was rather nervous.

"'Nothing desperate,' he said with a kind of chill smile, 'just take her down with me and keep her where she ought to have been all the time.'

"Well, Mother and Dad rather agreed with him . . . and so did most people. The other man just faded out. He'd had enough.

"Dad and Mother used to go out and visit them sometimes. Mother says that she was always weeping and imploring him to take her back to Salisbury. But he was quite grim about it. And quite reasonable. He said he had no money to live in Salisbury with her, and she was not going to live there alone again, or anywhere else. She used to make up all sorts of excuses, say she was ill and must see a doctor, any old lie she could rake up. But when he said he'd take her in to see one, she'd cry and say she wouldn't go. Mother says that he still loved her, but that he never forgave her, he was ashamed of himself for going on loving her. He thought he ought to have stopped loving her at once . . . just like that! As if one loves people for what

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they do or don't do! He tried not to love her. Mother says he used even to try and not look at her. He walked about and worked like the devil and was polite to her, but that was all.

"Well, there was one thing she didn't tell him, and that was that she was going to have a baby. She was terrified of telling him that. But at last, she couldn't keep it quiet any longer and she told him. She told him when Mother was there. It was terrible, Mother said. He didn't say anything, only went quite white, and then at last he said: 'All right, then, I'll take you in to Salisbury a month beforehand.' And not another word.

"He arranged for Dad to go down the night before she was due to go to Salisbury and stay with Charles. But just after Dad got there, she began to have awful pains and nearly went demented, and begged them to start for Salisbury at once. Well, they thought it was madness to do that. Dad bolted off to the nearest kraal and brought back two native women (there wasn't a white woman for miles), and in about three hours Alice was born. If they'd started off she'd have been born on the roadside . . . And her mother died.

"HE never got over it really. He never could make up his mind whether it was his fault . . . whether if he'd taken her in to Salisbury, as she was always begging him to do, it would have saved her. I don't suppose it would really . . . I don't know. But it was pretty ghastly. He buried her miles away . . . And that night he walked about the veldt from dusk till dawn and when he came back, he said he supposed he was a murderer. Dad sat and talked to him for hours, pointing out that it simply couldn't be just because she was on the veldt . . . other white women had had babies on the veldt. And after a time, he said: 'What about the baby?' The Old Man just stared at him as if he thought he was mad. 'Is the brat alive?' he said. Well, Alice was alive all right, and Dad brought her back to Salisbury and Mother looked after her.

"Well, after about six months, he came up and said he'd keep the baby. I don't know what he intended doing with it if he didn't keep it. He even looked at it! He arranged for it to be looked after in Salisbury, because he said he couldn't have it on the farm. And, after that, he didn't appear again . . . but Dad went down there occasionally and found him working like fury, and everywhere he went he took Charles with him, held him in front of him on his horse. He was not communicative, however, and Dad discovered that he didn't want to have anything much to do with us. I think because he hated to think that anyone had seen him as miserable as he had been. He stuck down on the farm and began to make money and concentrated on Charles. After a few years he had Alice down there, but I gather she was never a great success. She was a most tiresome child . . . fearfully self-centred, rather like her mother in looks, but not nearly so pretty . . . and I suppose like her father in ways. He didn't take much notice of her, he stuck to Charles . . . and later sent her to school in Johannesburg. He kept Charles at home and had a tutor for him. By that time he was raking in the shekels. Sometimes Charles used to come and stay with us for a week or two . . . he was a nice boy . . . but his father loathed him to be away and they were devoted to each other. He never told Charles about his mother, but one day he heard it somewhere. I'm not sure how . . . some tattler babbling on. He went back to the farm and I suppose told his father he knew. We didn't see him again for a long time . . . and then he was different. You couldn't get a word out of him . . . he never mentioned Alice. But we gathered that he had sort of sworn a vow to himself, never to let the Old Man down . . . For a long time, though, he never said anything. It was obvious that he couldn't bear to look at Alice. But, by and by he settled down into a sort of polite tolerance . . but Alice didn't help matters. She had the most odious manners. She used to prink and preen and tell Charles that he ought to wait on her, she was a girl. I've seen Charles look as if he were going to be sick at times when she raised her eyebrows, and smiled a silly, superior sort of smile. And why she did it, I can't think, because she was by no means a 'popular favorite.'

"Well, the Old Man used to come up now and again on business. People liked him . . but he always loathed the idea that they knew that old story. He had the stickiest sort of pride . . . and when Charles was old enough to take on, he practically gave up coming at all. Dad says he never stopped blaming himself for his wife's death. He brooded and brooded. Swung from a hatred of women . . to a morbid self-loathing . . . and drummed into Charles the folly of trusting any woman. . . . And then the war came and Charles went home. That finished matters. Charles had always been an outlet. He talked to Charles . . But alone with that little brute Alice, he had nothing but a sort of living reminder of the past . . . he made terrific efforts not to become quite obsessed about her . . . (Charles told Dad all about it when he came back), and he brooded and brooded and kept up that sarcastic manner for public life, as it were . . . and then he started to drink. He did it deliberately whenever things became too much, and he couldn't bear to think about them. And, well . . I think that's about all. I suppose he can't stop it now . . ."

"But why in Heaven's name didn't Charles tell me?" said Davida after a moment's pause.

"OH, Charles . . ." said Betty. "He's as sticky as the Old Man. Before he went to England, you know, the Old Man was fairly normal . . . comparatively so, anyway. And when you got out here I suppose he just couldn't bear to. There are some things I think that you can't tell people who are fearfully close to you. Don't you know yourself how much easier it is sometimes to tell strangers intimate things? It seems silly. . . but I can imagine that somehow, when you were all down on the farm, he simply couldn't bring himself to come and say: 'Look here, you must understand this about the Old Man . . .' It would be, in one way, sort of letting him down after he'd cultivated that sarcastic line of defence. But one thing I don't suppose Charles ever thought of . . . But I'll bet the Old Man thought you knew"

"I wonder," said Davida thoughtfully.

"Well, I don't know . . . but I expect he did. He'd think even if Charles hadn't told you, that some other kind soul would have."

"But still," said Davida; "I don't think, do you, that it makes any difference . . ."

Betty looked at her squarely.

"Well, I don't know," she said. "Of course, we were all pretty livid over poor little Mark . . . but when you think about it . . . it was rather the past repeating itself . . ."

"What on earth do you mean?" began Davida furiously.

"Oh, I know . . . it wasn't the *same* thing at all. But you couldn't expect the Old Man to know that Mark was just advising you about Alice. He saw red . Of course, Mark wasn't asking for all that he got . . but he was asking for trouble, both from Charles and from his wife."

Davida went scarlet.

"Good Lord," exclaimed Betty, "d'you mean to tell me you didn't know he'd got a wife? My dear . . . some people called Boskins know her . . . she's on her way out. I should think she might arrive any day now. Davida . . . don't tell me you didn't know?"

Hot angry tears blinded Davida. She turned to the dressing-table and fumbled for a handkerchief.

"Davida," said Betty, in tones of sheer horror, "you weren't in love with him, were you?"

"No, I wasn't," said Davida angrily.

Betty said no more. It occurred to her young wisdom that it might be as well to let Davida think things over.

DAVIDA thought things over during dinner. She was distinctly preoccupied. The Thames' who had a cheerful form of family badinage, appeared not to notice it.

Her first reaction was a state of sheer fury against Mark. Almost she applauded the Old Man. She was angry with the shaken rage of someone who feels they have been made a fool. And she knew also that although she had almost deceived herself, whipping herself into a fury of injured innocence, that it had not been solely on Alice's account that she had sat up so late in the hotel lounge. In all the time that she had known him, he had never mentioned his wife, and talked always as if he were single. She could have forgiven him anything but his unspoken lie. She thought with a fierce scorn of her agonised indecision, her serene confidence that she had only to say to Mark: "I am yours!" for Charles to be prostrated and vice versa! But as dinner progressed, Mark became less and less important. And by the time coffee arrived, she had forgiven him, so unimportant was he . . . so great a blessing was the fact that he was married.

"Betty," she said suddenly, "could you drive me down to the hospital?"

"I'll get the bus in two twos," said Betty.

They argued at length with a stubborn nurse, until Betty drew her attention entirely upon herself, and Davida ran swiftly and silently along the corridor to Charles's room. She saw that there was a blankness in his eyes . . . a strain about his lips.

"Charles!" she said.

He jumped and dropped the book.

"Holy Mike," he said, "what are you doing here? You'll be shot at dawn!"

"I know," said Davida, "but Betty is downstairs, distracting the attention of your warder."

"I wish," said Charles soberly, "that we had seen more of the Thames' during these last six months."

"I wish so, too," said Davida uncertainly,

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Her breath caught in a sob. "Oh, Charles, Charles!" she said, "do you want me?"

"Davida," he said, "Davida!"

She caught his hands and dropped on her knees beside his bed. He bent forward and kissed her hair.

"I didn't know," she whispered, "I didn't know!"

For an instant he thought of the Old Man alone in the house he had intended for his son. But he put the thought from him. But there was no going back now, Davida was all that mattered. He pressed his lips to her hair again. In spite of his new-found happiness an acute pang shot through him at the thought of his father out there, alone, on the veldt. He remembered himself as a small boy, held before his father as he went riding; remembered the feel of the strong arms about his body.

He had expelled the thought. To seal up the door through which it had escaped he kissed Davida again, this time upon the mouth. That thought wouldn't come back again now. It was a long time since he had kissed her lips.

But to Davida, even as she clung blindly to him, and experienced the first genuine thrill of happiness she had had for many a long day, came the Old Man's words: "You cannot build happiness upon the ruins of someone's else's life."

The door was flung open violently, and an outraged nurse appeared.

"Really, Mrs. Bruce!" she exclaimed.

Charles laughed.

Davida stood up. "It was important," she said.

"Well . . .!"

"All right, nurse, don't get agitated. You know I'm better now."

"Still . . ." said the nurse. "I've never heard of such a thing!"

Charles and Davida glanced at one another. In spite of themselves they were overcome by a sensation of guilt. They felt like children who had been caught drawing pictures on the blackboard by a stern master.

"I'm just going," said Davida. "Charles, we'll fix everything up to-morrow."

Davida squeezed his hand and went.

"Well, Mr. Bruce!" said the nurse.

"Oh, it's all right," said Charles, "don't you say anything, nurse."

CHAPTER 17

MR. THAMES received the news that Davida intended to stay with Charles with a subdued pleasure.

"That's splendid," he said, "but, of course, a job managing someone else's farm isn't very well paid."

"But," said Davida, "what else can we do?"

"Well, of course, there aren't very many good jobs to be had in this country," he said, "very few . . . very few . . ."

He shook his head, looked at his watch and hurried away.

Davida was left with the flat feeling of one who has intended to delight and has only succeeded in raising a mild interest.

Betty laughed.

"Don't be so blighted," she said, "he'll probably raise some fearfully well-paid job for Charles. He's very fond of him, you know."

They were just finishing breakfast. Davida was full of a content that she had not known for months. The monotonous chant of a native who was rolling the lawn was enchanting to her. The warm patches of sunlight that fell across the breakfast-table through the drawn curtains filled her with a vague pleasure. A patch fell across Betty's hair, turning it to rich chestnut; her face was in the shadow, and she leant her chin on her hands and stared at Davida thoughtfully.

"Going to the hospital this morning?" she asked.

Davida nodded.

"Going to see Mark at all?" pursued Betty.

Davida flushed. She had been pushing the thought of seeing Mark away, refusing to recognise its urgent summons. What earthly good could be done by seeing him? She wanted to get away with Charles as quickly as possible . . . away from Salisbury and the disturbing proximity of Mark. She was sorry for him . . . perturbed about him . . . afraid still that in spite of his wife he might demand something of her. And supposing his wife left him? Heaven knew what stories she might not hear the moment she arrived . . . what construction might be put upon the whole wretched affair.

"I don't know . . ." she said.

"Better get it over," said Betty pensively. "He's got to be got over, I do think."

"I suppose so," said Davida reluctantly.

She stood up.

"I'll see him this morning," she said.

And since there was no point in waiting she went along to her room and put on her hat.

AT the hospital a too-unconcerned nurse showed her into Mark's room. He was sitting up in an easy chair that was turned from the light, and when he saw her, he made an exclamation and instinctively put his hand over his mouth. Davida wondered whether her smile were as stiffly unnatural as it felt: it felt like a grimace carved across her face.

"Oh, God!" he said, and put out a hand as if to ward her off.

She had the odd feeling that he expected her to try and kiss him, and she saw enmity in his eyes.

There was a pause that seemed to her to lengthen into hours, while she did not know what to say or do, and still Mark sat still with a hand hiding his mouth. Suddenly he said in a difficult, unfamiliar voice, as if words were hard to form:

"How the hell am I to explain this . . .?"

The shocked pity in her voice changed.

"I should just tell the truth," she said in a small, even voice. "I should just say that you were terribly sorry for Alice and myself, and that you just kissed my hand . . . in sympathy . . . when the Old Man burst in . . . and . . . misunderstood . . . It seems to me that that is the simplest . . ."

"Oh, my God," he said again in a fury of weak irritation, "you don't know my wife!"

"But anyone reasonable—" began Davida.

"She's not reasonable," he said in his muffled, odd voice. "She doesn't understand these things . . . she's not all modern . . ."

"What things?" said Davida jelly.

He made a familiar, impatient movement with his shoulders.

"She doesn't understand that people are apt to fall in love . . . casually . . . She's, well—she's thoroughly narrow."

There was an acrid edge to his voice, as if he included both Davida and his wife as active agents conspiring against his happiness.

"And, God . . . what do I look like?" he said hysterically.

"I'm terribly sorry . . ." said Davida. "Oh, Mark . . . I'm terribly sorry . . ."

"Have you . . . what did you say to your husband?" he asked.

"I told him exactly what happened," she said.

"And what did he say?"

For the moment he dropped the hand that hid his mouth, and she saw that it was a straight, purplish slit that made his thin face inconceivably cruel, and she remembered that his mouth had always been hard.

"He said nothing that need alarm you," she said.

"He won't try to sue for a divorce or anything?" he asked eagerly.

She shook her head.

"I suppose Alice would back us up?" he said thoughtfully.

SHE flushed violently.

"I don't see, Mark, what there is for her to back us up about. After all, there is nothing criminal in talking in Mekkie's lounge with the night porter wandering about . . ."

"But you don't know my wife . . . I tell you she doesn't understand. She's completely Victorian . . ."

A spasm of acute irritation swept over Davida. She had no longer any pity. His obvious consciousness of guilt and his weak laments made her feel cheap and ashamed. If his wife felt like that, why did he go about behaving in such a way, leaving that trail of deceit and discomfort over everything? She felt she must get away at all costs.

"Well . . . I'm terribly sorry . . . Mark . . . anything we can do . . . you must let us know . . ."

That blessed "us" that allied Charles with her! She clung to it, grasped with intense relief that comfortable matrimonial pronoun.

Mark seemed to find comfort in it also. He brightened perceptibly. She felt his relief that she was not to be thrown on his hands radiating from him.

"Well, good-bye," she said hurriedly, "let us know . . . won't you?"

"Oh, thanks," he said in his muffled voice.

She turned and went out of the room without offering to shake hands, and as she closed the door behind her a slender dark woman came hurrying down the corridor with a nurse. She looked at Davida with large, dark, rather stupid eyes, in which were mixed anxiety and suspicion. Her clothes were travel-stained and dowdy, ladylike. She hesitated a moment and then brushed by into Mark's room. Davida heard an exclamation . . . but she fled down the corridor to Charles' room, shaken and humiliated.

She was altogether shaken. With a distinct sense of shock she realised that Charles' threat to "punch the blighter's head" had filled her, not with the disapproval of a civilised apostle of reason, but with a quite savage glow of pleasure.

Charles insisted that he would not have his leg broken and re-set until later. First he would get up and see to things! Exactly what he meant by "things" she did not quite know. She had an uneasy feeling that he meant to go down to the farm, and she distrusted the Old Man's influence. He was fidgety and nervy, angry at being still kept in bed, or in a chair with his leg propped up. And she knew that he also suffered from the state of indecision. Until the Old Man had been told definitely and it had been arranged what she and Charles should do, there was that madden-

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ing, unsettled feeling, the sensation that something might happen any minute to upset all her plans. And Charles, she knew, had not yet told his father. And, in spite of herself, she could not altogether banish a depressing vision of her father-in-law, alone, and brandy-sodden, lonely and defeated on the farm. "It's all very trying," she said to herself, trying to bring the matter into an everyday irritation. But her eyes darkened, and she became sombre and thoughtful at odd moments.

Nor would Mr. Thames commit himself on the subject of a job for Charles. "I'll talk it over with him when he's out of hospital," he said. "My dear young lady, you really mustn't try and arrange his life for him as if he were a little boy. Charles, I am sure, will have quite definite ideas on what he wants to do."

And she was conscious of an expectancy on the part of the Thames' that vaguely alarmed her. As if they did not quite agree that the matter was settled. She began to feel that she must act drastically and promptly and settle the thing herself.

And then Mrs. Lill became suddenly active. She found several interested people in the hotel, who on the shortest acquaintanceship fed her with sympathy and erroneous facts. She took up the attitude that Davida had ruined her home and marriage and had had designs upon Mark. She insisted that until Davida had led Mark astray by sitting up with him into the small hours, he had never so much as looked at another woman, and that though, of course, she would stick to him and try and make something of life for him, it was dreadful to think that he had been disfigured for life through the idle whim of a flirtatious woman.

It spread like wildfire, and people who hitherto had regarded the affair as simply an example of the Old Man's ungovernable temper and outrageous suspicions, began to ask one another whether, after all, there might not be something more in it. "After all," they said, "if Mrs. Lill says these things, she must have some reason."

"Silly fools!" observed Betty. "And I should have thought that the Lill woman would have had more pride. Even if she believed it surely it was better to pretend that he was entirely misjudged and to include Davida in the misjudgment. If I thought my husband was such a fool as she makes Mark out to be I'd keep it dark for my own sake!"

"BUT Mrs. Lill is not a particularly intelligent woman" said her father, "she doesn't see that she's letting herself and her husband down . . . she is simply obsessed with a desire to gain pity and she's jealous of Davida and doesn't see that by blackguarding her she's also blackguarding Lill."

"Well, I think it's high time Charles was up and about!" said Betty.

But Mrs. Lill's point of view percolated down to Alice and brought her to Salisbury on a holiday, hot and protesting.

She overwhelmed Davida with sympathy.

"As if enough harm hadn't been done," she babbled, "by that old beast . . ."

Davida held up her hand wearily.

"Oh, shut up, Alice," she said, "do leave the Old Man out of it . . ."

Alice stared at her with a wide-eyed and hurt expression.

"I should think," she said stiffly, "that I am entitled to say what I like about my father . . ."

"I don't think so," said Davida, "it's damn bad form . . . d'you talk like this to other people?"

"No, I don't," said Alice, but a bright flood of crimson that swept her face betrayed her.

"Not that it matters," said Davida edgily and bitterly, "because he isn't your father."

Alice stepped back and went first a sickly white color and then a vivid scarlet.

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"Just what I said," said Davida coldly, "so you can stop going about saying what an unnatural parent he is . . . and take a look at his side of the case for a change!"

She knew she was being unkind, but she was feeling badgered and miserable, and for once, like Charles, she saw in Alice the source of the whole miserable business.

BUT a gleam crept into Alice's eyes that showed a mounting excitement. In point of fact, she foresaw, though half-unconscious of it, a new and romantic limelight shining upon her.

"What do you mean?" she demanded again with her head flung back theatrically.

"Sit down," said Davida tersely, "and I'll tell you."

She told her unemotionally and briefly. Alice sat still, staring in front of her. And at the end, Alice said in a shaking voice: "You don't know what a load you have lifted from my heart!" She clasped her hands and gazed reverently upwards.

"I'm terribly pleased to hear it," said Davida amiably.

Alice stood up and walked over to the window . . . "You know that horrible night of the dance?" she asked. "Well, ever since then I've been haunted . . . I thought it must be heredity . . . that I had inherited a tendency to drink from the Old Man . . . that's why I said I wouldn't marry Piet."

Davida supposed that she would never change . . . all her life she would indulge in histrionics. How much of it she herself believed to be sincere, no one would ever know.

"Are you going to marry him now?" she asked Alice dryly.

Alice put her head on one side and pondered.

"I never saw anything so studied in my life," thought Davida.

"I don't think so," said Alice. "After all, we are not very suited . . . we don't exactly move in the same circles . . . What I mean is . . . we haven't many interests in common . . . and I don't know that it's a good thing . . . different nations inter-marrying . . . But I like him very much . . . I think he's awfully nice in his own way . . ."

"Well, that's that," said Davida, who felt that Piet was more fortunate than otherwise in losing Alice.

Alice sighed: "Poor boy . . . but he'll get over it. Oh, Davida . . . can I do anything to help you at all? I should like to kill Mrs. Lill . . ."

"Don't bother," retorted Davida, "No, thanks very much, you can't do anything . . ."

Alice looked at her with an intense registration of sympathy, and let the matter drop.

She stayed the night, and talked continuously about a new and free life. The Old Man's story seemed to have filled her with a sense of being an extremely interesting individual.

Mr. Thames went to see Charles about Mrs. Lill.

"You see," he said after much earnest conversation, "she's a pestilential woman, because she's so convinced that she's right. Nothing will make her see any other point of view except her own: it's like a holy war to her . . ."

"Then," said Charles with a flicker of a smile, "I should imagine that the only thing to stop her would be to make war myself with an equal unreason and inability to see anyone else's point of view . . ."

Mr. Thames looked uncomfortable.

"Don't do anything rash," he murmured. "Perhaps a little, shall we say firmness, is needed . . . but . . ."

"A little firmness shall be used," said Charles.

"What," asked Mr. Thames, tapping the ground anxiously with his heel, "are you going to do, Charles?"

Charles' eyes became withdrawn for a moment. Then he shrugged his shoulders.

"Get a job . . . as far away as possible, and try to make some money . . ."

"I suppose," said Mr. Thames sadly, "it's the only thing . . ."

"Fraid so . . . you couldn't expect Davida . . ."

"No . . . no . . . no" said Mr. Thames hastily, "but I was fond of your father . . ."

"So am I, sir," said Charles wearily . . .

"I hear," said Mr. Thames thoughtfully, "that things have been very quiet down your way for the last week. You know how news travels . . . but he's been burning things . . ."

"Burning things?" said Charles.

"Yes . . . clothes and things. I felt rather alarmed . . . but I made tactful inquiries, and he seems all right . . . quite normal, I mean . . . young Barneveldt passes through the farm pretty frequently."

Charles' lips twitched and he straightened his tie. He was sitting in a long chair by the open window. A heavy scent from some shrub drifted in and both men felt suddenly the effect of loneliness, of the veldt . . . of the long, hot, silent days . . . and the dreaming nights . . .

Mr. Thames coughed and stood up.

"I must get along," he said . . .

He stood up, dusted his trouser knees and went away.

Charles, haggard and with a tired smile, sat on, looking down the lane of memory.

NEXT day, about eleven o'clock, there came a telephone message from Davida to say that she had gone down to the farm to bring back her own and Alice's clothes. It gave him a kind of numb shock. Whenever he had thought about the homestead, it had always been with Davida's things scattered about there, her bedroom with her scent bottles on the dressing-table, even her sponge and tooth-brush on the washing-stand . . . her books in the living-room. She was taking them all away. It gave a finality to things . . . it left the homestead looted and sacked . . . He wondered with a wry smile whether she were also bringing up all his things. If she were, it would fill up the car rather. And she had taken Betty with her . . . for support . . . moral support? He shrugged his shoulders. Of course, it was inevitable. She couldn't feel as he did about it all . . . she couldn't feel the intense pity . . . the understanding. Nobody could expect her to do so . . . He swore violently under his breath for three minutes . . .

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A nurse came in and began to put out boiling water in preparation for the doctor's arrival.

"Is Featherstone downstairs?" said Charles.

"He'll be up any minute, Mr. Bruce . . ."

"Oh . . . well, I'm going to Meikle's this afternoon . . ."

"Oh, Mr. Bruce . . . you can't . . . why, I've never heard of such a thing!"

"It'll be a pleasant new experience then," said Charles.

As the nurse often said to her friends: "He's got such a funny look, Mr. Bruce . . . kind of glares through you, as if he didn't see you and yet was amused at something . . ."

Dr. Featherstone appeared at the door.

"What'll be a pleasant new experience?" he said brightly.

"My visit to Meikle's this afternoon," observed Charles.

"Nonsense!"

"I've got important business . . . you can break my leg again later . . . In the meantime, you can provide a nice strong stick and a car and give me good advice!"

Featherstone shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, if you promise to come straight back and rest . . ."

Charles grinned at him.

"I'll rest like the devil when this is all over," he promised.

"Well, now, let's have a look at you," said the doctor.

The nurse, pleasantly excited, fluttered about in the background. She was going out with a young farmer that afternoon. She'd be able to tell him something about those Bruces!

MRS. LILL sat in the lounge at five o'clock. Several people were having cocktails. One or two people were anticipating the going down of the sun. She felt pleasurably thrilled and virtuous. All that she had heard about the loose habits of Rhodesians was being fulfilled before her eyes. They drank. They flirted. They were without conscience. Deeply she resented Mark's behaviour . . . but still more deeply, almost without realising it, she appreciated the fact that some woman had endeavored to seduce Mark. Well . . as always happened . . . if you went astray you paid for it . . . poor Mark had paid for it. She was more convinced than ever that the straight and narrow path was the only one . . . and that her conception of the straight and narrow path was the only true one. Nobody sat up till two o'clock without some discreditable motive. She settled herself in her chair and with a pained expression began to tell her audience, two women and one man, about Mark's virtue and Davida's faults. Her dark hair was very neatly done and her brown frock was nondescript and uninteresting, she had good teeth and a schoolmistressish voice.

"One doesn't really know the best thing to do," she said as she poured out some tea. "We might go home, of course . . . but poor Mark . . . to face all the questions that his appearance will arouse . . . I don't know what we could say . . . and our friends would be shocked to hear about it all . . ."

She stopped, arrested by an expression of deep discomfort on the part of her audience, and turned her head to see Charles standing just by her, leaning on two sticks with an unpleasantly amused look in his eyes.

"Mrs. Lill," he said, "I am immensely interested to know whether the sentiments you have been expressing so publicly for some time are also your husband's. . . ."

She went a dull red, but her dark stupid eyes did not change; they looked at Charles like two shining black stones and her mouth became prim and reproving.

"I wonder," she said acidly, "that you have the impertinence to speak to me . . you or any of your family. . . ."

Charles's eyes became dangerous and chill.

"In that case," he said, "I'll speak to your husband. . . ."

He turned and limped away.

Mrs. Lill looked triumphantly at her audience, but they did not seem happy.

"I say," said one of the women, "you know . . . if I were you, I'd go and speak to him. He—he might be rather unpleasant to your husband. . . ."

Mrs. Lill became rigid.

"HE would not dare . . ." she began. But in their eyes she read their disbelief that Mark could cope with Charles, and flushed again slowly.

She half-stood up and then sat down again.

"I cannot see what he can do," she said primly.

"He's got a name for doing things . . ." murmured the woman who had spoken before.

"In that case," said Mrs. Lill briskly, "I'll go and get rid of him. . . ."

She found him in the hall, speaking to the manager, who paid him a deference that was not accorded to Mark. She resented it, thinking of her small circle of friends in England who moved contentedly and unimportantly about a small village.

When he saw her he nodded to the manager and limped towards her.

"I'm just going up to see your husband," he said politely.

The manager had vanished. There was no one else in the entrance at the moment. She felt a little afraid, conscious that it would not be easy to stop him, even nervously aware that the sympathy she had found so easy to obtain would not go farther than words . . . that really the true stream of active sympathy ran towards Charles. These people's loyalties were for him . . . not for her and Mark.

"He can't see you," she said in a tone that strove to keep the poise of a housewife dismissing an importunate hawker.

"Indeed," said Charles, and limped towards the stairs.

She got in front of him.

"He doesn't want to see you," she insisted.

"That is very probable," said Charles grimly. "But I want to see him."

"Nobody but a cad would force himself on an injured man," she said tritely, and in a voice that hinted at tears.

"But then," said Charles, "you are libelling my wife, and I am going to find out whether it is with your husband's approval or not . . . I have quite a lot to say to him."

His eyes were steely. She thought she had never seen anyone look so dangerous.

"I shall ring for the porter," she cried. "You shan't see him. . . ."

Charles raised his eyebrows, shrugged his shoulders and began to walk up the stairs stepping past her without a word.

"But what do you want?" she said agitatedly.

Charles turned and looked at her.

"I want him to get out of this town on to-morrow's mail," he said tersely. "And I'm going to see he goes. . . ."

"You have no right . . . she said breathlessly.

"Your husband will see my point," said Charles, and he smiled.

She had had ideas of getting Charles and his wife ostracised . . . of making them pay for what they had done. And she was aware now that she could not do it . . . that the very people who had listened so sympathetically would, when it came to the point, stick to Charles, who was one of them, whom they knew. And she knew, too, that Mark would turn and rend her in a nervous fury if he knew the way she had been talking. He could be sulky and bitter for days together, when he seemed to enjoy making her unhappy. . . .

"We are going to-morrow . . . or if not to-morrow . . . by the next mail," she said. "I'm only waiting for my husband to be fit to travel. . . ."

Charles looked through her, and beyond her, and then came down one step.

"In that case, I can spare myself the trouble of an interview that would be most unpleasant," he said. "I hope you will have a pleasant journey."

He left her full of an angry feeling that for once virtue had not been triumphant. She was under no illusions. Mark would not stand for anything like that . . . he would be wild if he heard about it . . . he wanted to get away . . . he was afraid of the Bruces. She went back to the lounge, groping mentally for the flaw that had let down the proverbial triumph of virtue, as she knew it.

CHAPTER 18

ALREADY, with the first rains, the little sluggish streams had become small torrents. The car slid uneasily down the steep drifts, and splashed and bumped through the muddy water, laboring up the opposite sides with slipping wheels. When they turned off the main road the tall wet grass swished along the sides of the car, and the veldt lay waiting to burgeon and star the grass with flowers.

"More rain coming," said Mallin, glancing up at the sky. "Bad rain."

They could only go slowly. Once the car stuck in a wet vlei, and they had to wait for a farmer's oxen to pull them out. They came to the bush that bordered Oliver's farm. A band of small monkeys gibbered and screamed at them, escorting them a part of the way, until something else caught their attention and they swung away through the trees. A jay flashed by like a steak of blue silk. Once a snake drowsing on a sunny rock reared a malignant head, and slithered away into the shadows. But when they came into the open vlei, round the old huts, Davida saw smoke curling up through the thin air. It startled her. It came from the back of the kitchen hut. She had so often seen that lazy curl of smoke, when the Templemans were there, that for a moment she wondered if she was dreaming. And then she was sure that she was dreaming, for, sitting on the raised step of the living hut, was Oliver. His elbows rested on his knees, and his hands dangled idly. She touched Betty on the shoulder.

"Stop for a moment or two, will you?" she said.

When Betty stopped, she got out of the car and walked to the hut.

"Oliver!" she said incredulously.

"Even I," he said, and smiled at her.

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His fingers fumbled at his belt, and his old khaki shirt was faded and torn at the shoulder.

"But Oliver, my dear," she said. "I thought you were in England."

He glanced over his shoulder at the kitchen hut.

"Did Pelham sell the place?" he asked.

"No . . . He nearly did. But something went wrong. I'll tell you some time."

"Oh Lord!" he said wearily, "so I owe him about a hundred quid. Not that it matters. I can probably pay it soon."

"But what have you been doing?" she demanded.

"Wandering around. Davida, come and sit down under the trees. My—er—my partner is by the kitchen."

They strolled over to the mimosa tree which Lydia had always called the forest.

OLIVER sat down and stared moodily at the ground. He began to diddle with the small twigs that lay about.

"Have a cigarette?" said Davida.

He took one, lit it, and sighed.

"Haven't had one for two months, Davida. Bad for my nerves to be without them."

"Why didn't you go home?"

"Well, you know, somehow I couldn't. I couldn't go home and eat the fatted calf at Lydia's expense. Somehow I couldn't see myself doing it . . . could you, Davida? I couldn't sit down flatly and enjoy life and be patted on the back as the returned prodigal, while Lydia suffered as she must suffer. Besides, what damned good is an income to me without Lydia? I've got one now . . . I'd give it to that fellow over there and go off again, but he wouldn't take it."

"But you make what Lydia did quite useless," said Davida sorrowfully. "She made sure you would be all right if she went back. Oliver, it seems an awful tragedy . . . Lydia would have starved quite gladly. It was only because she couldn't bear to make things worse for you that she went."

"I haven't made it useless, really," he said. "It was useless, anyway. Nobody but a cur could have profited by it . . ."

"But, Oliver, it's not reasonable . . ."

"Damn reason!" he said bitterly. "What's reason got to do with love? Lydia didn't do it because it was reasonable. She did it because she loved me. If she had reasoned she would have known that I would not go back. If I had reasoned I would have gone back, saying 'It won't help Lydia if I don't.' I'd have gone back, and I suppose reason would have stopped me feeling a low cur. It doesn't help Lydia that I haven't gone back. But it's kept me a little worthy of what she did. And now, when it's too late, I shall probably have more money than I shall want."

He looked miserably at Davida, whose eyes were dreaming.

She put out her hand and touched his arm.

"And what have you been doing?" she asked.

"Prospecting. I fell in with this fellow coming back on the train. We got off at Gwelo. He was prospecting. Said that it was the only thing in the world when you didn't care two hoots whether you lived or died. He said it was a dog's life, but if you couldn't make money any other way you might as well wander about and see if you could find gold. Anyway, we found it. Gold sticking up in lumps. We're on our way to Salisbury to finance it. I thought I'd like to see the place again, so I came this way . . ." He was silent for a moment or two, and then a glow came into his eyes. "Lydia can't come back to me now," he said. "She can't break faith with that brute: she wouldn't. But if this mine is what we think it is, I'll come back here and build a house, and I'll do all that Lydia and I talked of doing. And I'll wait for her. I suppose one's got to pay for breaking the law, and Lydia and I are paying this way. But I feel curiously certain that he will die before we do. He's an oldish man, and when she's seen it through she will come back. But if I had gone home and accepted the fatted calf, she would never have come back . . . ."

Davida sat silent, her hands clasped round her bent knees. She too felt curiously prophetic, convinced that some day Lydia would come back.

"You'd better come over and see what Pinlac has for scoff," he said. "He's a funny fellow. Morose, but a good sort."

"Thanks awfully," said Davida, "but I really must go on."

"I've got to get to the farm, and then back to Salisbury to-night," she added by way of explanation.

They strolled back towards the car.

"I'll see you in Salisbury," said Davida to Oliver, as Betty started the car.

"Of course," said Betty as they went on. "It's awful fun chatting with the friends of one's girlhood and all that sort of thing, but I see no hope of getting back to Salisbury to-night. It will be another of those old scandals of being lost on the veldt. It's going to pour with rain. Mallie will have to marry me after this."

"I'm frightfully sorry," said Davida.

"Oh, that's all right," said Betty cheerfully. "It's the first time I've been lost on the veldt."

They drove on, but Sylvester had to haul them out of his wet vlei. By the time they got to the Old Man's house it was dusk.

THEY drew up outside the silent house. A light glimmered in the Old Man's quarters. Over in the compound someone coughed . . . there came the thrum of a kaffir piano. It was chokingly familiar. The heavy clouds made it dark and gloomy. There were no stars. Betty blew a long blast on the horn.

The Old Man's door opened, an oblong of orange light fell across the verandah. He came slowly along.

Davida wondered where Mac was. He usually appeared automatically.

"Who's there?" said the Old Man.

"It's me!" said Davida. Her voice sounded small and foolish in the silence.

The thrumming of the kaffir piano suddenly stopped and the sound of padding feet came towards them from the compound.

"Who's 'me'?" said the Old Man; his voice had a mocking cadence.

"Davida!"

There was silence for a moment.

"Oh, Davida," said the Old Man, "what do you want?"

"She wants her clothes," said Betty, clearly.

"Not only Davida . . . but Betty," said the Old Man. "Why don't you come in, instead of sitting out there?"

A lamp shone in the dining-room and Mac appeared on the verandah.

"Come in," said the Old Man, "come in. I expect Mac can produce some dinner."

Betty switched off the engine and got out of the car. Davida followed her and Mallin. They went on to the verandah.

"It's rather dark," said the Old Man, "but in a minute Mac will light the lamps."

He led them into the dining-room and there Davida gasped. He had shaved. Without his beard he was more startlingly like Charles than ever. His blue eyes were haggard . . . his mouth, no longer bland, but stern. He smiled at them.

"An abominably lazy habit conquered," he said amiably.

"I like you better without it," said Betty.

"You always did, Betty," he said.

Betty ran her hand through her curly hair.

"I can't think why you ever grew it," she said.

"I've told you," he said, "laziness!"

Davida looked at him curiously. There was something strange, something more than the shaven chin. Something was missing. With a quick shock, she realised that he hadn't got his sjambok.

Mac came in with a tray with whisky and soda.

BETTY sat down in front of the fireplace. Mallin stood uncertainly in the background.

Betty said: "You'll have to put us up for the night and save our reputations. We shall never get back . . . it's going to pour."

"I think I can do that . . . though it's a long time since we put anybody up here. Davida can pack to-morrow morning. To-night, she can act as hostess!"

"In that case," said Davida (she felt as if she must fight against enchantment: the Old Man was a stranger, terrible, strange!), "I'll take Betty along and show her her bedroom. Will you show Mr. Mallin his?"

She took Betty along to Alice's bedroom. It was bare and tidy, devoid of atmosphere. The boards of the floor, once stained, had been scrubbed bare. There was a smell of soap.

Betty looked at Davida.

"I wonder why he's shaved," she said. "He grew that beard while Charles was away . . ."

"I don't know," said Davida.

"I should imagine," said Betty cheerfully, "that it's because he feels ten years younger since Alice has departed."

Davida found a nightdress for Betty, and Mac came with towels and hot water. She left her and went along to her own room.

Her own room was the same. Even the things she had left lying about were not touched. It was infinitely quiet. In Salisbury there had been noises . . . the sound of a gramophone . . . the changing gears of a car. Laughter drifting across the night. Here the silence could almost be felt.

The quietude was like a benison. Her jangled nerves subsided. The Old Man, clean-shaven, with his stern mouth and jutting thrust of jaw, his white hair and clear blue eyes, was no longer formidable.

She went on to the verandah. The Old Man was there, looking out over his garden, which lay still and misty in the starlight.

She told him nervously about Charles. "He'll really be all right," she said.

"That will be delightful," he observed. "There will be no need for you to stay, now, will there?"

He put his hands into his coat pockets and leant against the wall.

"What . . . to-night?" said Davida in some bewilderment.

"No," he said, "in Rhodesia. You can go home with a clear conscience . . . after all, I want Charles back here."

"But I'm not going back," she said. "I'm staying with Charles . . . he'll get a job somewhere."

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He said nothing more until she told him that she had come to fetch Alice's clothes. And then he gave a short laugh.

"I'm afraid you're too late, my dear . . . I've burnt them . . ."

She stared at him as though he were mad.

"I'll send her some money to buy others," he added. "Any future dealings I have with her will be through my solicitors.

"I think," he went on, almost as if he were talking to himself, "that it would have been better if I'd always dealt with her through my solicitors."

"And so you and Charles are going to stay out here and get a job . . . a farm manager's screw is, I believe, about fifteen to twenty pounds a month . . ."

Betty was heard in the living-room, wrangling amicably with Mallin.

"Will you build me a house like this?" he was saying.

Mallin's answer was indistinguishable.

"We'd better go in," said the Old Man.

DAVIDA spent most of the night doggedly packing, and, when she had finished, she was too tired to sleep. She looked at her trunks and tried to feel a glow of accomplishment, of freedom attained, but she was only conscious of a vague unhappiness.

She went quietly out of the room and on to the verandah. There was still a light showing in the Old Man's room. She looked at her watch. Three o'clock. The moon was on the wane.

She went into Charles's room and took down one of his guns, and then out at the back and down the track towards the wheat. It was an oppressive night. Once two green points of light glared at her from the side of the track. She walked straight on and they wavered and vanished.

But when she came to the wheat vlei, there was still light from the moon, and the old baboon kept his eternal watch on the kopje. The wheat "lands" flowed up to its foot, and they were covered with shooting wheat, the tiny green shoots marched in serried ranks under the eye of the baboon as he sat hunched and contemplative under the moon.

She stood with her hands pressed against her breast and stared at it. It must have been done while she mooned about, listless and angry with the Old Man. Charles must have done it in his odd moments . . . taken the oxen unobtrusively.

She sat there for a long time. Nothing came near. The baboon did not seem to notice her; but when the sky paled into dawn and she turned to go he yawped triumphantly, as if the wheat were now his.

In answer there came a startling shout: "A-ah, you schellum . . . a-ah!"

She turned and saw Piet Barneveldt riding towards her through the morning. There was something different about him, a new confidence. He was no longer the shy, dark youth who had talked with Alice on the verandah at the Thames'.

"It looks good, the wheat," he said. "The Old Man finished it good."

"Who?" she said sharply.

"The Old Man," he answered, "after you were in Salisbury. I saw him sometimes . . . he said funny things. When I explained to him about Miss Alice . . . that it was not a running-away we did together . . . he said: 'I always credited you with a little common sense . . . I am relieved to find I was not mistaken . . .'"

Involuntarily Davida laughed.

"And where are you going now?" she asked.

He flushed.

"To breakfast at the Sylvesters'," he said.

Davida looked at him.

"Yes . . ." he added. "I was mistaken . . . it was always, really, Miss Sylvester. We shall be married soon."

He walked by her side until they reached her house, and then he rode on through the brightening morning.

Davida stood and watched him. It seemed that Alice had left no trace behind her . . . there was nothing left of the years she had spent on the farm.

Already the sky was a pale, soft blue . . . the clouds were faint smudges in the sky . . . the track wound like a rust-colored snake down to the little river . . . and a car came along it. She saw that it was Charles who sat beside the Indian chauffeur.

She stood and watched the "boys" piling luggage into the two cars. Charles was in his father's room. Betty and Mallin were down at the stables.

Mac came out with Charles' gun-cases. . . .

The unhappiness that had been with her all morning swept over her, engulfing her. She flung her convictions to the four winds . . . . in reality they had ceased to be convictions when Betty had told her about the Old Man. . . .

"Take the luggage off," she said to Mac.

Without surprise he began to unload the cars.

Davida ran along the verandah to the Old Man's room, and flung open the door.

Charles was sitting in a chair, leaning forward, his hands clasped tightly between his knees. The Old Man stood with his back to him, staring out of the window.

"I'm not going," she said breathlessly. "Don't let's go . . . let's stay."

They both stared at her. Her cheeks were crimson, her eyes shining with tears.

Charles held out his hand.

The Old Man gave a deep sigh.

"It may be," he said, "that it will be a better threesome than it was a foursome."

Davida held out her hand to him.

"Why did you do my wheat for me?" she asked.

He raised his eyebrows and smiled like Charles.

"You're the first woman I have heard of," he said, "whose heart was set on a patch of wheat. It seemed a pity not to fulfil so original a desire."

THERE it was. She couldn't say why she had so impulsively changed her mind and decided to stay on in the homestead. Possibly it was something to do with the dazzling sunshine, and the abiding peace that seemed to have descended. Now that she had decided, the peace flowed about her and something sang in her heart. It was nothing to do with Charles . . . nothing to do with his handclasp . . . or with Betty's warm approval. She was happy, and something sang in her heart for some other reason . . . something that was entirely her own . . . something inward that took no account of reason and material things.

Betty and Mallin had gone riding. Charles was talking to his father, and Davida leant against the verandah post and looked out at the little rise in the vlei, where her house was going to be. Her own house . . . Since the Old Man stuck to his idea . . . they would have separate households . . . it would be rather fun. . . . She leant there, relaxed and happy, her eyes soft and dreaming. It was curious how, without Alice, the tension was no more. It was as if Alice, thinking always about herself, pitying herself, absorbed in herself, had made the strain . . . had made everybody feel that their nerves were stretched to breaking-point. Alice who could see no point of view except her own . . . introspective and selfish, always thinking about the impression she was making on people. Oh, bother Alice . . . she was gone. . . . and peace had flowed in to fill her place. And the Old Man . . . No, the Old Man would not utterly change . . . it was wise that they should have separate houses . . . but without Alice, the Old Man would be different . . . not so driven . . . so hag-ridden . . . Pity clouded her eyes . . . He would build up again the defences that had been torn down . . . but there would be no need now for such iron barriers. There was a shyness . . . and embarrassment with him now . . . but it would pass. . . . And Charles . . . She smiled a little. One didn't think about him . . . one just felt. . . .

OUT there on the rise, among the mimosa trees, was a marvellous place for a house. The sun was dropping down into the west . . . soon the veldt would be stained with purple shadows. Down by the paddocks the cattle were lowing . . . it came to Davida like a beloved sound. The sky was a deep, transparent blue . . . one could almost see the stars . . . pale still while the sun lingered. Davida groped among her thoughts, trying to find her real, plain reason for staying . . . and shirked it, calling it sentiment. She baulked at the crystallising conviction that there was no point in life unless you held by something more than just material facts . . . that reason must give way before the faint stirrings of the spirit . . . that something . . . some instinct transcended finite thought. . . .

"In fact . . ." she thought and laughed, "I might as well admit . . . that I've more or less got religion in spite of myself. . . ."

"A sort of religion . . ." she added.

Betty and Mallin came up from the stables.

"The sun is down . . ." said Davida, judicially . . . "you'll find the whisky in the sitting-room, Mallie!"

That evening they drove down in Betty's car to the wheat "lands."

"Why did he shave his beard off?" murmured Davida.

Charles chuckled (all day they had laughed at the least thing). "Well, after he had burnt Alice's clothes, apparently he felt the whole atmosphere was so much fresher, that he thought he'd get rid of his beard and start a new life. He only grew it, I believe, as a sort of camouflage . . . they're good things to hide behind. By the way . . . he's given Alice an allowance and sent his solicitor to tell her it's hers for life so long as she doesn't want to visit us. But I should imagine that's the last thing she'd ever want to do." He hesitated, "I don't promise perfection, Davida . . . but we'll make a go of it this time. . . ."

The baboon was sitting on the kopje. He yawped angrily at them, recognising in Charles his old enemy.

They blew the hooter at him.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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